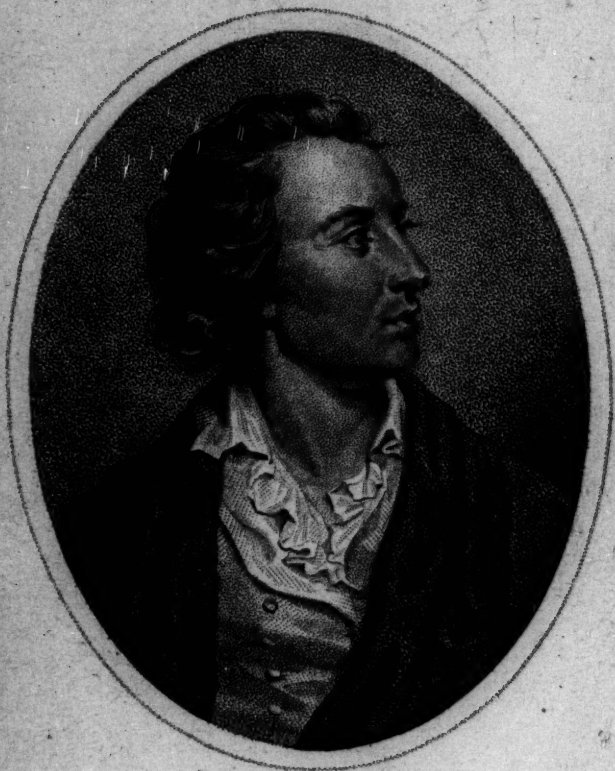


COOKE'S EDITION OF SELECT POETS.

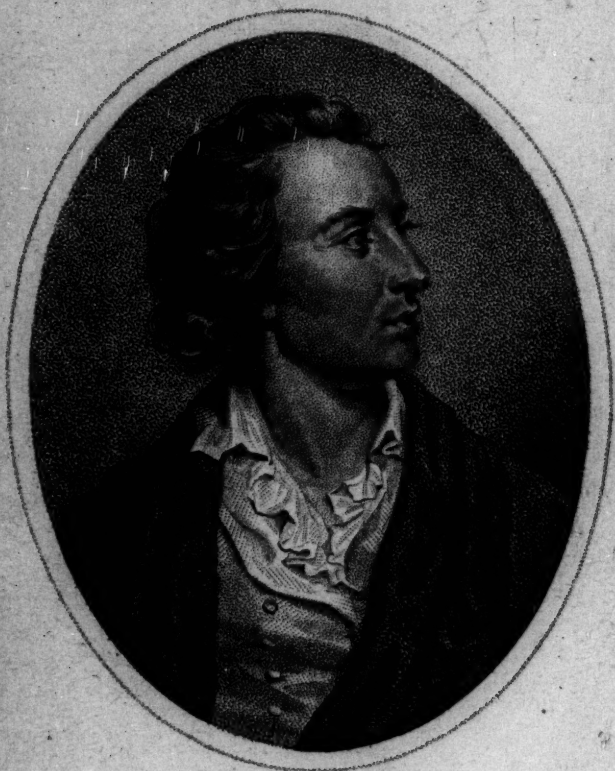


Engraved by R. Smith from an Original Painting.

AKENSIDE.

Printed for C. Cooke, at, Pall-mall Row. Just 5th 1785.

COOKE'S EDITION OF SELECT POETS.



Engraved by R. Wallis from an Original Painting.

AKENSIDE.

Printed for C. Cooke, at, Westminster Row. Just 5th 1785.

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THE
POETICAL WORKS
OF
MARK AKENSIDE.

WITH
THE LIFE OF THE AUTHOR.

Cooke's Edition.

Genius of ancient Greece! whose faithful steps
Have led us to these awful solitudes
Of Nature and of Science; Nurse rever'd
Of gen'rous counsels and heroic deeds!
O let some portion of thy matchless praise
Dwell in my breast, and teach me to adorn
This unattempted theme!---Let me
With blameless hand from thy unenvied fields
Transplant some living blossoms to adorn
My native clime---while to my compatriot youth
I point the great example of thy sons,
And tune to Attic themes the British lyre.

Pleasures of Imagination Enlarged.

Come, *Akenside*! come with thine Attic urn,
Fill'd from Ilissus by the Naiad's hand:
Thy harp was tun'd to Freedom---Strains like thine,
When Asia's lord bor'd the huge mountain's side,
And bridg'd the sea, to battle rous'd the tribes
Of ancient Greece --- *Anonymous.*

EMBELLISHED WITH SUPERB ENGRAVINGS,

London:

Printed for C. COOKE, No. 17, Paternoster-Row;
And sold by all the Booksellers in
Great Britain and
Ireland.

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THE
POETICAL WORKS
OF
MARK AKENSIDE.



THE
POETICAL WORKS
OF
MARK AKENSIDE.

CONTAINING HIS
PLEASURES OF IMAGINATION,
ODES, | HYMNS,
MISCELLANIES, | INSCRIPTIONS,
Et. Et. Et.

With what enchantment Nature's goodly scene
Attracts the sense of mortals, how the mind
For its own eye doth objects nobler fill
Prepare, how men by various lessons learn
To judge of Beauty's praise, what raptures fill
The breast with Fancy's native arts endow'd,
And what true culture guides it to renown,
My Verse unfolds. Ye Gods or godlike Pow'rs!
Ye Guardians of the sacred task! attend
Propitious: hand in hand around your Bard
Move in majestic measures.---Be great in him,
And let your favour make him wise to speak
Of all your wond'rous empire, with a voice
So temper'd to his theme, that those who hear
May yield perpetual homage to yourselves.
O! attend, who'er thou art whom these delights can touch,
Whom Nature's aspect, Nature's simple gaze,
Can thus command: O! listen to my Song,
And I will guide thee to her blissful walks,
And teach thy solitude her voice to hear,
And point her gracious features to thy view.

Pleasures of Imagination Enlarged.

London:
PRINTED AND EMBELLISHED
Under the Direction of
C. COOKE.

THE LIFE OF MARK AKENSIDE.

MARK AKENSIDE was born at Newcastle upon Tyne, on the 9th of November, 1721. His father, who belonged to that sect of Protestant Dissenters called Presbyterians, put him to the grammar school at Newcastle, where he received the rudiments of his education. He was afterwards removed to a private academy, where he made so considerable a progress in classical learning, that, at the age of eighteen, he was sent to Edinburgh to pursue the study of theology, in order to qualify him for the office of a dissenting minister, to which it was the particular desire of his father and friends that he should devote his life. He remained at Edinburgh three years, during which he wrote several poems, particularly, his "Ode on the Winter Solstice," a production which obtained him great credit with his contemporaries in that University.

In the progress of his studies, he received assistance from a fund appropriated by the dissenters, and much to their honour, to the encouragement of young persons, who are precluded, by a narrow fortune, from the acquisition of those requisites which are necessary to accomplish the scholar and the divine, without the aid of such liberal support.

But a more expanded scene of action soon opened to his view, and induced him to aim at more exalted pursuits; so that he quitted the path marked out by his friends, and relinquishing * divinity, entered upon

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* Dr. Johnson, who is as rigid in his censure of the principles as of the writings of those literary characters who have fallen under his cognizance, has the following remark on our Author's quitting the profession of the divine for that of the physician. "Whether (says he) when he

the study of physic, having previously refunded that contribution which, being received for a different purpose, he could not conscientiously retain. This act redounds highly to his honour, as an indisputable proof of genuine integrity.

Our Author felt the impulse of his Muse at a very early period of life; and his mind seems to have been well stored with images and sentiments. The "Pleasures of Imagination" appeared in 1744, when he had only attained to his twenty-third year. Dr. Johnson calls it his greatest work, as indeed it is universally* allowed.

In 1741 Akenfide left his native country, and went to Leyden in Holland, to pursue the study of physic; and, after three years diligent application, was admitted to a doctor's degree, having conformed to the custom of the Dutch Universities, in previously publishing a thesis or dissertation on a particular branch of medical science.

The subject which he chose was, "The Origin and Growth of the Human Fœtus," in which he is said to have deviated, with great judgment, from the opinion then established, and to have delivered that which has been since received and confirmed. About this time he published his "Pleasures of Imagination," a
work

he resolved not to be a dissenting minister, he ceased to be a dissenter, I know not. He certainly retained an unnecessary and outrageous zeal for what he called and thought liberty; a zeal which sometimes disguises from the world, and not rarely from the mind which it possesses, an envious desire of plundering wealth, or degrading greatness, and of which the immediate tendency is innovation and anarchy, an impetuous eagerness to subvert and confound, with very little care for what shall be established."

* Johnson observes, as a token of it's merit, that he had heard Dodgley, by whom it was published, relate, that when the copy was offered him, the price demanded for it, which was an hundred pounds, being such as he was not inclined to give precipitately, he carried the work to Pope, who, having looked into it, advised him not to make a niggardly offer, for this was no *every day writer*."

work which was received with a degree of approbation justly due to it's intrinsic merit.

In 1745, soon after his return from Leyden, he published his first collection of Odes; also a very animated Epistle to Mr. Pulteney, whom he stigmatizes, under the name of *Curio*, as the betrayer of his country, alluding to that great statesman's defection from the public cause, which he had so strenuously defended, in opposition to the measures of the administration* of that day.

Being now determined to live by his profession, he fixed upon Northampton for his place of residence; but as the reputation of an eminent practitioner was established in that part of the country, in so high a degree as to challenge competition, Aken-side declined the contest, after a short trial, and removed to Hampstead, where he resided more than two years, and then fixed himself in London, as the most eligible spot for the display and reward of superior merit.

In London he was known and esteemed as a poet, but had not acquired any degree of celebrity as a physician; so that, had it not been for the generous assistance of Mr. Dyson, who, with an ardour of friendship that has few examples, allowed him three hundred pounds a year to support his character, he would perhaps have been reduced to the greatest exigencies, and exposed to that contempt which is the
general

* The conduct of Pulteney, in this instance of tergiversation, has been severely stigmatized by several authors, as persons high in office are considered as fair subjects for the praise or censure of writers. The following beautiful stanza, from an Elegy written on the same subject, we conceive may be introduced with great propriety on the present occasion.

" Had the white angel of the strictly just,
 " At one bright moment, Pulteney, interpos'd,
 " And kindly snatch'd thee to thy native dust,
 " How bright a scene of glory had't thou clos'd!

general concomitant of indigent merit. Through the aid of so liberal a friend, he advanced gradually in medical fame, but never attained to any great extent of practice or eminence of popularity*.

Akenfide seems to have pursued with vigour every probable means of enhancing his reputation in his profession; nor were his efforts exerted without success; for, in process of time, he became a Fellow of the Royal Society; he obtained a degree at the University of Cambridge, and was elected a Fellow of the Royal College of Physicians in London. He wrote little Poetry, but published, from time to time, Medical Essays and Observations. He became Physician to St. Thomas's Hospital: he read the Gullstonian Lectures on Anatomy; and, upon the settlement of the Queen's household, was appointed one of the Physicians to her Majesty. To these circumstances Johnson adds, with his usual asperity, that he began to give for the Cronian Lecture an History of the revival of Learning, from which he soon desisted; and, in conversation, he very eagerly forced himself into notice by an ambitious ostentation of elegance and literature.

His Discourse on the Dysentery, published in 1764, was considered as a very conspicuous specimen of elegant Latin, and tended to enhance his character as a scholar as well as a physician, so that he might have risen to a greater degree of eminence, had not his studies ended with his life, by a putrid fever, on the 23d of June, 1770, in the forty-ninth year of his age.

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* Dr. Johnson very pertinently remarks, upon this occasion, that "a Physician in a great city seems to be the mere play-thing of Fortune; his degree or reputation is, for the most part, totally casual: they that employ him know not his excellence; those that reject him, know not his deficiency. By any acute observer, who had looked on the transactions of the medical world for half a century, a very curious book might be written on the Fortune of Physicians."

The following poetical works of our Author were published at the periods undermentioned.

In 1741, *The Pleasures of Imagination.*

— *An Epistle to Curio.*

— 1745, *First Collection of Odes, Ten in Number.*

— 1748, *Ode to the Earl of Huntingdon.*

— 1758, *Ode to the Country Gentlemen of England.*

— 1766, *Ode to Thomas Edwards, Esq.*

Few of his remaining Poems were published separately.

His principal medical performance was, 1. His *Dissertatio de Dysenteria*, published in the year 1764, which has been commended as an elegant specimen of Latinity: it was twice translated into English. He also wrote, 2. *Observations on the Origin and Use of the Lymphatic Vessels in Animals.* 3. *An Account of a Blow on the Heart, and its Effects.* 4. *Oratio Anniversaria, ex Instituto Harveii, in Theatro Collegii Regalis Medicorum Londinensis habita, Anno 1759.* 5. *Observations on Cancers.* 6. *Of the Use of Ipecacuanha in Asthmas.* 7. *A Method of treating White Swellings of the Joints.* Besides these, he read at the College some Practical Observations made at St. Thomas's Hospital on the putrid Erysipelas, which he intended for the second volume of the *Medical Transactions*. This paper he carried home with a design to correct it, but it was not returned at the time of his death. Most of the above pieces were published in the *Philosophical and Medical Transactions*.

Dr. Aken-side was much devoted to the study of ancient literature, and was a great admirer of Plato, Cicero, and the greatest Philosophers of antiquity. His knowledge and taste in this respect are conspicuous in his Poems, and in the Notes and Illustrations which he has annexed to them. That he had a sincere reverence
for

for the great and fundamental principles of religion, is apparent from numberless passages in his writings. His veneration for the Supreme Being, his exalted sentiments of the wisdom and benevolence of the Divine Providence, and his zeal for the cause of virtue, are conspicuous in all his Poems. His regard to the Christian Revelation, and his solicitude to have it preserved in it's native purity, are displayed in the Ode to the Bishop of Winchester. His attachment to the cause of civil and religious liberty is a distinguished feature in the character of his poetical writings, he embraces every occasion of displaying his ardour concerning this subject; and two of his Odes, those to the Earl of Huntingdon and the Bishop of Winchester, are directly adapted to it.

In the writings of Akenfide we may trace the effusions of a mind devoted to the interests of humanity, and ardently desirous of promoting the cause of public and private virtue. His impressive page marks at once originality of genius and sublimity of sentiment. He appeals to the heart, disdaining to misguide the feelings by the lute of harmony, or amuse the fancy at the expence of the understanding. We read the man throughout his numerous and varied subjects; from a general view of which it will appear, that he was fully impressed with the truth of his own remark; that, "the writer who held the pen without duly considering the welfare of society, should be considered an alien, heedless of its interests, and every way unworthy of its blessings."

With a mind possessed of such liberal sentiments, it is the less to be wondered at, that, at an early period of his life, Akenfide planned and wrote his *Pleasures of Imagination*; which, so long as genius owns an admirer, will ever be valued for chasteness of design, sublimity of thought, and all that pleasing witchery which marks the spontaneous effusion of genuine poetry.

The

The "Epistle to Curio" is censured by Johnson as acrimonious; and another writer observes, that the Author, dissatisfied with the performance, altered it exceedingly. But, in the estimation of many literary judges, the Epistle to Curio is infinitely superior to the Ode previously addressed to the same character. Nor is it by any means a proof that the Author was displeased with his first production, because he has again taken up its subject; treating it differently, indeed, so far as relates to language and measure; but still retaining its original substance and sentiment. What can speak more forcibly to the heart and understanding than the following lines?

-----Can Art, alas! or Genius guide the head,
Where truth and freedom from the heart are fled?
Can lesser wheels repeat their native stroke,
When the prime function of the soul is broke?

Mr. Cooper, in his Letters concerning Taste, mentions Akenfide in the following manner: "For my part, I am of opinion that there is now living a Poet of as genuine a genius as this kingdom ever produced, Shakespeare alone excepted. By poetical genius, I do not mean the mere talent of making verses, but that glorious enthusiasm of soul, that fine phrenzy in which the poet's *eye rolling glances from heaven to earth, from earth to heaven*, as Shakespeare feelingly describes it. This alone is poetry; aught else is a mechanical art of putting syllables harmoniously together. The Poet I allude to is Dr. Akenfide, the Author of the "Pleasures of Imagination," the most beautiful didactic Poem that ever adorned the English language."

"We cannot (say the writers of the Biographia Britannica) but regard it as a noble and beautiful Poem, exhibiting many bright displays of genius and fancy, and holding out sublime views of Nature, Providence, and Morality."

Various

Various have been the opinions of this Poem, but the *Advertisement* and the *Design*, which succeed these Memoirs, contain all the information that is necessary concerning that invaluable production; and we have only to express our deep regret, that Mr. Akenfide was taken from the world before he had concluded a work which will ever render his name and memory dear to the friends of genius and of virtue.

“ To the Pleasures of Imagination (say the last-mentioned writers) succeed two Books of Odes; the first containing eighteen, the second fifteen, Odes. It was Dr. Akenfide’s intention, if he had lived, to have made each book consist of Twenty Odes. Those which had been formerly published, are greatly altered and improved. The Doctor’s Odes are not equal to the beautiful productions of Mr. Gray; but still there is in them a noble vein of poetry, united with manly sense, and applied to excellent purposes. If the Doctor, in some instances, is defective in the pathetic, however his Hymn to Cheerfulness, and his Odes on leaving Holland, on Lyric Poetry, to the Earl of Huntingdon, and on Recovering from a Fit of Sickness, justly entitle him to a place among the principal lyric writers of this country.”

Having thus made our own observations, and introduced those of others, on the poetical productions of Akenfide, we shall subjoin the Critique of Dr. Johnson, extracted from his life of the Author; premising, though we cannot concur with that great man in the asperity of his censure, and the poignancy of his allusions, that the originality of his ideas, and the nerve of his style, will be acceptable to those Readers who have a taste for what may be truly called the Nonpareil of Writing.

Johnson comments on the poetical genius and productions of our Author in the following manner:

“ Akenfide is to be considered as a didactic and lyric Poet. His great work is the *Pleasures of Imagination*; a performance which, published, as it was, at the age of twenty-three, raised expectations that were not amply satisfied. It has undoubtedly a just claim to very particular notice, as an example of great felicity of genius, and an uncommon amplitude of acquisitions of a young mind stored with images, and much exercised in combining and comparing them.

“ With the philosophical or religious tenets of the Author I have nothing to do; my business is with his poetry. The subject is well chosen, as it includes all images that can strike or please; and thus comprises every species of poetical delight. The only difficulty is in the choice of examples and illustrations, and it is not easy, in such exuberance of matter, to find the middle point between penury and satiety. The parts seem artificially disposed, with sufficient coherence, so as that they cannot change their places without an injury to the general design.

“ His images are displayed with such luxuriance of expression, that they are hidden, like Butler’s Morn, by a “ Veil of Light;” they are forms fantastically lost under superfluity of dress. The words are multiplied till the sense is hardly perceived; attention deserts the mind, and settles in the ear. The reader wanders through the gay diffusion, sometimes amazed, sometimes delighted; but, after many turnings in the flowery labyrinth, comes out as he went in. He remarked little, and laid hold on nothing.

“ To his versification, justice requires that praise should not be denied. In the general fabrication of his lines, he is, perhaps, superior to any other writer in blank verse; his flow is smooth, and his pauses are musical; but the concatenation of his verses is commonly too long continued, and the full close does not

recur with sufficient frequency. The sense is carried on through a long intertexture of complicated causes; and as nothing is distinguished, nothing is remembered.

“ The exemption which blank verse affords from the necessity of closing the sense with the couplet, betrays luxuriant and active minds into such self indulgence, that they pile image upon image, and ornament upon ornament, and are not easily persuaded to close the sense at all. Blank verse will, therefore, I fear, be too often found in description exuberant, in argument loquacious, and in narration tiresome.

“ The diction of Akenfide is certainly poetical, as it is not prosaic; and elegant, as it is not vulgar. He is to be commended as having fewer artifices of disgust than most of his brethren of the blank song. He rarely either recalls old phrases, or twists his metre into harsh inversions. The sense, however, of his words is strained. When “ he views the Ganges from Alpine heights,” this is from mountains like the Alps. And the pedant surely intrudes, (but when was blank verse without pedantry?) when he tells how “ Planets *absolve* the stated round of Time.”

“ It is generally known to the readers of poetry, that he intended to revise and augment this work, but died before he had compleated his design. The reformed work, as he left it, and the additions which he had made, are very properly retained in the present collection. He seems to have somewhat contracted his diffusion; but I know not whether he has gained in closeness what he has lost in splendour. In the additional book, the “ Tale of Solon” is too long.

“ One great defect of his Poem is very properly censured by Mr. Walker; unless it may be said in his defence, that he has omitted what was not properly in
his

his plan. "His picture of man is grand and beautiful, but unfinished. The immortality of the soul, which is the natural consequence of the appetites and powers he is invested with, is scarcely once hinted throughout the Poem. This deficiency is amply supplied by the masterly pencil of Dr. Young, who, like a good philosopher, has invincibly proved the immortality of man, from the grandeur of his conceptions, and the meanness and misery of his state; for this reason, a few passages are selected from the "Night Thoughts," which, with those from Akenfide, seem to form a complete view of the power, situation, and end of man." "Exercises for Improvement in Elocution," p. 66.

"His other Poems are now to be considered; but a short consideration will dispatch them. It is not easy to guess why he addicted himself so diligently to lyric poetry, having neither the ease and airiness of the lighted, nor the vehemence and elevation of the grander ode. When he lays his ill-fated hand upon his harp, his former powers seem to desert him; he has no longer his luxuriance of expression, nor variety of images. His thoughts are cold, and his words inelegant. Yet such was his love of lyrics, that, having written, with great vigour and poignancy, his 'Epistle to Curio,' he transformed it afterwards into an Ode disgraceful only to its Author.

"Of his Odes nothing favourable can be said; the sentiments commonly want force, nature, or novelty; the diction is sometimes harsh and uncouth, the stanzas ill constructed and unpleasant, and the rhymes dissonant, or unskilfully disposed; too distant from each other, or arranged with too little regard to established truth, and therefore perplexing to the ear, which, in a short composition, has not time to grow familiar with an innovation."

Such are the animadversions of Dr. Johnson on the poetical productions of Akenſide, in which, notwithstanding he diſclaims, as a critic, any interference with the philoſophical or religious tenets of the Author on whoſe works he comments, they are ſuch evident traits of prejudice and partiality, as cannot elude the obſervation of any reader of diſcernment.

Akenſide ſeems to have poſſeſſed a mind independent, diſpoſed to free enquiry and liberal inveſtigation, impatient of the fetters of ſuperſtition, and deſirous of avoiding thoſe mazes of caſuiſtical theology, which have ever bewildered the imagination, and engaged great and good men in endleſs controverſies, without ſettling the main points in diſpute. This diſpoſition, highly laudable in the opinion of moſt men of compreheſive minds, has ſubjected him to the acrimonious cenſure of Dr. Johnson, who, though a profound ſcholar, and conſummate critic, was a violent bigot to his religious and political principles; and whoever ſurveys his Biography with attention and impartiality, muſt diſcover an invincible prejudice, and palpable dereliction of candour, reſpecting characters who did not coincide with him in opinion concerning thoſe points, in which every man has an undoubted claim to think for himſelf. So that the acrimony of theſe remarks may be imputed to the motives we have frequently aſſigned, as too generally influencing the mind and pen of that great writer.

As a proof of the poetic genius of our Author, we have ſelected ſome paſſages from his much eſteemed Poem, “The Pleaſures of Imagination.”

In pointing out the natural connection of beauty with truth and good, what can exceed the following lines, for poetry and ſentiment?

-----Yon flowery bank,
Cloath'd in the ſoft magnificence of ſpring,

Will

Will not the flocks approve it? will they ask
 The reedy fen for pasture? That clear rill,
 Which trickleth murmuring from the mossy rock,
 Yields it less wholesome beverage to the worn
 And thirsty traveller, than the standing pool
 With muddy weeds o'ergrown? Yon ragged vine,
 Whose lean and fullen clusters mourn the rage
 Of Eurus, will the wine-press or the bowl
 Report of her, as of the swelling grape
 Which glitters through the tendrils like a gem
 When first it meets the sun? Or what are all
 The various charms to life and sense adjoin'd?
 Are they not pledges of a state intire,
 Where native order reigns, with every part
 In health, and ev'ry function well perform'd?
 Thus then at first was beauty sent from heaven,
 The lovely minitrefs of truth and good
 In this dark world. For truth and good are one;
 And Beauty dwells in them, and they in her
 With like participation. Wherefore then,
 O sons of earth! would ye dissolve the tie?
 O! wherefore with a rash and greedy aim
 Seek ye to rove through every flattering scene
 Which beauty seems to deck, nor once inquire
 Where is the suffrage of eternal truth,
 Or where the seal of undeceitful good,
 To save your search from folly? Wanting these,
 Lo, beauty withers in your void embrace;
 And with the glittering of an idiot's toy
 Did fancy mock your vows.——

Again; where his refined subject leads him to the
 praise of truth; on which, he contends, virtue alone
 depends; how honourable is this beautiful effusion to
 his heart and understanding!

Whence also but from truth, the light of minds,
 Is human fortune gladden'd with the rays
 Of virtue? with the moral colors thrown
 On every walk of this our social scene,
 Adorning for the eye of gods and men
 The passions, action, habitudes of life,
 And rendering earth like heaven, a sacred place
 Where love and praise may take delight to dwell?

The following question arrests the heart of sensibi-
 lity. Its subject demands attention, while its at-
 tractive images ensue it.

-----Ask the faithful youth
 Why the cold urn of her whom long he lov'd
 So often fills his arms; so often draws
 His lonely footsteps, silent and unseen,
 To pay the mournful tribute of his tears?

Oh!

Oh! he will tell thee that the wealth of worlds
Should ne'er seduce his bosom to forego
Those sacred hours, when, stealing from the noise
Of care and envy, sweet remembrance soothes
With virtue's kindest looks his aking breast,
And turns his tears to rapture.—

His description of a ship-wreck is picturesque and affecting; it is a call upon pity, and cannot fail to awaken its sentiments.

————— Ask the croud
Which flies impatient from the village walk
To climb the neighbouring cliffs, when far below
The savage winds have hur'd upon the coast
Some helpless bark; while holy pity melts
The general eye, or terror's icy hand
Smites their distorted limbs and horrent hair;
While every mother closer to her breast
Catcheth her child, and, pointing where the waves
Foam through the shatter'd vessel, shrieks aloud
As one poor wretch, who spreads his piteous arms
For succour, swallow'd by the roaring surge;
As now another, dash'd against the rock,
Drops lifeless down.—

But, indeed, vain would prove the attempt to point out the peculiar merits of a composition, where genius makes no pause. Holding the volume which contains so rare a gem, we now leave the reader to the contemplation of beauties, which convey their own encomiums!



ADVERTISEMENT.

THIS volume contains a complete Collection of the Poems of the late Dr. Akenſide, either reprinted from the original editions, or faithfully published from copies which had been prepared by himſelf for publication.

That the principal poem ſhould appear in ſo diſadvantageous a ſtate may require ſome explanation. The firſt publication of it was at a very early part of the Author's life : that it wanted reviſion and correction he was ſufficiently ſenſible; but ſo quick was the demand for ſeveral ſucceſſive republications, that in any of the intervals to have completed the whole of his corrections was utterly impoſſible; and yet to have gone on from time to time in making farther improvements in every new edition, would, he thought, have had the appearance at leaſt of abuſing the favour of the public: he choſe therefore to continue for ſome time reprinting it without alteration, and to forbear publiſhing any corrections or improvements until he ſhould be able at once to give them to the public complete: and with this view he went on for ſeveral years to review and correct his poem at leiſure, till at length he found the taſk grow ſo much upon his hands, that, deſpairing of ever being able to execute it ſufficiently to his own ſatisfaction, he abandoned the purpoſe of correcting, and reſolved to write the poem over anew, upon a ſomewhat different and enlarged plan: and in the execution of this deſign he had made a conſiderable progreſs. What reaſon there may be to regret that he did not live to execute the whole of it, will beſt appear from the peruſal of the plan itſelf, as ſtated in the General Argument, and of the parts which he had executed, and which are here publiſhed: for the perſon * to whom he intruſted the diſpoſal of his papers, would have thought himſelf wanting as well to the ſervice

* The Right Hon. Jeremiah Dyſon, by whom this Advertiſement was written.

vice of the public as to the fame of his friend, if he had not produced as much of the work as appeared to have been prepared for publication. In this light he considered the entire first and second books, of which a few copies had been printed for the use only of the Author and certain friends; also a very considerable part of the third book, which had been transcribed in order to its being printed in the same manner; and to these is added the introduction to a subsequent book, which in the manuscript is called the fourth, and which appears to have been composed at the time when the Author intended to comprise the whole in four books; but which, as he afterwards determined to distribute the poem into more books, might perhaps more properly be called the last book. And this is all that is executed of the new work, which, although it appeared to the editor too valuable, even in its imperfect state, to be withholden from the public, yet (he conceives) takes in by much too small a part of the original poem to supply its place, and to supersede the republication of it; for which reason both the Poems are inserted in this Collection.

Of Odes the Author had designed to make up two books, consisting of twenty odes each, including the several odes which he had before published at different times.

The Hymn to the Naiads is reprinted from the sixth volume of Doddsley's Miscellanies, with a few corrections, and the addition of some Notes. To the Inscriptions taken from the same volume, three new Inscriptions are added; the last of which is the only instance wherein a liberty has been taken of inserting any thing in this Collection which did not appear to have been intended by the Author for publication,* among whose papers no copy of this was found, but it is printed from a copy which he had many years since given to the editor.

* In the present edition a few pieces are added which are known to be genuine, and which certainly are no discredit to their Author.

THE DESIGN.

THERE are certain powers in human nature which seem to hold a middle place between the organs of bodily sense and the faculties of moral perception: they have been called by a very general name, "The Powers of Imagination." Like the external senses they relate to matter and motion, and at the same time give the mind ideas analogous to those of moral approbation and dislike. As they are the inlets of some of the most exquisite Pleasures with which we are acquainted, it has naturally happened that men of warm and sensible tempers have sought means to recal the delightful perceptions which they afford, independent of the objects which originally produced them. This gave rise to the imitative or designing arts; some of which, as painting and sculpture, directly copy the external appearances which were admired in nature; others, as music and poetry, bring them back to remembrance by signs universally established and understood.

But these arts, as they grew more correct and deliberate, were of course led to extend their imitation beyond the peculiar objects of the imaginative powers, especially poetry, which, making use of language as the instrument by which it imitates, is consequently become an unlimited representative of every species and mode of being; yet, as their intention was only to express the objects of Imagination, and as they still abound chiefly in ideas of that class, they of course retain their original character, and all the different Pleasures which they excite are termed in general Pleasures of Imagination.

The Design of the following Poem is to give a view of these in the largest acceptation of the term, so that whatever our Imagination feels from the agreeable appearances of nature, and all the various entertainment we meet with either in poetry, painting, music, or any of the elegant arts, might be

be deducible from one or other of those principles in the constitution of the human mind which are here established and explained.

In executing this general plan, it was necessary first of all to distinguish the Imagination from our other faculties, and in the next place to characterise those original forms or properties of being about which it is conversant, and which are by nature adapted to it, as light is to the eyes, or truth to the understanding. These properties Mr. Addison had reduced to the three general classes of Greatness, Novelty, and Beauty; and into these we may analyze every object, however complex, which, properly speaking, is delightful to the Imagination. But such an object may also include many other sources of Pleasure; and its beauty, or novelty, or grandeur, will make a stronger impression by reason of this concurrence. Besides which, the imitative arts, especially poetry, owe much of their effect to a similar exhibition of properties quite foreign to the Imagination, insomuch that in every line of the most applauded poems, we meet with either ideas drawn from the external senses, or truths discovered to the understanding, or illustrations of contrivance and final causes, or, above all the rest, with circumstances proper to awaken and engage the passions: it was therefore necessary to enumerate and exemplify these different species of Pleasure, especially that from which the passions, which, as it is supreme in the noblest work of human genius, so being in some particulars not a little surprising, gave an opportunity to enliven the didactic turn of the poem, by introducing an allegory to account for the appearance.

After these parts of the subject which hold chiefly of admiration, or naturally warm and interest the mind, a Pleasure of a very different nature, that which arises from Ridicule, came next to

to be considered. As this is the foundation of the comic manner in all the arts, and has been but very imperfectly treated by moral writers, it was thought proper to give it a particular illustration, and to distinguish the general sources from which the ridicule of characters is derived. Here too a change of style became necessary, such a one as might yet be consistent, if possible, with the general taste of composition in the serious parts of the subject; nor is it an easy task to give any tolerable force to images of this kind, without running either into the gigantic expressions of the mock heroic, or the familiar and poetical raillery of professed satire, neither of which would have been proper here.

The materials of all imitation being thus laid open, nothing now remained but to illustrate some particular Pleasures, which arise either from the relations of different objects one to another, or from the nature of imitation itself. Of the first kind is that various and complicated resemblance existing between several parts of the material and immaterial worlds, which is the foundation of metaphor and wit. As it seems in a great measure to depend on the early association of our ideas, and as this habit of associating is the source of many pleasures and pains in life, and on that account bears a great share in the influence of poetry and the other arts, it is therefore mentioned here, and its effects described: then follows a general account of the production of these elegant arts, and of the secondary Pleasure, as it is called, arising from the resemblance of their imitations to the original appearances of nature: after which the work concludes with some reflections on the general conduct of the powers of Imagination, and on their natural and moral usefulness in life.

Concerning the manner or turn of composition which prevails in this piece, little can be said with

propriety by the Author. He had two models; that ancient and simple one of the first Grecian poets, as it is refined by Virgil in the Georgics, and the familiar epistolary way of Horace. This latter has several advantages: it admits of a greater variety of style; it more readily engages the generality of readers, as partaking more of the air of conversation, and especially with the assistance of rhyme, leads to a closer and more concise expression. Add to this the example of the most perfect of modern poets, who has so happily applied this manner to the noblest parts of philosophy, that the public taste is in a great measure formed to it alone. Yet, after all, the subject before us, tending almost constantly to admiration and enthusiasm, seemed rather to demand a more open, pathetic, and figured style. This too appeared more natural, as the Author's aim was not so much to give formal precepts, or enter into the way of direct argumentation, as by exhibiting the most engaging prospects of nature to enlarge and harmonize the Imagination, and by that means insensibly dispose the minds of men to a similar taste and habit of thinking in religion, morals, and civil life. It is on this account that he is so careful to point out the benevolent intention of the Author of Nature in every principle of the human constitution here insisted on, and also to unite the moral excellencies of life in the same point of view with the mere external objects of good taste; thus recommending them in common to our natural propensity for admiring what is beautiful and lovely. The same views have also led him to introduce some sentiments which may perhaps be looked upon as not quite direct to the subject; but since they bear an obvious relation to it, the authority of Virgil, the faultless model of didactic poetry, will best support him in this particular: for the sentiments themselves he makes no apology.

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AKENSIDE'S POEMS.
Rides on the rolling lightning thro' the heav'ns,
Or yokes with whirlwinds and the northern blast
Sweeps the long track of day.

See Poet's of Imagination Page 30. Line 188.

AKENSIDE'S POEMS,
 forming part of
 Cooke's Pocket Edition of
 the Original & Complete Works of
 SELECT BRITISH POETS,
 or Entertaining Poetical Library,
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 Poetic Productions
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Printed by R. Corbould, in Pall-mall, London.
 Published under the direction of T. Cadell, 1792.

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THE PLEASURES OF IMAGINATION.

Ἀρετὴς μὲν ἐστὶν ἀνθρώπῳ τὰς παρὰ τῷ θεῷ χάριτας
ἀτημάζειν. Epiſt. apud, Arrian. l. 23.

BOOK I.

The Argument.

THE subject proposed: difficulty of treating it poetically. The ideas of the Divine Mind the origin of every quality pleasing to the Imagination. The natural variety of constitution in the minds of men, with its final cause. The idea of a fine Imagination, and the state of the mind in the enjoyment of those Pleasures which it affords. All the primary Pleasures of the Imagination result from the perception of greatness, or wonderfulness, or beauty, in objects. The Pleasure from greatness, with its final cause: Pleasure from novelty or wonderfulness, with its final cause: Pleasure from beauty, with its final cause. The connection of beauty with truth and good, applied to the conduct of life. Invitation to the study of moral philosophy. The different degrees of beauty in different species of objects; colour, shape, natural concretes, vegetables, animals; the mind. The sublime, the fair, the wonderful, of the mind. The connection of the Imagination and the moral faculty. Conclusion.

WITH what attractive charms this goodly frame
Of Nature touches the consenting hearts
Of mortal men, and what the pleasing stores
Which beauteous imitation thence derives
To deck the poet's or the painter's toil, 5
My Verse unfolds. Attend, ye gentle Pow'rs
Of Musical delight! and while I sing
Your gifts, your honours, dance around my strain.
Thou, smiling queen of ev'ry tuneful breast,
Indulgent Fancy! from the fruitful banks 10
Of Avon, whence thy rosy fingers cull
Fresh flow'rs and dews to sprinkle on the turf
Where Shakespeare lies, be present; and with thee
Let Fiction come, upon her vagrant wings
Wafting ten thousand colours thro' the air, 15
Which, by the glances of her magic eye,
She blends and shifts at will thro' countless forms,
Her wild creation. Goddess of the Lyre,
Which rules the accents of the moving sphere,
Wilt thou, eternal Harmony! descend 20
And join this festive train? for with thee comes

The guide, the guardian of their lovely sports,
Majestic Truth! and where Truth deigns to come
Her sister Liberty will not be far.

Be present all ye Genii! who conduct 25
The wand'ring footsteps of the youthful bard
New to your springs and shades, who touch his ear
With finer sounds, who heighten to his eye
The bloom of Nature, and before him turn
The gayest, happiest, attitude of things. 30

Oft' have the laws of each poetic strain
The critic verse employ'd; yet still unsung
Lay this prime subject, tho' importing most
A Poet's name: for fruitless is th' attempt,
By dull obedience and by creeping toil 35
Obscure, to conquer the severe ascent
Of high Parnassus. Nature's kindling breath
Must fire the chosen genius; Nature's hand
Must string his nerves, and imp his eagle wings,
Impatient of the painful steep, to soar 40
High as the summit, there to breathe at large
Ethereal air with bards and sages old.

Immortal sons of praise! These flatt'ring scenes
To this neglected labour court my song;
Yet not unconscious what a doubtful task 45
To paint the finest features of the mind,
And to most subtle and mysterious things
Give colour, strength, and motion. But the love
Of Nature and the Muses bids explore,
Thro' secret paths, erewhile untrod by man, 50
The fair poetic region, to detect
Untasted springs, to drink inspiring draughts,
And shade my temples with unfading flow'rs,
Cull'd from the laureate vale's profound recess,
Where never poet gain'd a wreath before. 55

From Heav'n my strains begin; from Heav'n descends
The flame of genius to the human breast,
And love, and beauty, and poetic joy,
And inspiration. Ere the radiant sun
Sprang from the east, or 'mid the vault of night 60
The moon suspended her serener lamp,

Ere mountains, woods, or streams, adorn'd the globe,
 Or Wisdom taught the sons of men her lore,
 Then liv'd th' Almighty One; then, deep-retir'd
 In his unfathom'd essence, view'd the forms, 65
 The forms eternal, of created things;
 The radiant sun, the moon's nocturnal lamp,
 The mountains, woods, and streams, the rolling globe,
 And Wisdom's mien celestial. From the first
 Of days on them his love divine he fix'd, 70
 His admiration, till, in time complete,
 What he admir'd and lov'd his vital smile
 Unfolded into being. Hence the breath
 Of life informing each organic frame,
 Hence the green earth and wild resounding waves, 75
 Hence light and shade alternate, warmth and cold,
 And clear autumnal skies and vernal show'rs,
 And all the fair variety of things.

But not alike to ev'ry mortal eye
 Is this great scene unveil'd; for since the claims 80
 Of social life to different labours urge
 The active pow'rs of man, with wise intent
 The hand of Nature on peculiar minds
 Imprints a diff'rent bias, and to each
 Decrees its province in the common toil. 85
 To some she taught the fabric of the sphere,
 The changeful moon, the circuit of the stars,
 The golden zones of heav'n: to some she gave
 To weigh the moment of eternal things,
 Of time, and space, and Fate's unbroken chain, 90
 And will's quick impulse: others by the hand
 She led o'er vales and mountains, to explore
 What healing virtue swells the tender veins
 Of herbs and flow'rs, or what the beams of morn
 Draw forth, distilling from the clefted rind 95
 In balmy tears. But some to higher hopes
 Were destin'd; some within a finer mould
 She wrought, and temper'd with a purer flame:
 To these the Sire Omnipotent unfolds
 The world's harmonious volume, there to read 100
 The transcript of himself. On ev'ry part

They trace the bright impressions of his hand :
In earth or air, the meadow's purple stores,
The moon's mild radiance, or the virgin's form,
Blooming with rosy smiles, they see pourtray'd 105
That uncreated beauty which delights
The mind supreme : they also feel her charms
Enamour'd ; they partake th' eternal joy.

For as old Memnon's image, long renown'd
By fabling Nilus, to the quiv'ring touch 110
Of Titan's ray, with each repulsive string
Consenting, sounded thro' the warbling air
Unbidden strains ; e'en so did Nature's hand
To certain species of external things
Attune the finer organs of the mind : 115
So the glad impulse of congenial pow'rs,
Or of sweet sound, or fair proportion'd form,
The grace of motion, or the bloom of light,
Thrills' thro' Imagination's tender frame
From nerve to nerve : all naked and alive 120
They catch the spreading rays, till now the soul
At length discloses ev'ry tuneful spring,
To that harmonious movement from without
Responsive. Then the inexpressive strain
Diffuses its enchantment ; Fancy dreams 125
Of sacred fountains, and Elysian groves,
And vales of bliss : the intellectual pow'r
Bends from his awful throne a wond'ring ear,
And smiles : the passions, gently sooth'd away,
Sink to divine repose, and love and joy 130
Alone are waking ; love and joy serene
As airs that fan the summer. O ! attend,
Whoe'er thou art whom these delights can touch,
Whose candid bosom the refining love
Of Nature warms ; O ! listen to my Song, 135
And I will guide thee to her fav'rite walks,
And teach thy solitude her voice to hear,
And point her loveliest features to thy view.

Know then, whate'er of Nature's pregnant stores,
Whate'er of mimic Art's reflected forms, 140
With love and admiration thus inflame



the intellectual power
which from his awful form a wand'ring
kind smiles

Source: The Treasury of Imagination Page 28 line 100

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The pow'rs of fancy, her delighted sons
 To three illustrious orders have refer'd,
 Three sister Graces, whom the painter's hand,
 The poet's tongue, confesses; the Sublime, 145
 The Wonderful, the Fair. I see them dawn!
 I see the radiant visions where they rise,
 More lovely than when Lucifer displays
 His beaming forehead thro' the gates of morn,
 To lead the train of Phœbus and the Spring. 150

Say, why was man so eminently rais'd
 Amid the vast creation? why ordain'd
 Thro' life and death to dart his piercing eye,
 With thoughts beyond the limit of his frame,
 But that th' Omnipotent might send him forth, 155
 In fight of mortal and immortal pow'rs,
 As on a boundless theatre, to run
 The great career of justice, to exalt
 His gen'rous aim to all diviner deeds,
 To chase each partial purpose from his breast, 160
 And thro' the mists of passion and of sense,
 And thro' the tossing tide of chance and pain,
 To hold his course unsalt'ring, while the voice
 Of Truth and Virtue up the steep ascent
 Of Nature calls him to his high reward, 165
 Th' applauding smile of Heav'n? alse wherefore burns

Y. 151. *Say, why was man, &c.*] In apologizing for the frequent negligencies of the sublimest authors of Greece, "Those godlike geniuses," says Longinus, "were well assured that Nature had not intended man for a low spirited or ignoble being; but bringing us into life, and the midst of this wide universe, as before a multitude assembled at some heroic solemnity, that we might be spectators of all her magnificence, and candidates high in emulation for the prize of glory: she has therefore implanted in our souls an inextinguishable love of every thing great and exalted, of every thing which appears divine beyond our comprehension: whence it comes to pass, that even the whole world is not an object sufficient for the depth and rapidity of human Imagination, which often sallies forth beyond the limits of all that surrounds us. Let any man cast his eye through the whole circle of our existence, and consider how especially it abounds in excellent and grand objects. he will soon acknowledge for what enjoyments and pursuits we were destined. Thus by the very propensity of Nature we are led to admire not little springs or shallow rivulets, however clear and delicious, but the Nile, the Rhine, the Danube, and, much more than all, the ocean," &c. *Dionys. Longin. de Sublim. sect. xxiv.*

In mortal bosoms this unquenched hope
 That breathes from day to day sublimer things,
 And mocks possession? wherefore darts the mind
 With such resistless ardour to embrace 170
 Majestic forms, impatient to be free;
 Spurning the gross controul of wilful might,
 Proud of the strong contention of her toils,
 Proud to be daring? Who but rather turns
 To heav'n's broad fire his unconstrained view 175
 Than to the glimm'ring of a waxen flame?
 Who that from Alpine heights his lab'ring eye
 Shoots round the wide horizon, to survey
 Nilus or Ganges, rolling his bright wave
 Thro' mountains, plains, thro' empires black with shade,
 And continents of sand, will turn his gaze 181
 To mark the windings of a scanty rill
 That murmurs at his feet? The high-born soul
 Disdains to rest her heav'n-aspiring wing
 Beneath its native quarry. Tir'd of earth, 185
 And this diurnal scene, she springs aloft
 Thro' fields of air, pursues the flying storm,
 Rides on the volly'd lightning thro' the heav'n's,
 Or, yok'd with whirlwinds and the northern blast,
 Sweeps the long track of day. Then high she soars 190
 The blue profound, and hov'ring round the Sun,
 Beholds him pouring the redundant stream
 Of light, beholds his unrelenting sway
 Bend the reluctant planets to absolve
 The fated rounds of time: thence far effus'd 195
 She darts her swiftness up the long career
 Of devious comets, thro' its burning signs
 Exulting measures the perennial wheel
 Of Nature; and looks back on all the stars,
 Whose blended light as with a milky zone 200
 Invests the orient. Now amaz'd she views
 The empyreal waste, where happy spirits hold

y. 202. *The empyreal waste, &c.*] “ Ne se puet il point qu’ill y a un
 “ grand espace au dela de la region des etoiles? Que se soit le ciel em-
 “ pyree, ou non, toujours cet espace immense qui environne toute cette
 “ region

Beyond this concave heav'n their calm abode,
 And fields of radiance, whose unfading light
 Has travell'd the profound six thousand years, 205
 Nor yet arrives in sight of mortal things.
 E'en on the barriers of the world untir'd
 She meditates th' eternal depth below,
 Till, half recoiling, down the headlong steep
 She plunges, soon o'erwhelm'd and swallow'd up 210
 In that immense of being. There her hopes
 Rest at the fatal goal: for, from the birth
 Of mortal man, the Sovran Maker said,
 That not in humble nor in brief delight,
 Not in the fading echoes of renown, 215
 Pow'r's purple robes, nor Pleasure's flow'ry lap,
 The soul should find enjoyment; but, from these
 Turning disdainful to an equal good,
 Thro' all th' ascent of things enlarge her view,
 Till ev'ry bound at length should disappear, 220
 And infinite perfection close the scene.

Call now to mind what high capacious pow'r's
 Lie folded up in man; how far beyond
 The praise of mortals may th' eternal growth
 Of Nature to perfection half divine 225
 Expand th' blooming soul: what pity then
 Should Sloth's unkindly fogs depress to earth
 Her tender blossom, choke the streams of life,
 And blast her spring! Far otherwise design'd
 Almighty Wisdom; Nature's happy cares 230
 Th' obedient heart far otherwise incline;
 Witness the sprightly joy when aught unknown
 Strikes the quick sense, and wakes each active pow'r

"region; pourra etre rempli de bonheur et de gloire. Il pourra etre
 "concu comme l'océan, ou se rendent les fleuves de toutes les crea-
 "tures bienheureuses, quand elles seront venues a leur perfection
 "dans le système des étoiles." *Leibnitz dans la Theodicee*, part. i.
 sect. 19.

Y. 204.---[whose unfading light, &c.] It was a notion of the great Mr.
 Huygens, that there may be fixed stars at such a distance from our solar
 system, as that their light should not have had time to reach us even from
 the creation of the world to this day.

To brisker measures ; witness the neglect
 Of all familiar prospects, tho' beheld 235
 With transport once, the fond attentive gaze
 Of young Astonishment, the sober zeal
 Of Age commenting on prodigious things.
 For such the bounteous providence of Heav'n,
 In ev'ry breast implanting this desire 240
 Of objects new and strange, to urge us on
 With unremitted labour to pursue
 Those sacred stores that wait the ripening soul

Y. 234.-----the neglect--Of all familiar prospects, &c.] It is here said, that in consequence of the love of novelty, objects which at first were highly delightful to the mind, lose that effect by repeated attention to them; but the instance of habit is opposed to this observation, for there objects at first distasteful are in time rendered entirely agreeable by repeated attention.

The difficulty in this case will be removed, if we consider that, when objects at first agreeable lose that influence by frequently recurring, the mind is wholly passive, and the perception involuntary; but habit, on the other hand, generally supposes choice and activity, accompanying it; so that the pleasure arises here not from the object, but from the mind's conscious determination of its own activity, and consequently increases in proportion to the frequency of that determination.

It will still be urged, perhaps, that a familiarity with disagreeable objects renders them at length acceptable, even when there is no room for the mind to resolve or act at all: in this case the appearance must be accounted for one of these ways:

The pleasure from habit may be merely negative. The object at first gave uneasiness; this uneasiness gradually wears off as the object grows familiar; and the mind finding it at last entirely removed, reckons its situation really pleasurable, compared with what it had experienced before.

The dislike conceived of the object at first might be owing to prejudice or want of attention; consequently the mind being necessitated to review it often, may at length perceive its own mistake, and be reconciled to what it had looked on with aversion; in which case a sort of instinctive justice naturally leads it to make amends for the injury, by running toward the other extreme of fondness and attachment.

Or, lastly, though the object itself should always continue disagreeable, yet circumstances of pleasure or good fortune may occur along with it: thus an association may arise in the mind, and the object never be remembered without those pleasing circumstances attending it, by which means the disagreeable impression which it at first occasioned will in time be quite obliterated.

Y. 240.-----this desire---Of objects new and strange, &c.] These two ideas are often confounded, though it is evident the mere novelty of an object makes it agreeable, even where the mind is not affected with the least degree of wonder; whereas wonder indeed always implies novelty, being never excited by common or well-known appearances. But the pleasure in both cases is explicable from the same final cause, the acquisition of knowledge and enlargement of our views of Nature; on this account it is natural to treat of them together.

In Truth's exhaustless bosom. What need words
To paint its pow'r ? For this the daring youth 245
Breaks from his weeping mother's anxious arms
In foreign climes to rove ; the pensive sage,
Heedless of sleep or midnight's harmful damp,
Hangs o'er the sickly taper ; and untir'd
The virgin follows, with enchanted step, 250
The mazes of some wild and wondrous tale
From morn to eve, unmindful of her form,
Unmindful of the happy drest that stole
The wishes of the youth when ev'ry maid
With envy pin'd. Hence, finally, by night 255
The village matron round the blazing hearth
Suspends the infant audience with her tales,
Breathing astonishment ! of witching rhymes
And evil spirits ; of the deathbed call
Of him who robb'd the widow, and devour'd 260
The orphan's portion ; of unquiet souls,
Ris'n from the grave to ease the heavy guilt
Of deeds in life conceal'd ; of shapes that walk
At dead of night, and clank their chains, and wave
The torch of hell around the murd'rer's bed : 265
At ev'ry solemn pause the crowd recoil,
Gazing each other speechless, and congeal'd
With shiv'ring sighs, till, eager for th' event,
Around the beldame all erect they hang,
Each trembling heart with grateful terrors quell'd.
But lo ! disclos'd in all her smiling pomp, 271
Where Beauty onward moving claims the verse
Her charms inspire : the freely flowing verse
In thy immortal praise, O form divine !
Smooths her mellifluent stream. Thee, Beauty ! thee
The regal dome, and thy enliv'ning ray 276
The mossy roofs adore : thou, better sun !
For ever beamest on th' enchanted heart
Love, and harmonious wonder, and delight
Poetic. Brightest progeny of Heav'n ! 280
How shall I trace thy features ? where select
The roseate hues to emulate thy bloom ?
Haste then, my Song ! thro' Nature's wide expanse,

Haste then, and gather all her comeliest wealth,
 Whate'er bright spoils the florid earth contains, 285
 Whate'er the waters or the liquid air,
 To deck thy lovely labour. Wilt thou fly
 With laughing Autumn to th' Atlantic isles,
 And range with him th' Hesperian field, and see
 Where'er his fingers touch the fruitful grove 290
 The branches shoot with gold; where'er his step
 Marks the glad soil the tender clusters grow
 With purple ripeness, and invest each hill
 As with the blushes of an ev'ning sky?
 Or wilt thou rather stoop thy vagrant plume? 295
 Where, gliding thro' his daughter's honour'd shades,
 The smooth Peneus from his glassy flood
 Reflects purpureal Tempe's pleasant scene?
 Fair Tempe! haunt belov'd of sylvan pow'rs,
 Of Nymphs and Fauns, where in the Golden Age 300
 They play'd in secret on the shady brink
 With ancient Pan, while round their choral steps
 Young Hours and genial gales with constant hand
 Shower'd blossoms, odours, shower'd ambrosial dews,
 And Spring's Elysian bloom. Her flow'ry store 305
 To thee nor Tempe shall refuse, nor watch
 Of winged Hydra guard Hesperian fruits
 From thy free spoil. O! bear then unprov'd
 Thy smiling treasures to the green recess
 Where young Dione stays: with sweetest airs 310
 Entice her forth to lend her angel form
 For Beauty's honour'd image. Hither turn
 Thy graceful footsteps; hither, gentle Maid!
 Incline thy polish'd forehead: let thy eyes
 Effuse the mildness of their azure dawn; 315
 And may the fanning breezes waft aside
 Thy radiant locks, disclosing, as it bends
 With airy softness from the marble neck,
 The cheek fair-blooming; and the rosy lip,
 Where winning Smiles and Pleasures, sweet as Love,
 With sanctity and wisdom temp'ring, blend 321
 Their soft allurement: then the pleasing force
 Of Nature, and her kind parental care,

PLEASURES OF IMAGINATION. 35

Worthier I'd sing ; then all th' enamour'd youth,
 With each admiring virgin, to my lyre 325
 Should throng attentive, while I point on high
 Where Beauty's living image, like the Morn
 That wakes in Zephyr's arms the blushing May,
 Moves onward ; or as Venus, when she stood
 Effulgent on the pearly car, and smil'd, 330
 Fresh from the deep, and conscious of her form,
 To see the Tritons tune their vocal shells,
 And each cerulean sister of the flood
 With loud acclaim attend her o'er the waves
 To seek th' Idalian bow'r. Ye smiling band 335
 Of Youths and Virgins ! who thro' all the maze
 Of young desire with rival steps pursue
 This charm of beauty, if the pleasing toil
 Can yield a moment's respite, hither turn
 Your favourable ear, and trust my words. 340
 I do not mean to wake the gloomy form
 Of Superstition, dress'd in Wisdom's garb,
 To damp your tender hopes ; I do not mean
 To bid the jealous Thund'rer fire the heav'ns,
 Or shapes infernal rend the groaning earth, 345
 To fright you from your joys : my chearful song
 With better omens calls you to the field,
 Pleas'd with your gen'rous ardour in the chase,
 And warm like you. Then tell me, for ye know,
 Does Beauty ever deign to dwell where health 350
 And active use are strangers ? is her charm
 Confest in aught whose most peculiar ends
 Are lame and fruitless ? or did Nature mean
 This pleasing call the herald of a lie,
 To hide the shame of discord and disease, 355
 And catch with fair hypocrisy the heart
 Of idle Faith ? O no ! with better cares
 Th' indulgent mother, conscious how infirm
 Her offspring tread the paths of good and ill,
 By this illustrious image, in each kind 360
 Still more illustrious where the object holds
 Its native pow'rs most perfect, she by this
 Illumes the headstrong impulse of Desire,

And sanctifies his choice. The gen'rous glebe
 Whose bosom smiles with verdure, the clear track 365
 Of streams delicious to the thirsty soul,
 The bloom of nectar'd fruitage ripe to sense,
 And ev'ry charm of animated things,
 Are only pledges of a state sincere,
 Th' integrity and order of their frame 370
 When all is well within, and ev'ry end
 Accomplished. Thus was Beauty sent from Heav'n
 The lovely minitress of Truth and Good
 In this dark world; for Truth and Good are one,
 And Beauty dwells in them, and they in her, 375

* 374.----*Truth and Good are one,--And Beauty dwells in them &c.*
 "Do you imagine," says Socrates to Aristippus, "that what is good
 "is not beautiful? have you not observed that these appearances always
 "coincide? Virtue, for instance, in the same respect as to which we
 "call it good, is ever acknowledged to be beautiful also. In the cha-
 "racters of men we always join the two denominations together."
 "The beauty of human bodies corresponds in like manner with that
 "economy of parts which constitutes them good; and in every circum-
 "stance of life the same object is constantly accounted both beautiful
 "and good, inasmuch as it answers the purposes for which it was de-
 "signed." *Xenoph. Memorab. Socrat. lib. iii. cap. 8.*

This excellent observation has been illustrated and extended by the
 noble restorer of ancient philosophy. See *The Characteristics*, vol. ii.
 p. 339. and 422, and vol. iii. p. 181. And another ingenious author has
 particularly shewn that it holds in the general laws of Nature, in the
 works of art, and the conduct of the sciences. *Inquiry into the Original*
of our Ideas of Beauty and Virtue, Treat. i. sect. 8. As to the connection
 between beauty and truth, there are two opinions concerning it. Some
 philosophers assert an independent and invariable law in Nature, in
 consequence of which "all rational beings must alike perceive beauty
 "in some certain proportions, and deformity in the contrary." And
 this necessity being supposed the same with that which commands the
 assent or dissent of the understanding, it follows of course, that beauty is
 founded on the universal and unchangeable law of truth.

But others there are who believe beauty to be merely a relative and
 arbitrary thing; that indeed it was a benevolent provision in Nature to
 annex so delightful a sensation to those objects which are best and most
 perfect in themselves, that so we might be engaged to the choice of them
 at once, and without staying to infer their usefulness from their structure
 and effects; but that it is not impossible, in a physical sense, that two
 beings, of equal capacities for truth, should perceive one of them beauty,
 and the other deformity, in the same proportions. And upon this suppo-
 sition, by that truth which is always connected with beauty, nothing
 more can be meant than the conformity of any object to those proportions
 upon which, after careful examination, the beauty of that species is
 found

* This the Athenians did in a peculiar manner, by the words καλοκαγα-
 ρία, καλοκαταβία.

With like participation : wherefore then,
 O Sons of Earth ! would ye dissolve the tie ?
 O ! wherefore with a rash impetuous aim
 Seek ye those flow'ry joys with which the hand
 Of lavish Fancy paints each flatt'ring scene 380
 Where Beauty seems to dwell, nor once inquire
 Where is the sanction of eternal Truth,
 Or where the seal of undeceitful good,
 To save your search from folly ! Wanting these,
 Lo ! Beauty withers in your void embrace ; 385
 And with the glitt'ring of an idiot's toy
 Did Fancy mock your vows. Nor let the gleam
 Of youthful hope, that shines upon your hearts,
 Be chill'd or clouded at this awful task,
 To learn the lore of undeceitful good 390
 And truth eternal. Tho' the pois'nous charms
 Of baleful superstition guide the feet
 Of servile numbers thro' a dreary way
 To their abode, thro' deserts, thorns, and mire,
 And leave the wretched pilgrim all forlorn, 395
 To muse at last amid the ghostly gloom
 Of graves, and hoary vaults, and cloister'd cells,
 To walk with spectres thro' the midnight shade,
 And to the screaming owl's accursed song
 Attune the dreadful workings of his heart, 400
 Yet be not ye dismay'd ; a gentler star
 Your lovely search illumines. From the grove
 Where Wisdom talk'd with her Athenian sons,
 Could my ambitious hand intwine a wreath
 Of Plato's olive with the Mantuan bay, 405
 Then should my pow'rful Verse at once dispel
 Those monkish horrors ; then in light divine

D

found to depend. Polycletus, for instance, a famous ancient sculptor, from an accurate mensuration of the several parts of the most perfect human bodies, deduced a canon or system of proportions which was the rule of all succeeding artists. Suppose a statue modeled according to this, a man of mere natural taste, upon looking at it, without entering into its proportions, confesses and admires its beauty ; whereas a professor of the art applies his measure to the head, the neck, or the hand, and, without attending to its beauty, pronounces the workmanship to be just and true.

38. PLEASURES OF IMAGINATION.

Disclose th' Elysian prospect, where the steps
 Of those whom nature charms thro' blooming walks,
 Thro' fragrant mountains and poetic streams, 410
 Amid the train of sages, heroes, bards,
 Led by their winged Genius and the choir
 Of laurell'd Science and harmonious Art,
 Proceed exulting to th' eternal shrine
 Where Truth conspic'ous with her sister twins, 415
 The undivided partners of her sway,
 With Good and Beauty reigns. O let not us,
 Lull'd by luxurious Pleasure's languid strain,
 Or crouching to the frowns of bigot Rage,
 O let us not a moment pause to join 420
 That godlike band! and if the gracious pow'r
 Who first awaken'd my untutor'd song
 Will to my invocation breathe anew
 The tuneful spirit, then thro' all our paths
 Ne'er shall the sound of this devoted lyre 425
 Be wanting; whether on the rosy mead,
 When summer smiles, to warn the melting heart
 Of luxury's allurements, whether firm
 Against the torrent and the stubborn hill
 To urge bold Virtue's unremitted nerve, 430
 And wake the strong divinity of soul
 That conquers Chance and Fate, or whether struck
 For sounds of triumph to proclaim her toils
 Upon the lofty summit, round her brow
 To twine the wreath of incorruptive praise, 435
 To trace her hallow'd light thro' future worlds,
 And bless Heav'n's image in the heart of man.
 Thus with a faithful aim have we presum'd
 Advent'rous to delineate Nature's form,
 Whether in vast majestic pomp array'd, 440
 Or dress'd for pleasing wonder, or serene
 In Beauty's rosy smile. It now remains
 Thro' various Being's fair proportion'd scale
 To trace the rising lustre of her charms
 From their first twilight, shining forth at length 445
 To full meridian splendor. Of degree
 The least and lowliest in th' effusive warmth

Of colours mingling with a random blaze
Doth Beauty dwell; then higher in the line
And variation of determin'd shape, 450
Where Truth's eternal measures mark the bound
Of circle, cube, or sphere: the third ascent
Unites this vary'd symmetry of parts
With colour's bland allurements, as the pearl
Shines in the concave of its azure bed, 455
And painted shells indent their speckled wreath.
Then more attractive rise the blooming forms
Thro' which the breath of Nature has infus'd
Her genial pow'r to draw with pregnant veins
Nutritious moisture from the bounteous earth 460
In fruit and seed prolific: thus the flow'rs
Their purple honours with the Spring resume,
And such the stately tree which autumn bends
With blushing treasures. But more lovely still
Is Nature's charm, where to the full consent 465
Of complicated members, to the bloom
Of colour, and the vital change of growth,
Life's holy flame and piercing sense are giv'n,
And active motion speaks the temper'd soul:
So moves the bird of Juno, so the steed 470
With rival ardour beats the dusty plain,
And faithful dogs with eager airs of joy
Salute their fellows. Thus doth Beauty dwell
There most conspicuous, e'en in outward shape,
Where dawns the high expression of a mind, 475
By steps conducting our enraptur'd search
To that eternal Origin, whose pow'r
Thro' all th' unbounded symmetry of things,
Like rays effulging from the parent sun,
This endless mixture of her charms diffus'd. 480
Mind, mind alone, (bear witness Earth and Heav'n!)
The living fountain in itself contains
Of beauteous and sublime: here hand in hand
Sit paramount the Graces; here enthron'd
Celestial Venus with divinest airs 485
Invites the soul to never fading joy.
Look then abroad thro' Nature, to the range

Of planets, suns, and adamantine spheres,
 Wheeling unshaken thro' the void immense,
 And speak, O Man! does this capacious scene 490
 With half that kindling majesty dilate
 Thy strong conception, as when Brutus rose
 Retulgent from the stroke of Cæsar's fate
 Amid the crowd of patriots, and his arm
 Aloft extending, like eternal Jove, 495
 When guilt brings down the thunder, call'd aloud
 On Tully's name, and shook his crimson steel,
 And bad the father of his country Hail!
 For lo the tyrant prostrate on the dust!
 And Rome again is free! Is aught so fair 500
 In all the dewy landscapes of the Spring,
 In the bright eye of Hesper or the Morn,
 In Nature's fairest forms, is aught so fair
 As virtuous friendship? as the candid blush
 Of him who strives with Fortune to be just? 505
 The graceful tear that streams for others' woes?
 Or the mild majesty of private life,
 Where Peace with ever-blooming olive crowns
 The gate, where Honour's lib'ral hands effuse
 Unenvy'd treasures, and the snowy wings 510
 Of Innocence and Love protect the scene?
 Once more search undismay'd the dark profound
 Where Nature works in secret, view the beds
 Of mineral treasure, and th' eternal vault
 That bounds the hoary ocean; trace the forms 515
 Of atoms moving with incessant change
 Their elemental round; behold the seeds
 Of being, and the energy of life
 Kindling the mass with ever active flame,
 Then to the secrets of the working Mind 520
 Attentive turn; from dim oblivion call
 Her fleet ideal band, and bid them go;
 Break thro' time's barrier, and o'ertake the hour

Y. 492. *As when Brutus rose, &c.*] Cicero himself describes this fact---"Cæsare interfecto---statim, cruentum alte extollens M. Brutus pugionem, Ciceronem nominatim exclamavit, atque ei recuperatam libertatem est gratulatus." *Cic. Philipp. ii. 12.*

PLEASURES OF IMAGINATION.

41

That saw the heav'ns created; then declare
 If aught were found in those external scenes 525
 To move thy wonder now. For what are all
 The forms which brute unconscious matter wears,
 Greatness of bulk, or symmetry of parts?
 Not reaching to the heart, soon feeble grows
 The superficial impulse; dull their charms, 530
 And satiate soon, and pall the languid eye.
 Not so the moral species, nor the powers
 Of genius and design: th' ambitious mind
 There sees herself; by these congenial forms
 Touch'd and awaken'd, with intenser act 535
 She bends each nerve, and meditates well-pleas'd
 Her features in the mirror: for of all
 The inhabitants of earth, to man alone
 Creative Wisdom gave to lift his eye
 To Truth's eternal measures, thence to frame 540
 The sacred laws of action and of will,
 Discerning justice from unequal deeds,
 And temperance from folly. But beyond
 This energy of truth, whose dictates bind
 Assenting reason, the benignant Sire, 545
 To deck the honour'd paths of just and good,
 Has added bright Imagination's rays,
 Where Virtue, rising from the awful depth
 Of Truth's mysterious bosom, doth forsake
 Th' unadorn'd condition of her birth, 550
 And, dress'd by Fancy in ten thousand hues,
 Assumes a various feature, to attract
 With charms responsive to each gazer's eye
 The hearts of men. Amid his rural walk
 Th' ingenious youth, whom solitude inspires 555
 With purest wishes, from the pensive shade
 Beholds her moving like a virgin Muse,
 That wakes her lyre to some indulgent theme

D 3

Y. 548. *Where Virtue rising from the awful depth---Of Truth's mysterious bosom, &c.* According to the opinion of those who assert moral obligation to be founded on an immutable and universal law, and that which is usually called the moral sense, to be determined by the peculiar temper of the Imagination, and the earliest associations of ideas.

Of harmony and wonder, while among
 The herd of servile minds her strenuous form 560
 Indignant flashes on the patriot's eye,
 And thro' the rolls of memory appeals
 To ancient honour; or, in act serene,
 Yet watchful, raises the majestic sword
 Of public pow'r, from dark Ambition's reach, 565
 To guard the sacred volume of the laws.

Genius of ancient Greece! whose faithful steps
 Well pleas'd I follow thro' the sacred paths
 Of Nature and of Science; Nurse divine
 Of all heroic deeds and fair desires! 570
 O let the breath of thy extended praise
 Inspire my kindling bosom to the height
 Of this untempted theme! Nor be my thoughts
 Presumptuous counted, if, amid the calm
 That soothes this vernal ev'ning into smiles, 575
 I steal impatient from the sordid haunts
 Of Strife and low Ambition, to attend
 Thy sacred presence in the sylvan shade,
 By their malignant footsteps ne'er profan'd.
 Descend propitious to my favour'd eye! 580
 Such in thy mien, thy warm exalted air,
 As when the Persian tyrant, foil'd, and stung
 With shame and desperation, gnash'd his teeth
 To see thee rend the pageants of his throne,
 And at the lightning of thy lifted spear 585
 Crouch'd like a slave. Bring all thy martial spoils,
 Thy palms, thy laurels, thy triumphal songs,
 Thy smiling band of arts, thy godlike fires
 Of civil wisdom, thy heroic youth,
 Warm from the schools of glory. Guide my way 590
 Thro' fair Lyceum's walk, the green retreats
 Of Academus, and the thymy vale
 Where oft', enchanted with Socratic sounds,
 Ilissus pure devolv'd his tuneful stream

Y. 591. *Lyceum*.] The school of Aristotle.

Y. 592. *Academus*.] The school of Plato.

Y. 594. *Ilissus*.] One of the rivers on which Athens was situated. Plato, in some of his finest Dialogues, lays the scene of the conversation with Socrates on its banks.

PLEASURES OF IMAGINATION.

In gentler murmurs. From the blooming store 43
 Of these auspicious fields may I unblam'd 595
 Transplant some living blossoms to adorn
 My native clime; while far above the flight
 Of fancy's plume aspiring, I unlock
 The springs of ancient wisdom; while I join 600
 Thy name, thrice honour'd! with th' immortal praise
 Of Nature; while to my compatriot youth
 I point the high example of thy sons,
 And tune to Attic themes the British lyre? 604

END OF BOOK FIRST.



THE PLEASURES OF IMAGINATION.

BOOK II.

The Argument.

THE separation of the works of Imagination from philosophy the cause of their abuse among the Moderns. Prospect of their reunion under the influence of public liberty. Enumeration of accidental Pleasures, which increase the effect of objects delightful to the Imagination. The Pleasures of sense. Particular circumstances of the mind. Discovery of truth. Perception of contrivance and design. Emotion of the passions. All the natural passions partake of a pleasing sensation; with the final cause of this constitution, illustrated by an Allegorical Vision, and exemplified in sorrow, pity, terror, and indignation.

WHEN shall the laurel and the vocal string
Resume their honours? when shall we behold
The tuneful tongue, the Promethean hand,
Aspire to ancient praise? Alas! how faint,
How slow, the dawn of beauty and of truth 5
Breaks the reluctant shades of Gothic night
Which yet involve the nations! Long they groan'd
Beneath the furies of rapacious Force,
Oft' as the gloomy North with Iron swarms
Tempest'ous pouring from her frozen caves 10
Blasted the Italian shore, and swept the works
Of Liberty and Wisdom down the gulf
Of all-devouring Night. As long, immur'd
In noontide darkness by the glimm'ring lamp,
Each Muse and each fair Science pin'd away 15
The sordid hours, while foul Barbarian hands
Their mysteries profan'd, unstrung the lyre,
And chain'd the soaring pinion down to earth.
At last the Muses rose and spurn'd their bonds,
And wildly warbling scatter'd as they flew 20

Y. 19. *At last the Muses rose, &c.*] About the age of Hugh Capet, founder of the third race of French kings, the poets of Provence were in high reputation, a sort of strolling bards or rhapsodists, who went about the courts of princes and noblemen, entertaining them at festivals with music and poetry. They attempted both the epic ode, and satire, and abounded in a wild and fantastic vein of fable, partly allegorical, and partly founded on traditionary legends of the Saracen wars. These were the rudiments of Italian poetry. But their taste and composition must have been extremely barbarous, as we may judge by those who followed the turn of their fable in much politer times, such as Boiardo, Bernardo, Tasso, Ariosto, &c.

Their blooming wreaths from fair Valclufa's bow'rs
 To Arno's myrtle border, and the shore
 Of soft Parthenope. But still the rage
 Of dire Ambition and gigantic Pow'r
 From public aims, and from the busy walk 25
 Of civil commerce, drove the bolder train
 Of penetrating Science to the cells
 Where studious Ease consumes the silent hour
 In shadowy searches and unfruitful care.
 Thus from their guardians torn, the tender arts 30
 Of mimic fancy and harmonious joy
 To priestly domination, and the lust
 Of lawless courts, their amiable toil
 For three inglorious ages have resign'd,
 In vain reluctant, and Torquato's tongue 35
 Was tun'd for slavish Pæans at the throne
 Of tinsel pomp, and Raphael's magic hand

y. 21. *Valclufa.*] The famous retreat of Francisco Petrarcha, the father of Italian poetry, and his mistress Laura, a lady of Avignon.

y. 22. *Arno.*] The river which runs by Florence, the birth-place of Dante and Boccaccio.

y. 23. *Parthenope.*] Or Naples, the birth-place of Sannazaro. The great Torquato Tasso was born at Sorrento, in the kingdom of Naples.

Ibid.-----the rage---of dire Ambition, &c.] This relates to the cruel wars among the republics of Italy, and abominable politics of its little princes, about the fifteenth century. These at last, in conjunction with the Papal power, entirely extinguished the spirit of liberty in that country, and established that abuse of the fine arts which has been since propagated over all Europe.

y. 30. *Thus from their guardians torn, the tender arts, &c.*] Nor were they only losers by the separation; for philosophy itself, to use the words of a noble philosopher, "being thus severed by the sprightly arts and sciences, must consequently grow drowsy, insipid, pedantic, useless, and directly opposite to the real knowledge and practice of the world." Inasmuch that "a gentleman," says another excellent writer, "cannot easily bring himself to like so austere and ungainly a form; so greatly is it changed from what was once the delight of the finest gentlemen of Antiquity, and their recreation after the hurry of public affairs." From this condition it cannot be recovered but by uniting it once more with the works of Imagination; and we have had the pleasure of observing a very great progress made towards their union in England within these few years. It is hardly possible to conceive them at a greater distance from each other than at the Revolution, when Locke stood at the head of one party and Dryden of the other. But the general spirit of liberty, which has ever since been growing, naturally invited our men of wit and genius to improve that influence which the arts of persuasion gave them with the people, by applying them to subjects of importance to society. Thus poetry and eloquence became considerable, and philosophy is now of course obliged to borrow of their embellishments in order even to gain audience with the public.

Effus'd its fair creation to enchant
The fond adoring herd in Latian fanes
To blind belief, while on their prostrate necks 40
The fable tyrant plants his heel secure.
But now, behold! the radiant era dawns
When Freedom's ample fabric, fix'd at length
For endless years on Albion's happy shore,
In full proportion once more shall extend 45
To all the kindred pow'rs of social bliss
A common mansion, a parental roof:
There shall the Virtues, there shall Wisdom's train,
Their long-lost friends rejoining, as of old,
Embrace the smiling family of Arts, 50
The Muses and the Graces. Then no more
Shall Vice, distracting their delicious gifts
To aims abhorr'd, with high distaste and scorn
Turn from their charms the philosophic eye,
The patriot bosom; then no more the paths 55
Of public care or intellectual toil
Alone by footsteps haughty and severe
In gloomy state be trod: th' harmonious Muse
And her persuasive sisters then shall plant
Their shelt'ring laurels o'er the bleak ascent, 60
And scatter flow'rs along the rugged way.
Arm'd with the lyre, already have we dar'd
To pierce divine philosophy's retreats,
And teach the Muse her lore, already strove
Their long divided honours to unite, 65
While temp'ring this deep argument we sang
Of Truth and Beauty. Now the same glad task
Impends; now urging our ambitious toil,
We hasten to recount the various springs
Of adventitious Pleasure, which adjoin 70
Their greatful influence to the prime effect
Of objects grand or beauteous, and enlarge
The complicated joy. The sweets of sense
Do they not oft' with kind accession flow
To raise harmonious Fancy's native charm? 75
So while we taste the fragrance of the rose
Glow's not her blush the fairer? while we view

Amid the noontide walk a limpid rill
 Gush thro' the trickling herbage, to the thirst
 Of summer yielding the delicious draught 80
 Of cool refreshment, o'er the mossy brink
 Shines not the surface clearer, and the waves
 With sweeter music murmur as they flow ?

Nor this alone. The various lot of life
 Oft' from external circumstance assumes 85
 A moment's disposition to rejoice
 In those delights which at a diff'rent hour
 Would pass unheeded. Fair the face of Spring
 When rural songs and odours wake the Morn
 To ev'ry eye ; but how much more to his 90
 Round whom the bed of sickness long diffus'd
 Its melancholy gloom ! how doubly fair
 When first with fresh-born vigour he inhales
 The balmy breeze, and feels the blessed sun
 Warm at his bosom, from the springs of life 95
 Chasing oppressive damps and languid pain !

Or shall I mention where celestial Truth
 Her awful light discloses, to bestow
 A more majestic pomp on Beauty's frame ?
 For man loves knowledge, and the beams of truth 100
 More welcome touch his understanding's eye
 Than all the blandishments of sound his ear,
 Than all of taste his tongue. Nor ever yet
 The melting rainbow's vernal-tinctur'd hues
 To me have shone so pleasing, as when first 105
 The hand of Science pointed out the path
 In which the sun-beams, gleaming from the west,
 Fall on the wat'ry cloud whose darksome veil
 Involves the orient ; and that trickling show'r
 Piercing thro' ev'ry crystalline convex 110
 Of clust'ring dew-drops to their flight oppos'd,
 Recoil at length where concave all behind
 Th' internal surface of each glossy orb
 Repels their forward passage into air,
 That thence direct they seek the radiant goal 115
 From which their courie began, and, as they strike
 In diff'rent lines the gazer's obvious eye,

Assume a diff'rent lustre thro' the brede
Of colours changing from the splendid rose
To the pale violet's dejected hue. 120

Or shall we touch that kind access of joy
That springs to each fair object while we trace
Thro' all its fabric Wisdom's artful aim
Disposing ev'ry part, and gaining still
By means proportion'd her benignant end? 125
Speak ye the pure delight whose favour'd steps
The lamp of Science thro' the jealous maze
Of Nature guides when haply you reveal
Her secret honours, whether in the sky,
The beauteous laws of light, the central pow'rs 130
That wheel the pensile planets round the year,
Whether in wonders of the rolling deep,
Or the rich fruits of all-sustaining earth,
Or fine-adjusted springs of life and sense,
Ye scan the counsels of their Author's hand. 135

What, when to raise the meditated scene
The flame of passion, thro' the struggling soul
Deep-kindled, shows across that sudden blaze
The object of its rapture, vast of size,
With fiercer colours and a night of shade? 140
What? like a storm from their capacious bed
The sounding seas o'erwhelming, when the might
Of these eruptions, working from the depth
Of man's strong apprehension, shakes his frame
E'en to the base, from ev'ry naked sense 145
Of pain or pleasure dissipating all
Opinion's feeble cov'rings, and the veil
Spun from the cobweb fashion of the times
To hide the feeling heart? then Nature speaks
Her genuine language, and the words of men, 150
Big with the very motion of their souls,
Declare with what accumulated force
Th' impetuous nerve of passion urges on
The native weight and energy of things.

Yet more her honours: where nor beauty claims,
Nor shews of good the thirity sense allure, 156

From passion's pow'r alone our nature holds
 Essential Pleasure. Passion's fierce illapse
 Rouses the mind's whole fabric, with supplies
 Of daily impulse keeps th' elastic pow'rs 160
 Intensely poiz'd, and polishes anew,
 By that collision, all the fine machine;
 Else rust would rise, and foulneis, by degrees
 Incumb'ring, choke at last what Heav'n design'd
 For ceaseleis motion and a round of toil. 165
 —But say, does ev'ry passion thus to man
 Administer delight? That name indeed
 Becomes the rosy breath of Love, becomes
 The radiant smiles of Joy, th' applauding hand
 Of Admiration; but the bitter show'r 170
 That Sorrow sheds upon her brother's grave,
 But the dumb palsy of nocturnal Fear,
 Or those consuming fires that gnaw the heart
 Of panting Indignation, find we there
 To move delight?—Then listen while my tongue
 Th' unalter'd will of Heav'n with faithful awe 176
 Reveals what old Harmodius wont to teach
 My early age; Harmodius! who had weigh'd
 Within his learned mind whate'er the schools
 Of Wisdom, or thy lonely-whisp'ring voice, 180
 O faithful Nature! dictate of the laws
 Which govern and support this mighty frame
 Of universal being: oft' the hours
 From morn to eve have stol'n unmark'd away,

E

Y. 157. *From passion's pow'r alone, &c.*] This very mysterious kind of Pleasure, which is often found in the exercise of passions generally counted painful, has been taken notice of by several authors. Lucretius resolves it into self-love:

“Suave mari magno,” &c. lib. ii. 1.

As if a man was never pleas'd in being moved at the distress of a tragedy, without a cool reflection, that though these fictitious personages were to be unhappy, yet he himself was perfectly at ease and in safety. The ingenious author of the *Reflexions Critiques sur la Poësie et sur la Peinture*, accounts for it by the general delight whch the mind takes in its own activity, and the abhorrence it feels of an indolent and inattentive state: and this joined with the moral approbation of its own temper, which attends these emotions when natural and just, is certainly the true foundation of the pleasure, which, as it is the origin and basis of tragedy and epic, deserved a very particular consideration in this poem.

While mute attention hung upon his lips, 185
As thus the sage his awful tale began:

“ ’Twas in the windings of ancient wood,
“ When spotless youth with solitude resigns
“ To sweet philosophy the studious day,
“ What time pale Autumn shades the silent eve, 190
“ Musing I rov’d. Of good and evil much,
“ And much of mortal man, my thought revolv’d;
“ When starting full on Fancy’s gushing eye,
“ The mournful image of Parthenia’s fate
“ That hour, O long belov’d and long deplor’d! 195
“ When blooming youth nor gentlest Wisdom’s arts,
“ Nor Hymen’s honours gather’d for thy brow,
“ Nor all thy lover’s, all thy father’s tears,
“ Avail’d to snatch thee from the cruel grave;
“ Thy agonizing looks, thy last farewell, 200
“ Struck to the inmost feeling of my soul
“ As with the hand of Death! At once the shade
“ More horrid nodded o’er me, and the winds
“ With hoarser murmur’ring shook the branches. Dark
“ As midnight storms the scene of human things 205
“ Appear’d before me; deserts, burning sands,
“ Where the parch’d adder dies; the frozen south,
“ And desolation blasting all the west
“ With rapine and with murder; tyrant Pow’r
“ Here sits enthron’d with blood; the baleful charms
“ Of Superstition there infect the skies, 211
“ And turn the sun to horror. Gracious Heav’n!
“ What is the life of man? or cannot these,
“ Not these portents, thy awful will suffice?
“ That, propagated thus beyond their scope, 215
“ They rise to act their cruelties anew
“ In my afflicted bosom, thus decreed
“ The universal sensitive of pain,
“ The wretched heir of evils not its own!
“ Thus I impatient; when at once effus’d 220
“ A flashing torrent of celestial day
“ Burst thro’ the shadowy void. With slow descent
“ A purple cloud came floating thro’ the sky,
“ And, pois’d at length within the circling trees,

PLEASURES OF IMAGINATION.

" Hung obvious to my view, till op'ning wide 51
 " Its lucid orb, a more than human form 225
 " Emerging lean'd majestic o'er my head,
 " And instant thunder shook the conscious grove;
 " Then melted into air the liquid cloud,
 " And all the shining vision stood reveal'd. 230
 " A wreath of palm his ample forehead bound,
 " And o'er his shoulder mantling to his knee
 " Flow'd the transparent robe, around his waist
 " Collected with a radiant zone of gold
 " Ethereal; there in mystic signs engrav'd 235
 " I read his office high and sacred name,
 " Genius of Humankind. Appall'd I gaz'd
 " The godlike presence, for athwart his brow
 " Displeasure, temper'd with a mild concern,
 " Look'd down reluctant on me, and his words 240
 " Like distant thunders broke the murm'ring air."
 " Vain are thy thoughts, O child of mortal birth!
 " And impotent thy tongue. Is thy short span
 " Capacious of this universal frame?
 " Thy wisdom all-sufficient? Thon, alas! 245
 " Dost thou aspire to judge between the Lord
 " Of Nature and his works? To lift thy voice
 " Against the sovran order he decreed,
 " All good and lovely? to blaspheme the bands
 " Of tenderness innate and social love, 250
 " Holiest of things! by which the general orb
 " Of being, as by adamantine links,
 " Was drawn to perfect union, and sustain'd
 " From everlasting? Hast thou felt the pangs
 " Of soft'ning sorrow, of indignant zeal, 255
 " So grievous to the soul, as thence to wish
 " The ties of Nature broken from thy frame,
 " That so thy selfish unrelenting heart
 " Might cease to mourn its lot no longer then
 " The wretched heir of evils not its own? 260
 " O fair benevolence of gen'rous minds!
 " O man by Nature form'd for all mankind!"
 " He spoké; abash'd and silent I remain'd,
 " As conscious of my tongue's offence, and aw'd.

" Before his presence, though my secret soul 265
 " Disdain'd the imputation. On the ground
 " I fix'd my eyes, till from his airy couch
 " He stoop'd sublime, and touching with his hand
 " My dazzling forehead, " Raise thy sight," he cry'd,
 " And let thy sense convince thy erring tongue." 270
 " I look'd, and lo! the former scene was chang'd;
 " For verdant alleys, and surrounding trees,
 " A solitary prospect, wide and wild,
 " Rush'd on my senses. 'Twas an horrid pile
 " Of hills with many a shaggy forest mix'd, 275
 " With many a sable cliff and glitt'ring stream.
 " Aloft recumbent o'er the hanging ridge [springs
 " The brown woods wav'd, while ever-trickling
 " Wash'd from the naked roots of oak and pine
 " The crumbling soil; and still at ev'ry fall 280
 " Down the steep windings of the channell'd rock
 " Remurm'ring rush'd the congregated floods
 " With hoarser inundation, till at last
 " They reach'd a grassy plain, which from the skirts
 " Of that high desert spread her verdant lap, 285
 " And drank the gushing moisture, where confin'd
 " In one smooth current o'er the lili'd vale
 " Clearer than glass it flow'd. Autumnal spoils,
 " Luxuriant spreading to the rays of morn,
 " Blush'd o'er the cliffs, whose half-encircling mound
 " As in a sylvan theatre enclos'd 291
 " That flow'ry level. On the river's brink
 " I spy'd a fair pavilion, which diffus'd
 " Its floating umbrage 'mid the silver shade
 " Of osiers. Now the western sun reveal'd 295
 " Between two parting cliffs his golden orb,
 " And pour'd across the shadow of the hills,
 " On rocks and floods, a yellow stream of light
 " That cheer'd the solemn scene. My list'ning pow'rs
 " Were aw'd, and ev'ry thought in silence hung 300
 " And wond'ring expectation: then the voice
 " Of that celestial pow'r the mystic show
 " Declaring, thus my deep attention call'd:"

- " Inhabitant of earth, to whom is giv'n
 " The gracious ways of Providence to learn, 305
 " Receive my sayings with a stedfast ear.—
 " Know then the Sovran Spirit of the world,
 " Tho' self-collected from eternal time,
 " Within his own deep essence he beheld

E 3

y. 304. *Inhabitant of earth, &c.*] The account of the economy of Providence here introduced as the most proper to calm and satisfy the mind when under the compunction of private evils, seems to have come originally from the Pythagorean school; but of all the ancient philosophers Plato has most largely insisted upon it, has established it with all the strength of his capacious understanding, and ennobled it with all the magnificence of his divine imagination. He has one passage so full and clear on this head, that I am persuaded the reader will be pleased to see it here, though somewhat long. Addressing himself to such as are not satisfied concerning Divine Providence; "The being who presides over the whole," says he, "has disposed and complicated all things for the happiness and virtue of the whole, every part of which, according to the extent of its influence, does and suffers what is fit and proper. One of these parts is your's, O unhappy man! which though in itself most inconsiderable and minute, yet, being connected with the universe, ever seeks to co-operate with that supreme order. You in the mean-time are ignorant of the very end for which all particular natures are brought into existence, that the all-comprehending nature of the whole may be perfect and happy; existing, as it does, not for you sake, but the cause and reason of your existence, which, as in the symmetry of every artificial work, must of necessity concur with the general design of the artist, and be subservient to the whole, of which it is a part. Your complaint therefore is ignorant and groundless, since, according to the various energy of creation and the common laws of Nature, there is a constant provision of that which is best at the same time for you and for the whole.---For the governing Intelligence clearly beholding all the actions of animated and self-moving creatures, and that mixture of good and evil which diversifies them, considered first of all by what disposition of things, and by what situation of each individual in the general system, vice might be depressed and subdued, and virtue made secure of victory and happiness, with the greatest facility, and in the highest degree possible: in this manner he ordered through the entire circle of being the internal constitution of every mind, where should be its station in the universal fabric, and through what variety of circumstances it should proceed in the whole tenour of its existence." He goes on in this sublime manner to assert a future state of retribution, as well for those who by the exercise of good dispositions being harmonized and assimilated into the divine virtue, are consequently removed to a place of unblemished sanctity and happiness, as of those who by the most flagitious arts have risen from contemptible beginnings to the greatest affluence and power, and whom you therefore look upon as unanswerable instances of negligence in the gods, because you are ignorant of the purposes to which they are subservient, and in what manner they contribute to that supreme intention of good to the whole." *Plato de Leg. x. 16.*

This theory has been delivered of late, especially abroad, in a manner which subverts the freedom of human actions; whereas Plato appears very careful to preserve it, and has been in that respect imitated by the best of his followers.

- "The bounds of true felicity complete, 310
 "Yet, by immense benignity inclin'd
 "To spread around him that primeval joy
 "Which fill'd himself, he rais'd his platic arm,
 "And sounded thro' the hollow depth of space
 "The strong creative mandate; straight arose 315
 "These heavenly orbs, the glad abodes of life,
 "Effusive kindled by his breath divine
 "Thro' endless forms of being: each inhal'd
 "From him its portion of the vital flame
 "In measure such, that from the wide complex 320
 "Of co-existent orders one might rise,
 "One order, all-involving and entire.
 "He too beholding in the sacred light
 "Of his essential reason all the shapes
 "Of swift contingency, all successive ties 325
 "Of action propagated thro' the sum
 "Of possible existence, he at once
 "Down the long series of eventful time
 "So fix'd the dates of being, so dispos'd
 "To ev'ry living soul of ev'ry kind 330
 "The field of motion and the hour of rest,
 "That all conspir'd to his supreme design,
 "To universal good; with full accord
 "Answ'ring the mighty model he had chosen,
 "The best and fairest of unnumber'd worlds, 335
 "That lay from everlasting in the store
 "Of his divine conceptions. Nor content
 "By one exertion of creative pow'r
 "His goodness to reveal, thro' ev'ry age,

Y. 321.-----one might rise--One order, &c.] See *The Meditations of An-
 toninus*, and *The Characteristics*, *passim*.

Y. 335. *The best and fairest, &c.*] This opinion is so old that Timæus
 Locrus calls the Supreme Being *ἐναιεργὸς τῷ βελτίονος*, "The Arti-
 ficer of that which is best;" and represents him as resolving in the be-
 ginning to produce the most excellent work, and as copying the world
 most exactly from his own intelligible and essential idea; "so that it yet
 remains as it was at first, perfect in beauty, and will never stand in
 need of any correction or improvement." There can be no room for a
 caution here to understand the expressions, not of any particular circum-
 stances of human life separately considered, but of the sum or universal
 system of life and being. See also *The Vision* at the end of *The Theodice of
 Leibnitz*.

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- " Thro' ev'ry moment up the track of time, 35
 " His parent hand with ever-new increase 340
 " Of happiness and virtue has adorn'd
 " The vast harmonious frame: his parent hand,
 " From the mute shellfish gasping on the shore,
 " To men, to angels, to celestial minds, 345
 " For ever leads the generations on
 " To higher scenes of being, while, supply'd
 " From day to day with his enliv'ning breath,
 " Inferior orders in succession rise
 " To fill the void below. As flame ascends, 350
 " As bodies to their proper centre move,
 " As the pois'd ocean to th' attracting moon
 " Obedient swells, and ev'ry headlong stream
 " Devolves its winding waters to the main,
 " So all things which have life aspire to God, 355
 " The sun of being, boundless, unimpair'd,
 " Centre of souls: Nor does the faithful voice
 " Of Nature cease to prompt their eager steps
 " Aright, nor is the care of Heav'n withheld
 " From granting to the task proportion'd aid, 360
 " That in their station all may persevere
 " To climb th' ascent of being, and approach
 " For ever nearer to the life divine.
 " That rocky pile thou seest, that verdant lawn,
 " Fresh water'd from the mountains. Let the scene
 " Paint in thy fancy the primeval seat 366
 " Of man, and where the Will Supreme ordain'd
 " His mansion; that pavilion, fair diffus'd
 " Along the shady brink, in this recess,
 " To wear th' appointed season of his youth, 370
 " Till riper hours should open to his toil
 " The high communion of superior minds,
 " Of consecrated heroes and of gods.
 " Nor did the Sire omnipotent forget
 " His tender bloom to cherish, nor withheld 375
 " Celestial footsteps from his green abode:

§. 350. *As flame ascends, &c.*] This opinion, though not held by Plato, nor any of the Ancients, is yet a very natural consequence of his principles: but the disquisition is too complex and extensive to be entered upon here.

- " Oft' from the radiant honours of his throne
 " He sent whom most he lov'd, the Sovran Fair,
 " The effluence of his glory, whom he plac'd
 " Before his eyes for ever to behold, 380
 " The Goddeſs from whose inspiration flows
 " The toil of patriots, the delight of friends,
 " Without whose work divine, in heav'n or earth,
 " Nought lovely, nought propitious, comes to paſs,
 " Nor hope, nor praise, nor honour. Her the Sire
 " Gave it in charge to rear the blooming mind, 386
 " The folded pow'rs to open, to direct
 " The growth luxuriant of his young desires,
 " And from the laws of this majestic world
 " To teach him what was good. As thus the nymph
 " Her daily care attended, by her ſide 391
 " With constant steps her gay companion ſtay'd,
 " The fair Euphroſyne! the gentle queen
 " Of ſmiles, and graceful gladneſs, and delights
 " That cheer alike the hearts of mortal men 395
 " And pow'rs immortal. See the ſhining Pair!
 " Behold where from his dwelling now diſclos'd
 " They quit their youthful charge and ſeek the ſkies."
 " I look'd, and on the flow'ry turf there ſtood
 " Between two radiant forms a ſmiling youth, 400
 " Whose tender cheeks diſplay'd the vernal flow'r
 " Of beauty, ſweeteſt innocence illum'd
 " His baſhful eyes, and on his poliſh'd brow
 " Sat young Simplicity. With fond regard
 " He view'd th' aſſociates as their ſteps they mov'd;
 " The younger chief his ardent eyes detain'd, 406
 " With mild regret invoking her return:
 " Bright as the ſtar of ev'ning ſhe appear'd
 " Amid the duſky ſcene: eternal youth
 " O'er all her form its glowing honours breath'd,
 " And ſmiles eternal from her candid eyes 411
 " Flow'd like the dewy luſtre of the morn
 " Effuſive trembling on the placid waves:
 " The ſpring of heav'n had ſhed its bluſhing ſpoils
 " To bind her ſable trefſes; full diſfus'd 415
 " Her yellow mantle floated in the breeze;

- " And in her hand she wav'd a living branch,
 " Rich with immortal fruits of pow'r to calm
 " The wrathful heart, and from the brightning eyes
 " To chase the cloud of sadness. More sublime 420
 " The heav'nly partner mov'd: the prime of age
 " Compos'd her steps: the presence of a god,
 " High on the circle of her brow enthron'd,
 " From each majestic motion darted awe,
 " Devoted awe! till cherish'd by her looks, 425
 " Benevolent and meek, confiding love
 " To filial rapture soften'd all the soul.
 " Free in her graceful hand she pois'd the sword
 " Of chaste dominion: an heroic crown
 " Display'd the old simplicity of pomp 430
 " Around her honour'd head: a matron's robe,
 " White as the sunshine streams thro' vernal clouds,
 " Her stately form invested. Hand in hand
 " Th' immortal pair forsook th' enamell'd green,
 " Ascending slowly: rays of limpid light 435
 " Gleam'd round their path; celestial sounds were
 " And thro' the fragrant air ethereal dews [heard,
 " Distill'd around them, till at once the clouds,
 " Disparting wide in midway sky, withdrew
 " Their airy veil, and left a bright expanse 440
 " Of empyrean flame, where, spent and drown'd,
 " Afflicted vision plung'd in vain to scan
 " What object it involv'd. My feeble eyes
 " Endur'd not. Bending down to earth, I stood
 " With dumb attention. Soon a female voice, 445
 " As wat'ry murmurs sweet or warbling shades,
 " With sacred invocation thus began:"
 " Father of gods and mortals! whose right arm
 " With reins eternal guides the moving heav'ns,
 " Bend thy propitious ear: behold well pleas'd 450
 " I seek to finish thy divine decree.
 " With frequent steps I visit yonder seat
 " Of man, thy offspring, from the tender seeds
 " Of justice and of wisdom to evolve
 " The latent honours of his gen'rous frame, 455
 " Till thy conducting hand shall raise his lot

- " From earth's dim scene to these ethereal walks,
 " The temple of thy glory. But not me,
 " Not my directing voice, he oft' requires,
 " Or hears delighted : this enchanting maid, 460
 " Th' associate thou hast giv'n me, her alone
 " He loves, O Father! absent her he craves;
 " And but for her glad presence ever join'd
 " Rejoices not in mine ; that all my hopes
 " This thy benignant purpose to fulfil 465
 " I deem uncertain, and my daily cares
 " Unfruitful all in vain, unless by thee
 " Still farther aided in the work divine."
 " She ceas'd ; a voice more awful thus reply'd :"
 " O thou! in whom for ever I delight, 470
 " Fairer than all th' inhabitants of heav'n,
 " Best image of thy Author! far from thee
 " Be disappointment, or distaste, or blame,
 " Who soon or late shalt ev'ry work fulfil,
 " And no resistance find. If man refuse 475
 " To hearken to thy dictates, or, allur'd
 " By meaner joys to any other pow'r,
 " Transfer the honours due to thee alone,
 " That joy which he pursues he ne'er shall taste,
 " That pow'r in whom delighteth ne'er behold. 480
 " Go then once more, and happy be thy toil ;
 " Go then, but let not this thy smiling friend
 " Partake thy footsteps. In her stead, behold
 " With thee the son of Nemesis I send,
 " The fiend abhorr'd! whose vengeance takes account
 " Of sacred Order's violated laws. 486
 " See where he calls thee, burning to be gone,
 " Fierce to exhaust the tempest of his wrath
 " On yon' devoted head. But thou, my Child!
 " Controul is cruel phrensy, and protect 490
 " Thy tender charge, that, when despair shall grasp
 " His agonizing bosom, he may learn,
 " Then he may learn, to love the gracious hand
 " Alone sufficient in the hour of ill
 " To save his feeble spirit ; then confess 495
 " Thy genuine honours, O excelling Fair!

" When all the plagues that wait the deadly will
 " Of this avenging demon, all the storms
 " Of night infernal, serve but to display
 " Th' energy of thy superior charms, 500
 " With mildest awe triumphant o'er his rage,
 " And shining clearer in the horrid gloom."
 " Here ceas'd that awful voice, and soon I felt
 " The cloudy curtain of refreshing eve
 " Was clos'd once more, from that immortal fire
 " Shelt'ring my eyelids. Looking up, I view'd 506
 " A vast gigantic spectre striding on,
 " Thro' murm'ring thunders and a waste of clouds,
 " With dreadful action. Black as night his brow
 " Relentless frowns involv'd: his savage limbs 510
 " With sharp impatience violent he writh'd
 " As thro' convulsive anguish; and his hand,
 " Arm'd with a scorpion lash, full oft' he rais'd
 " In madness to his bosom; while his eyes
 " Rain'd bitter tears, and bellowing loud he shook
 " The void with horror. Silent by his side 516
 " The virgin came; no discomposure stirr'd
 " Her features; from the glooms which hung around
 " No stain of darkness mingled with the beam
 " Of her divine effulgence. Now they stoop 520
 " Upon the river bank, and now to hail
 " His wonted guests with eager steps advanc'd
 " The unsuspecting inmate of the shade.
 " As when a famish'd wolf, that all night long
 " Has rang'd the Alpine snows, by chance at morn
 " Sees, from a cliff incumbent o'er the smoke 526
 " Of some lone village, a neglected kid
 " That strays along the wild for herb or spring,
 " Down from the winding ridge he sweeps amain,
 " And thinks he tears him; so with tenfold rage 530
 " The monster sprung remorseless on his prey.
 " Amaz'd the stripling stood; with panting breast
 " Feebly he pour'd the lamentable wail
 " Of helpless consternation, struck at once
 " And rooted to the ground. The queen beheld 535
 " His terror, and with looks of tend'rest care

" Advanc'd to save him. Soon the tyrant felt
 " Her awful pow'r: his keen tempest'ous arm
 " Hung nerveless, nor descended where his rage
 " Had aim'd the deadly blow, then dumb retir'd
 " With sullen rancour. Lo! the sovran maid 541
 " Folds with a mother's arms the fainting boy
 " Till life rekindles in his rosy cheek, [tongue.
 " Then grasps his hands, and cheers him with her
 " O wake thee, rouse thy spirit! shall the spite 545
 " Of yon' tormentor thus appal thy heart,
 " While I, thy friend and guardian, am at hand
 " To rescue and to heal? O let thy soul
 " Remember what the will of Heav'n ordains
 " Is ever good for all, and if for all, 550
 " Then good for thee. Nor only by the warmth
 " And soothing sunshine of delightful things
 " Do minds grow up and flourish. Oft' misled
 " By that bland light, the young unpractis'd views
 " Of reason wander thro' a fatal road, 555
 " Far from their native aim, as if to lie
 " Inglorious in the fragrant shade, and wait
 " The soft access of ever-circling joys,
 " Were all the end of being. Ask thyself,
 " This pleasing error, did it never lull 560
 " Thy wishes? has thy constant heart refus'd
 " The silken fetters of delicious ease?
 " Or when divine Euphrosyne appear'd
 " Within this dwelling, did not thy desires
 " Hang far below the measure of thy fate 565
 " Which I reveal'd before thee? and thy eyes,
 " Impatient of my counsels, turn away
 " To drink the soft effusion of her smiles?
 " Know then for this the Everlasting Sire
 " Deprives thee of her presence, and instead, 570
 " O wise and still benevolent! ordains
 " This horrid visage hither to pursue
 " My steps, that so thy nature may discern
 " Its real good, and what alone can save
 " Thy feeble spirit in this hour of ill 575
 " From folly and despair. O yet belov'd!

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" Let not this headlong terror quite o'erwhelm
 " Thy scatter'd pow'rs, nor fatal deem the rage
 " Of this tormentor, nor his proud assault,
 " While I am here to vindicate thy toil, 580
 " Above the gen'rous question of thy arm.
 " Brave by thy scars, and in thy weakness strong,
 " This hour he triumphs; but confront his might,
 " And dare him to the combat, then, with ease
 " Disarm'd and quell'd, his fierceness he resigns 585
 " To bondage and to scorn; while thus inur'd,
 " By watchful danger, by unceasing toil,
 " Th' immortal mind superior to his fate,
 " Amid the outrage of external things,
 " Firm as the solid base of this great world, 590
 " Rests on his own foundations. Blow ye Winds!
 " Ye Waves! ye Thunders! roll your tempest on;
 " Shake ye old Pillars of the marble sky!
 " Till all its orbs and all its worlds of fire
 " Be loosen'd from their seats; yet still serene 595
 " Th' unconquer'd mind looks down upon the wreck,
 " And, ever stronger as the storms advance,
 " Firm thro' the closing ruin holds his way,
 " Where Nature calls him, to the destin'd goal."
 " So spake the goddess, while thro' all her frame
 " Celestial raptures flow'd, in ev'ry word, 601
 " In ev'ry motion, kindling warmth divine
 " To seize who listen'd. Vehement and swift
 " As lightning fires th' aromatic shade
 " In Ethiopian fields, the stripling felt 605
 " Her inspiration catch his fervid soul,
 " And starting from his languor thus exclaim'd:"
 " Then let the trial come! and witness thou
 " If terror be upon me, if I shrink
 " To meet the storm, or falter in my strength 610
 " When hardest it besets me. Do not think
 " That I am fearful and infirm of soul,
 " As late thy eyes beheld, for thou hast chang'd
 " My nature; thy commanding voice has wak'd
 " My languid pow'rs to bear me boldly on 615
 " Where'er the will divine my path ordains

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- " Thro' toil or peril; only do not thou
 " Forsake me: O! be thou for ever near,
 " That I may listen to thy sacred voice,
 " And guide by thy decrees my constant feet. 620
 " But say, for ever are my eyes bereft?
 " Say, shall the fair Euphrosyne not once
 " Appear again to charm me? Thou in heav'n,
 " O thou Eternal Arbiter of things!
 " Be thy great bidding done; for who am I 625
 " To question thy appointment? Let the frowns
 " Of this avenger ev'ry morn o'ercast
 " The cheerful dawn, and ev'ry ev'ning damp
 " With double night my dwelling: I will learn
 " To hail them both, and unrepining bear 630
 " His hateful presence; but permit my tongue
 " One glad request, and if my deeds may find
 " Thy awful eye propitious, O restore
 " The rosy-featur'd maid again to cheer 634
 " This lonely seat, and blest me with her smiles!"
 " He spoke; when instant thro' the sable glooms
 " With which that furious presence had involv'd
 " The ambient air, a flood of radiance came
 " Swift as the lightning flash; the melting clouds
 " Flew diverse, and amid the blue serene 640
 " Euphrosyne appear'd. With sprightly step
 " The nymph alighted on th' irrig'ous lawn,
 " And to her wond'ring audience thus began:"
 " Lo! I am here to answer to your vows,
 " And be the meeting fortunate! I come 645
 " With joyful tidings; we shall part no more.
 " Hark how the gentle Echo from her cell
 " Talks thro' the cliffs, and murm'ring o'er the stream,
 " Repeats the accents, We shall part no more!
 " O my delightful Friends! well pleas'd on high 650
 " The Father has beheld you, while the might
 " Of that stern foe with bitter trial prov'd
 " Your equal doings; then for ever spake
 " The high decree, that thou, celestial Maid!
 " Howe'er that grisly phantom on thy steps 655
 " May sometimes dare intrude, yet never more

- " Shalt thou descending to th' abode of man
 " Alone endure the rancour of his arm,
 " Or leave thy lov'd Euphrosyne behind."
 " She ended, and the whole romantic scene 660
 " Immediate vanish'd; rocks, and woods, and rills,
 " The mantling tent, and each mysterious form,
 " Flew like the pictures of a morning dream
 " When sunshine fills the bed. A while I stood
 " Perplex'd and giddy, till the radiant pow'r 665
 " Who bad the visionary landscape rise,
 " As up to him I turn'd with gentlest looks,
 " Preventing my enquiry, thus began :"
 " There let thy soul acknowledge its complaint
 " How blind, how impious! there behold the ways
 " Of Heav'n's eternal destiny to man 671
 " For ever just, benevolent and wise;
 " That Virtue's awful steps, howe'er pursu'd
 " By vexing Fortune and intrusive Pain,
 " Should never be divided from her chaste, 675
 " Her fair, attendant, Pleasure. Need I urge
 " Thy tardy thought thro' all the various round
 " Of this existence, that thy soft'ning soul
 " At length may learn what energy the hand
 " Of Virtue mingles in the bitter tide 680
 " Of passion swelling with distress and pain,
 " To mitigate the sharp with gracious drops
 " Of cordial pleasure? Ask the faithful youth
 " Why the cold urn of her whom long he lov'd
 " So often fills his arms, so often draws 685
 " His lonely footsteps at the silent hour
 " To pay the mournful tribute of his tears:
 " O! he will tell thee that the wealth of worlds
 " Should ne'er seduce his bosom to forego
 " That sacred hour, when, stealing from the noise 690
 " Of care and envy, sweet remembrance soothes
 " With Virtue's kindest looks his aking breast,
 " And turns his tears to rapture.—Ask the crowd
 " Which flies impatient from the village walk
 " To climb the neighb'ring cliffs, when far below 695
 " The cruel winds have hurl'd upon the coast

- " Some helpless bark, while sacred Pity melts
 " The gen'ral eye, or Terror's icy hand
 " Smites their distorted limbs and horrent hair,
 " While ev'ry mother closer to her breast 700
 " Catches her child, and pointing where the waves
 " Foam thro' the shatter'd vessel, shrieks aloud,
 " As one poor wretch, that spreads his piteous arms
 " For succour, swallow'd by the roaring surge,
 " As now another, dash'd against the rock, 705
 " Drops lifeless down! O! deemest thou indeed
 " No kind endearment here by Nature giv'n
 " To mutual terror and Compassion's tears?
 " No sweetly melting softness, which attracts,
 " O'er all that edge of pain, the social pow'rs 710
 " To this their proper action and their end?
 " Ask thy own heart, when at the midnight hour
 " Slow thro' that studious gloom thy pausing eye,
 " Led by the glimm'ring taper, moves around
 " The sacred volumes of the dead, the songs 715
 " Of Grecian bards, and records writ by Fame
 " For Grecian heroes, where the present pow'r
 " Of heav'n and earth surveys th' immortal page,
 " E'en as a father blessing while he reads
 " The praises of his son, if then thy soul, 720
 " Spurning the yoke of these inglorious days;
 " Mix in their deeds and kindle with their flame?
 " Say, when the prospect blackens on thy views,
 " When, rooted from the base, heroic states
 " Mourn in the dust, and tremble at the frown 725
 " Of curst Ambition; when the pious band
 " Of youths who fought for freedom, and their fires,
 " Lie side by side in gore; when ruffian Pride
 " Usurps the throne of Justice, turns the pomp
 " Of public pow'r, the majesty of rule, 730
 " The sword, the laurel, and the purple robe,
 " To slavish empty pageants, to adorn
 " A tyrant's walk, and glitter in the eyes
 " Of such as bow the knee; when honour'd urns
 " Of patriots and of chiefs, the awful bust 735
 " And story'd arch, to glut the coward rage

" Of regal envy, strew the public way
 " With hallow'd ruins; when the Muses' haunt,
 " The marble Porch, where Wisdom, wont to talk
 " With Socrates or Tully, hears no more, 740
 " Save the hoarse jargon of contentious monks,
 " Or female Superstition's midnight pray'r;
 " When ruthless Rapine from the hand of Time
 " Tears the destroying fithe, with surer blow
 " To sweep the works of glory from their base, 745
 " Till Desolation o'er the grass-grown street
 " Expands his raven wings, and up the wall,
 " Where senates once the price of monarchs doom'd,
 " Hisses the gliding snake thro' hoary weeds
 " That clasp the mould'ring column: thus defac'd,
 " Thus widely mournful when the prospect thrills 751
 " Thy beating bosom, when the patriot's tear
 " Starts from thine eye, and thy extended arm
 " In fancy hurls the thunderbolt of Jove
 " To fire the impious wreath on Philip's brow, 755
 " Or dash Octavius from the trophy'd car,
 " Say, does thy secret soul repine to taste
 " The big distress? or wouldst thou then exchange
 " Those heart-ennobling sorrows for the lot
 " Of him who sits amid the gaudy herd 760
 " Of mute Barbarians bending to his nod,
 " And bears aloft his gold-invested front,
 " And says within himself, " I am a king;
 " And wherefore should the clam'rous voice of Woe
 " Intrude upon mine ear?"—The baleful dregs 765
 " Of these late ages, this inglorious draught
 " Of servitude and folly, have not yet,
 " Blest be th' Eternal Ruler of the world!
 " Defil'd to such a depth of sordid shame
 " The native honours of the human soul,
 " Nor so effac'd the image of its Sire." 771

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♪. 755. Philip.] The Macedonian,

THE PLEASURES OF IMAGINATION.

BOOK III.

The Argument.

PLEASURE in observing the tempers and manners of men, even where vicious or absurd. The origin of vice, from false representations of the fancy, producing false opinions concerning good and evil. Inquiry into ridicule. The general sources of ridicule in the minds and characters of men enumerated. Final cause of the sense of ridicule. The resemblance of certain aspects of inanimate things to the sensations and properties of the mind. The operations of the mind in the production of the works of imagination described. The secondary Pleasure from imitation. The benevolent order of the world illustrated in the arbitrary connection of these Pleasures with the objects which excite them. The nature and conduct of taste. Concluding with an account of the natural and moral advantages resulting from a sensible and well formed Imagination.

WHAT wonder therefore, since th' endearing ties
Of passion link the universal kind
Of man so close, what wonder if to search
This common nature thro' the various change
Of sex, and age, and fortune, and the frame 5
Of each peculiar, draw the busy mind
With unresisted charms? The spacious west,
And all the teeming regions of the south,
Hold not a quarry to the curious flight
Of knowledge half so tempting or so fair 10
As man to man; nor only where the smiles
Of love invite, nor only where th' applause
Of cordial honour turns th' attentive eye
On Virtue's graceful deeds; for since the course
Of things eternal acts in diff'rent ways 15
On human apprehensions, as the hand
Of Nature temper'd to a diff'rent frame
Peculiar minds, so haply where the pow'rs
Of fancy neither lessen nor enlarge

y. 18.-----where the pow'rs---Of fancy, &c.] The influence of the Imagination on the conduct of life is one of the most important points in moral philosophy: It were easy, by an induction of facts, to prove that the Imagination directs almost all the passions, and mixes with almost every circumstance of action or pleasure. Let any man, even of the coldest head and soberest industry, analyze the idea of what he calls his Interest, he will find that it consists chiefly of certain degrees of decency, beauty, and order, variously combined into one system, the idol which he seeks to enjoy by labour, hazard, and self-denial. It is on

The images of things, but paint in all
 Their genuine hues the features which they wore
 In Nature, there opinion will be true
 And action right; for Action treads the path
 In which Opinion says, he follows good,
 Or flies from evil; and Opinion gives
 Report of good or evil as the scene
 Was drawn by Fancy, lovely or deform'd:
 Thus her report can never there be true
 Where Fancy cheats the intellectual eye
 With glaring colours and distorted lines.
 Is there a man who, at the sound of death,

on this account of the last consequence to regulate these images by the standard of Nature and the general good, otherwise the Imagination, by heightening some objects beyond their real excellence and beauty, or by representing others in a more odious or terrible shape than they deserve, may of course engage us in pursuits utterly inconsistent with the moral order of things.

If it be objected, that this account of things supposes the passions to be merely accidental, whereas there appears in some a natural and hereditary disposition to certain passions, prior to all circumstances of education or fortune, it may be answered, that though no man is born ambitious or a miser, yet he may inherit from his parents a peculiar temper or complexion of mind, which shall render his Imagination more liable to be struck with some particular objects, consequently dispose him to form opinions of good and ill, and entertain passions of a particular turn. Some men, for instance, by the original frame of their minds, are more delighted with the vast and magnificent, others, on the contrary, with the elegant and gentle, aspects of Nature: and it is very remarkable, that the disposition of the moral powers is always similar to this of the Imagination; that those who are most inclined to admire prodigious and sublime objects in the physical world, are also most inclined to applaud examples of fortitude and heroic virtue in the moral; while those who are charmed rather with the delicacy and sweetness of colours, and forms, and sounds, never fail, in like manner, to yield the preference to the softer scenes of virtue and the sympathies of a domestic life. And this is sufficient to account for the objection.

Among the ancient philosophers, though we have several hints concerning this influence of the Imagination upon morals among the remains of the Socratic school, yet the Stoics were the first who paid it a due attention. Zeno, their founder, thought it impossible to preserve any tolerable regularity in life, without frequently inspecting those pictures or appearances of things which the Imagination offers to the mind. *Diog. Laert.* l. vii. The Meditations of M. Aurelius, and the Discourses of Epictetus, are full of the same sentiment, inasmuch that the latter makes the *Χρῆσις τῶν δεινῶν φαντασιῶν*, or, "right management of the "fancies," the only thing for which we are accountable to Providence, and without which a man is no other than stupid or frantic. *Arrian.* l. i. c. 12. and l. ii. c. 22. See also *The Characters*, vol. I. from p. 313 to 321, where this stoical doctrine is embellished with all the elegance and graces of Plato.

Sees ghastly shapes of terror conjur'd up
 And black before him, nought but deathbed groans
 And fearful pray'rs, and plunging from the brink
 Of light and being down the gloomy air 35
 An unknown depth? Alas! in such a mind,
 If no bright forms of excellence attend
 The image of his country, nor the pomp
 Of sacred senates, nor the guardian voice
 Of Justice on her throne, nor aught that wakes 40
 The conscious bosom with a patriot's flame,
 Will not Opinion tell him, that to die,
 Or stand the hazard, is a greater ill
 Than to betray his country? and in act
 Will he not chuse to be a wretch and live? 45
 Here vice begins then. From th' enchanting cup
 Which Fancy holds to all th' unwary, thirst
 Of youth oft' swallows a Circean draught,
 That sheds a baleful tincture o'er the eye
 Of Reason, till no longer he discerns, 50
 And only guides to err; then revel forth
 A furious band, that spurn him from the throne,
 And all is uproar. Thus Ambition grasps
 The empire of the soul; thus pale Revenge
 Unsheaths her murd'rous dagger; and the hands 55
 Of Lust and Rapine with unholy arts
 Watch to o'erturn the barrier of the laws
 That keeps them from their prey: thus all the plagues
 The wicked bear, or o'er the trembling scene
 The Tragic Muse discloses, under shapes 60
 Of honour, safety, pleasure, ease, or pomp,
 Stole first into the mind. Yet not by all
 Those lying forms which Fancy in the brain
 Engenders are the kindling passions driv'n
 To guilty deeds, nor Reason bound in chains, 65
 That Vice alone may lord it: oft' adorn'd
 With sullen pageants, Folly mounts the throne,
 And plays her idiot antics like a queen.
 A thousand garbs she wears, a thousand ways
 She wheels her giddy empire.—Lo! thus far 70
 With bold adventure to the Mantuan lyre

PLEASURES OF IMAGINATION.

69

I sing of Nature's charms, and touch well pleas'd
A stricter note: now haply must my song
Unbend her serious measure, and reveal
In lighter strains how Folly's awkward arts 75
Excite impetuous Laughter's gay rebuke,
The sportive province of the Comic Muse.

See in what crowds the uncouth forms advance!
Each would outstrip the other, each prevent
Our careful search, and offer to your gaze 80
Unask'd his motley features. Wait a while,
My curious Friends! and let us first arrange
In proper order your promisc'ous throng.

Behold the foremost band, of slender thought
And easy faith, whom flatt'ring Fancy soothes 85
With lying spectres, in themselves to view
Illustrious forms of excellence and good,
That scorn the mansion. With exulting hearts
They spread their spurious treasures to the sun,
And bid the world admire! but chief the glance 90
Of wishful Envy draws their joy-bright eyes,
And lifts with self-applause each lordly brow.
In number boundless as the blooms of spring
Behold their glaring idols, empty shades
By Fancy gilded o'er, and then set up 95
For adoration: some in Learning's garb,
With formal band, and sable-cinctur'd gown,
And rags of mouldy volumes; some, elate
With martial splendour, steely pikes and swords
Of costly frame, and gay Phœnician robes, 100

¶. 75.---how Folly's awkward arts, &c.] Notwithstanding the general influence of ridicule on private and civil life, as well as on learning and the sciences, it has been almost constantly neglected or misrepresented, by divines especially. The manner of treating these subjects in the science of human nature should be precisely the same as in natural philosophy, from particular facts to investigate the stated order in which they appear, and then apply the general law thus discovered to the explication of other appearances, and the improvement of useful arts.

¶. 84. Behold the foremost band, &c.] The first and most general source of ridicule in the characters of men is vanity, or self-applause for some desirable quality or possession which evidently does not belong to those who assume it.

Inwrought with flow'ry gold, assume the port
 Of stately Valour; list'ning by his side
 There stands a female form; to her with looks
 Of earnest import, pregnant with amaze,
 He talks of deadly deeds, of breaches, storms, 105
 And sulph'rous mines, and ambush! then at once
 Breaks off, and smiles to see her look so pale,
 And asks some wond'ring question of her fears!
 Others of graver mien behold, adorn'd
 With holy ensigns, how sublime they move, 110
 And bending oft' their sanctimonious eyes,
 Take homage of the simple-minded throng;
 Ambassadors of Heav'n! nor much unlike
 Is he whose visage, in the lazy mist
 That mantles ev'ry feature, hides a brood 115
 Of politic conceits, of whispers, nods,
 And hints deep omen'd with unwieldy schemes,
 And dark portents of state! Ten thousand more
 Prodigious habits and tumult'ous tongues
 Pour dauntless in, and swell the boastful band. 120
 Then comes the second order, all who seek
 The debt of praise, where watchful Unbelief
 Darts thro' the thin pretence her squinting eye
 On some retir'd appearance which belies
 The boasted virtue, or annuls th' applause 125
 That Justice else would pay. Here side by side
 I see two leaders of the solemn train
 Approaching; one a female old and grey,
 With eyes demure and wrinkle-furrow'd brow,
 Pale as the cheeks of Death; yet still she stuns 130
 The sick'ning audience with a nauseous tale:
 How many youths her myrtle-chains have worn,
 How many virgins at her triumphs pin'd!
 Yet how resolv'd she guards her cautious heart!
 Such is her terror at the risks of love 135
 And man's seducing tongue! the other seems

Y. 121. Then comes the second order, &c.] Ridicule from the same
 vanity, where though the possession be real, yet no merit can arise
 from it, because of some particular circumstances which, though obvious
 to the spectator, are yet overlooked by the ridiculous character.

A bearded sage, ungentle in his mien,
 And sordid all his habit; peevish Want
 Grins at his heels, while down the gazing throng
 He stalks, resounding in magnific praise 140
 The vanity of riches, and the contempt
 Of pomp and pow'r. Be prudent in your zeal,
 Ye grave associates! let the silent grace
 Of her who blushes at the fond regard
 Her charms inspire more eloquent unfold 145
 The praise of spotless honour: let the man
 Whose eye regards not his illustrious pomp
 And ample store but as indulgent streams
 To cheer the barren soil, and spread the fruits
 Of joy, let him by juster measures fix 150
 The price of riches and the end of pow'r.

Another tribe succeeds; deluded long
 By Fancy's dazzling optics, these behold
 The images of peculiar things
 With brighter hues resplendent, and pourtray'd 155
 With features nobler far than e'er adorn'd
 Their genuine objects: hence the fever'd heart
 Pants with delirious hope for tinsel charms;
 Hence oft' obtrusive on the eye of Scorn
 Untimely Zeal her witless pride betrays, 160
 And serious Manhood from the tow'ring aim
 Of Wisdom stoops to emulate the boast
 Of childish Toil. Behold yon' mystic form,
 Bedeck'd with feathers, insects, weeds, and shells!
 Not with intenser view the Samian sage 165
 Bent his fixt eye on heav'n's intenser fires,
 When first the order of that radiant scene
 Swell'd his exulting thought, than his surveys
 A muckworm's entrails or a spider's fang.
 Next him a youth, with flow'rs and myrtles crown'd,
 Attends that virgin form, and blushing kneels, 171
 With fondest gesture and a suppliant's tongue,
 To win her coy regard. Adieu for him

Y. 152. Another tribe succeeds, &c.] Ridicule from a notion of excellence in particular objects disproportioned to their intrinsic value, and inconsistent with the order of Nature.

The dull engagements of the bustling world !
 Adieu the sick impertinence of praise, 175
 And hope and action ! for with her alone
 By streams and shades to steal these sighing hours
 Is all he asks, and all that Fate can give !
 Thee too, facetious Momion ! wand'ring here,
 Thee, dreaded Censor ! oft' have I beheld 180
 Bewilder'd unawares : alas ! too long
 Flash'd with thy comic triumphs and the spoils
 Of sly Derision ! till on ev'ry side
 Hurling thy random bolts, offended Truth
 Assign'd thee here thy station with the slaves 185
 Of Folly. Thy once formidable name
 Shall grace her humble records, and be heard
 In scoffs and mock'ry bandy'd from the lips
 Of all the vengeful brotherhood around,
 So oft' the patient victims of thy scorn. 190

But now, ye Gay ! to whom indulgent Fate
 Of all the Muses' empire hath assign'd
 The fields of folly, hither each advance
 Your sickles : here the teeming soil affords
 Its richest growth. A fav'rite brood appears, 195
 In whom the demon with a mother's joy
 Views all her charms reflected, all her cares
 At full repaid. Ye most illustr'ous Band !
 Who, scorning Reason's tame pedantic rules,
 And Order's vulgar bondage, never meant 200
 For souls sublime as yours, with gen'rous zeal
 Pay Vice the rev'rence Virtue long usurp'd,
 And yield Deformity the fond applause
 Which Beauty wont to claim, forgive my song,
 That for the blushing diffidence of youth 205
 It shuns th' unequal province of your praise.

Thus far triumphant in the pleasing guile
 Of bland Imagination, Folly's train

y. 191. *But now, ye Gay ! &c.*] Ridicule from a notion of excellence, when the object is absolutely odious or contemptible. This is the highest degree of the ridiculous, as in the affectation of diseases or vices.

y. 207. *Thus far triumphant, &c.*] Ridicule from false shame or groundless fear.

PLEASURES OF IMAGINATION:

73

Have dar'd our search ; but now a dastard kind
 Advance reluctant, and with falt'ring feet 210
 Shrink from the gazer's eye: enfeebled hearts !
 Whom Fancy chills with visionary fears,
 Or bends to servile tameness with conceits
 Of shame, of evil, or of base defect,
 Fantastic and delusive. Here the slave, 215
 Who droops abash'd when fullen Pomp surveys
 His humbler habit ; here the trembling wretch,
 Unnerv'd and struck with Terror's icy bolts,
 Spent in weak wailings, drown'd in shameful tears,
 At ev'ry dream of danger ; here, subdu'd 220
 By frontless Laughter, and the hardy scorn
 Of old unfeeling Vice, the abject soul,
 Who, blushing, half resigns the candid praise
 Of temperance and honour, half disowns
 A freeman's hatred of tyrannic pride, 225
 And hears with sickly smiles the venal mouth
 With foulest licence mock the patriot's name.

Last of the motley bands, on whom the pow'r
 Of gay Derision bends her hostile aim,
 Is that where shameful Ignorance presides. 230
 Beneath her sordid banners, lo ! they march
 Like blind and lame. Whate'er their doubtful hands
 Attempt, Confusion straight appears behind,
 And troubles all the work. Thro' many a maze
 Perplex'd they struggle, changing ev'ry path, 235
 O'erturning ev'ry purpose, then at last
 Sit down dismay'd, and leave th' entangled scene
 For Scorn to sport with. Such then is th' abode
 Of Folly in the mind, and such the shapes
 In which she governs her obsequious train. 240

Thro' ev'ry scene of ridicule in things
 To lead the tenour of my devious lay,
 Thro' ev'ry swift occasion which the hand
 Of Laughter points at when the mirthful sting
 Distends her sallying nerves and chokes her tongue,
 What were it but to count each crystal drop 246

¶. 228. *Last of this, &c.*] Ridicule from the ignorance of such things
 as our circumstances require us to know.

Which Morning's dewy fingers on the blooms
Of May distil? Suffice it to have said,

§. 248. ---Suffice it to have said, &c.] By comparing these general sources of ridicule with each other, and examining the ridiculous in other objects, we may obtain a general definition of it equally applicable to every species. The most important circumstance of this definition is laid down in the lines referred to, but others more minute we shall subjoin here. Aristotle's account of the matter seems both imperfect and false; τὸ γὰρ γελοῖον, says he, ἐστὶν ἀμάρτυμα τι καὶ αἰσχρὸν, ἀνώδυνον καὶ ὁ φθαστικόν: "The ridiculous is some certain fault or turpitude without pain, and not destructive to its subject." Poet. c. 5. For allowing it to be true, as it is not, that the ridiculous is never accompanied with pain, yet we might produce many instances of such a fault or turpitude which cannot with any tolerable propriety be called ridiculous, so that the definition does not distinguish the thing designed. Nay, farther, even when we perceive the turpitude tending to the destruction of its subject, we may still be sensible of a ridiculous appearance till the ruin become imminent, and the keener sensations of pity or terror banish the ludicrous apprehension from our minds; for the sensation of ridicule is not a bare perception of the agreement or disagreement of ideas, but a passion or emotion of the mind consequential to that perception; so that the mind may perceive the agreement or disagreement, and yet not feel the ridiculous, because it is engrossed by a more violent emotion. Thus it happens that some men think those objects ridiculous to which others cannot endure to apply the name, because in them they excite a much intenser and more important feeling; and this difference, among other causes, has brought a good deal of confusion into this question.

"That which makes objects ridiculous, is some ground of admiration or esteem connected with other more general circumstances, comparatively worthless or deformed; or it is some circumstance of turpitude or deformity connected with what is in general excellent or beautiful; the inconsistent properties existing either in the objects themselves, or in the apprehension of the person to whom they relate, belonging always to the same order or class of being, implying sentiment or design, and exciting no acute or vehement emotion of the heart."

To prove the several parts of this definition: "The appearance of excellence or beauty connected with a general condition comparatively tordid or deformed" is ridiculous: for instance, pompous pretensions of wisdom, joined with ignorance or folly, in the Socrates of Aristophanes; and the ostentations of military glory, with cowardice and avarice, in the Thrafo of Terence.

"The appearance of deformity or turpitude in conjunction with what is in general excellent or venerable" is also ridiculous; for instance, the personal weaknesses of a magistrate appearing in the solemn and public functions of his station.

"The incongruous properties may either exist in the objects themselves, or in the apprehension of the person to whom they relate." In the last mentioned instance, they both exist in the objects; in the instances from Aristophanes and Terence, one of them is objective and real, the other only founded in the apprehension of the ridiculous character.

"The inconsistent properties must belong to the same order or class of being." A coxcomb in fine cloathes bedaubed by accident in foul weather is a ridiculous object; because his general apprehension

Where'er the pow'r of Ridicule displays
 Her quaint-ey'd visage, some incongruous form, 250
 Some stubborn dissonance of things combin'd,
 Strikes on the quick observer ; whether Pomp,
 Or Praise, or Beauty, mix their partial claim
 Where sordid fashions, where ignoble deeds,
 Where foul Deformity, are wont to dwell, 255
 Or whether these with violation loth'd
 Invade resplendent Pomp's imperious mien,
 The charms of Beauty or the boast of Praise.

Ask we for what fair end th' Almighty Sire
 In mortal bosoms wakes this gay contempt, 260

G 2

of excellence and esteem is referred to the splendour and expence of his dress. A man of sense and merit in the same circumstance is not counted ridiculous, because the general ground of excellence and esteem in him is, both in fact and in his own apprehension, of a very different species.

"Every ridiculous object implies sentiment or design." A column placed by an architect without a capital or base is laughed at; the same column in a ruin causes a very different sensation.

And, lastly, "the occurrence must excite no acute or vehement emotion of the heart," such as terror, pity, or indignation; for in that case, as was observed above, the mind is not at leisure to contemplate the ridiculous.

Whether any appearance not ridiculous be involved in this description, and whether it comprehend every species and form of the ridiculous, must be determined by repeated applications of it to particular instances.

Y. 259. Ask we for what fair end, &c.] Since it is beyond all contradiction evident, that we have a natural sense or feeling of the ridiculous, and since so good a reason may be assigned to justify the Supreme Being for bestowing it, one cannot without astonishment reflect on the conduct of those men who imagine it is for the service of true religion to vilify and blacken it without distinction, and endeavour to persuade us that it is never applied but in a bad cause. Ridicule is not concerned with mere speculative truth or falsehood. It is not in abstract propositions or theorems, but in actions and passions, good and evil, beauty and deformity, that we find materials for it; and all these terms are relative, implying approbation or blame. To ask them whether ridicule be a test of truth, is, in other words, to ask whether that which is ridiculous can be morally true, can be just and becoming; or whether that which is just and becoming can be ridiculous; a question that does not deserve a serious answer; for it is most evident that, as in a metaphysical proposition offered to the understanding for its assent, the faculty of reason examines the terms of the proposition, and finding one idea which was supposed equal to another to be in fact unequal, of consequence rejects the proposition as a falsehood; so in objects offered to the mind for its esteem or applause, the faculty of ridicule, finding an incongruity in the claim, urges the mind to reject it with laughter and contempt. When therefore we observe such a claim obtruded upon mankind, and the inconsistent circumstances carefully concealed from the

These grateful stings of laughter, from disgust
 Educ'ing pleasure? Wherefore but to aid
 The tardy steps of Reason, and at once
 By this prompt impulse urge us to depress
 The giddy aims of Folly? Tho' the light 265
 Of truth, slow dawning on th' inquiring mind,
 At length unfolds thro' many a subtle tie
 How these uncouth disorders end at last
 In public evil, yet benignant Heav'n,
 Conscious how dim the dawn of truth appears 270
 To thousands, conscious what a scanty pause
 From labours and from care, the wider lot
 Of humble life affords for studious thought
 To scan the maze of Nature, therefore stamp'd
 The glaring scenes with characters of scorn, 275
 As broad, as obvious, to the passing clown
 As to the letter'd sage's curious eye.

Such are the various aspects of the mind.—
 Some heav'nly genius, whose unclouded thoughts

the eye of the public, it is our business, if the matter be of importance to society, to drag out those latent circumstances, and, by setting them in full view, to convince the world how ridiculous the claim is: and thus a double advantage is gained; for we both detect the moral falsehood sooner than in the way of speculative inquiry, and impress the minds of men with a stronger sense of the vanity and error of its authors. And this, and no more, is meant by the application of ridicule.

But it is said the practice is dangerous, and may be inconsistent with the regard we owe to objects of real dignity and excellence. I answer, the practice fairly managed can never be dangerous: men may be dishonest in obtruding circumstances foreign to the object, and we may be inadvertent in allowing those circumstances to impose upon us; but the sense of ridicule always judges right. The Socrates of Aristophanes is as truly ridiculous a character as ever was drawn: True; but it is not the character of Socrates, the divine moralist, and father of ancient wisdom. What then? did the ridicule of the poet hinder the philosopher from detecting and disclaiming those foreign circumstances which he had falsely introduced into his character, and thus rendered the satirist doubly ridiculous in his turn? No; but it nevertheless had an ill influence on the minds of the people. And so has the reasoning of Spinoza made many Atheists: he has founded it indeed on suppositions utterly false; but allow him these, and his conclusions are unavoidably true. And if we must reject the use of ridicule, because, by the imposition of false circumstances, things may be made to seem ridiculous which are not so in themselves, why we ought not in the same manner to reject the use of reason, because, by proceeding on false principles, conclusions will appear true which are impossible in nature, let the vehement and obstinate declaimers against ridicule determine.

PLEASURES OF IMAGINATION.

77

Attain that secret harmony which blends 280
 Th' ethereal spirit with its mould of clay,
 O! teach me to reveal the grateful charm
 That searchless Nature o'er the sense of man
 Diffuses to behold in lifeless things
 The inexpressive semblance of himself, 285
 Of thought and passion. Mark the sable woods
 That shade sublime yon' mountain's nodding brow;
 With what religious awe the solemn scene
 Commands your steps! as if the rev'rend form
 Of Minos or of Numa should forsake 290
 Th' Elysian seats, and down th' embow'ring glade
 Move to your pausing eye! behold th' expanse
 Of yon' gay landscape, where the silver clouds
 Flit o'er the heav'ns before the sprightly breeze;
 Now their grey cincture skirts the doubtful sun, 295
 Now streams of splendour thro' their op'ning veil
 Effulgent sweep from off the gilded lawn,
 Th' aërial shadows on the curling brook,
 And on the shady margin's quiv'ring leaves,
 With quickest lustre glancing: while you view 300
 The prospect, say, within your cheerful breast
 Plays not the lively sense of winning Mirth
 With clouds and sunshine checker'd, while the round
 Of social converse to th' inspiring tongue
 Of some gay nymph amid her subject train 305
 Moves all obsequious? Whence is this effect,
 This kindred pow'r of such discordant things?
 Or flows their semblance from that mystic tone
 To which the new-born mind's harmonious pow'rs
 At first were strung? or rather from the links 310
 Which artful Custom twines around her frame?
 For when the diff'rent images of things
 By Chance combin'd have struck th' attentive soul
 With deeper impulse, or connected long
 Have drawn her frequent eye, howe'er distinct 315
 Th' external scenes, yet oft' the ideas gain
 From that conjunction an eternal tie

Y. 285. *The inexpressive semblances, &c.*] This similitude is the foundation of almost all the ornaments of poetic diction.

And sympathy unbroken. Let the mind
 Recall one partner of the various league,
 Immediate, lo! the firm confed'rates rise, 320
 And each his former station straight resumes;
 One movement governs the consenting throng,
 And all at once with rosy pleasure shine,
 Or all are sadden'd with the glooms of care.
 'Twas thus, if ancient Fame the truth unfold, 325
 Two faithful needles from th' informing touch
 Of the same parent-stone together drew
 Its mystic virtue, and at first conspir'd
 With fatal impulse quiv'ring to the pole;
 Then, tho' disjoin'd by kingdoms, tho' the main 330
 Roll'd its broad surge betwixt, and diff'rent stars
 Beheld their wakeful motions, yet preserv'd
 The former friendship, and remember'd still
 Th' alliance of their birth: whate'er the line
 Which one possess'd, nor pause nor quiet knew 335
 The sure associate, ere with trembling speed
 He found its path, and fix'd unerring there.
 Such is the secret union when we feel
 A song, a flow'r, a name, at once restore
 Those long connected scenes where first they mov'd
 Th' attention, backward thro' her mazy walks 341
 Guiding the wanton fancy to her scope,
 To temples, courts, or fields, with all the band
 Of painted forms, of passions and designs
 Attendant, whence, if pleasing in itself, 345
 The prospect from that sweet accession gains
 Redoubled influence o'er the list'ning mind.
 By these mysterious ties the busy pow'r
 Of Mem'ry her ideal train preserves
 Entire, or, when they would elude her watch, 350
 Reclaims their fleeting footsteps from the waste
 Of dark oblivion; thus collecting all

Y. 326. *Two faithful needles, &c.*] See the elegant poem recited by Cardinal Bembo, in the character of Lucretius. *Strada. Prolus. vi. Academ. 2. c. v.*

Y. 348. *By these mysterious ties, &c.*] The act of remembering seems almost wholly to depend on the association of ideas.

The various forms of being to present
 Before the curious aim of mimic Art
 Their largest choice, like Spring's unfolded blooms,
 Exhaling sweetness, that the skilful bee
 May taste at will, from their selected spoils
 To work her dulcet food: for not th' expanse
 Of living lakes in Summer's noontide calm
 Reflects the bord'ring shade and sunbright heav'ns
 With fairer semblance, not the sculptur'd gold
 More faithful keeps the graver's lively trace,
 Than he whose birth the sister pow'rs of Art
 Propitious view'd, and from his genial star
 Shed influence to the seeds of fancy kind,
 Than his attemper'd bosom must preserve
 The seal of Nature: there alone unchang'd
 Her form remains; the balmy walks of May
 There breathe perennial sweets, the trembling chord
 Resounds for ever in th' abstracted ear
 Melodious; and the virgin's radiant eye,
 Superior to disease, to grief and time,
 Shines with unbating lustre. Thus at length,
 Endow'd with all that Nature can bestow,
 The child of Fancy oft' in silence bends
 O'er these mixt treasures of his pregnant breast
 With conscious pride; from them he oft' resolves
 To frame he knows not what excelling things,
 And win he knows not what sublime reward
 Of praise and wonder. By degrees the Mind
 Feels her young nerves dilate, the plastic pow'rs
 Labour for action, blind emotions heave
 His bosom, and, with loveliest frenzy caught,
 From earth to heav'n he rolls his daring eye,
 From heav'n to earth. Anon ten thousand shapes,
 Like spectres trooping to the wizard's call,
 Flit swift before him; from the womb of earth,
 From ocean's bed, they come: th' eternal heav'ns
 Disclose their splendours, and the dark abyss
 Pours out her births unknown. With fixed gaze
 He marks the rising phantoms, now compares
 Their diff'rent forms, now blends them, now divides,

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Enlarges and extenuates by turns;
 Opposes, ranges in fantastic bands,
 And infinitely varies: hither now, 395
 Now thither, fluctuates his inconstant aim,
 With endless choice perplex'd. At length his plan
 Begins to open, lucid order dawns;
 And as from Chaos old the jarring seeds
 Of Nature at the voice divine repair'd 400
 Each to its place, till rosy earth unveil'd
 Her fragrant bosom, and the joyful sun
 Sprung up the blue serene, by swift degrees
 Thus disentangled his entire design
 Emerges. Colours mingle, features join, 405
 And lines converge; the fainter parts retire,
 The fairer eminent in light advance,
 And ev'ry image on its neighbour smiles.
 A while he stands, and with a father's joy
 Contemplates; then with Promethean art 410
 Into its proper vehicle he breathes
 The fair conception, which imbody'd thus
 And permanent, becomes to eyes or ears
 An object ascertain'd; while thus inform'd,
 The various organs of his mimic skill, 415
 The consonance of sounds, the featur'd rock,
 The shadowy picture and impassion'd verse,
 Beyond their proper pow'rs attract the soul
 By that expressive semblance, while in sight
 Of Nature's great original we scan 420
 The lively child of Art; while line by line,
 And feature after feature, we refer
 To that sublime exemplar whence it stole
 Those animating charms. Thus beauty's palm
 Betwixt them wav'ring hangs, applauding love 425
 Doubts where to chuse, and mortal man aspires
 To tempt creative praise. As when a cloud
 Of gath'ring hail, with limpid crusts of ice

Y. 411. *Into its proper vehicle, &c.*] This relates to the different sorts of corporeal mediums by which the ideas of the artists are rendered pal-
 pable to the senses, as by sounds in music, by lines and shadows in paint-
 ing, by diction in poetry, &c.

Enclos'd, and obvious to the beaming sun,
 Collects his large effulgence, straight the heav'ns 430
 With equal flames present on either hand
 The radiant visage, Persia stands at gaze
 Appall'd, and on the brink of Ganges doubts
 The snowy-vested seer, in Mithra's name,
 To which the fragrance of the south shall burn, 435
 To which his warbled orisons ascend.

Such various bliss the well-tun'd heart enjoys
 Favour'd of Heav'n, while plung'd in sordid cares
 Th' unfeeling vulgar mocks the boon divine,
 And harsh Austerity, from whose rebuke 440
 Young Love and smiling Wonder shrink away,
 Abash'd and chill of heart, with sager frowns
 Condemns the fair enchantment. On my strain
 Perhaps e'en now some cold fastidious judge
 Casts a disdainful eye, and calls my toil, 445
 And calls the love and beauty which I sing,
 The dream of Folly. Thou, grave Censor! say,
 Is beauty then a dream, because the glooms
 Of dulness hang too heavy on thy sense
 To let her shine upon thee? So the man 450
 Whose eye ne'er open'd on the light of heav'n,
 Might smile with scorn while raptur'd Vision tells
 Of the gay colour'd radiance flushing bright
 O'er all creation. From the wise be far
 Such gross-unhallow'd pride! Nor needs my song 455
 Descend so low, but rather now unfold,
 If human thought could reach or words unfold,
 By what mysterious fabric of the mind
 The deep-felt joys and harmony of sound
 Result from airy motion, and from shape 460
 The lovely phantoms of sublime and fair.
 By what fine ties hath God connected things,
 When present in the mind, which in themselves
 Have no connection? Sure the rising sun
 O'er the cerulean convex of the sea 465
 With equal brightness and with equal warmth
 Might roll his fiery orb, nor yet the soul
 Thus feel her frame expanded, and her pow'rs.

Exulting in the splendour she beholds,
 Like a young conq'r'or moving thro' the pomp 470
 Of some triumphal day. When join'd at eve,
 Soft-murm'ring streams and gales of gentlest breath
 Melodious Philomela's wakeful strain
 Attemper, could not man's discerning ear
 Thro' all its tones the sympathy pursue, 475
 Nor yet this breath divine of nameless joy
 Steal thro' his veins, and fan th' awaken'd heart,
 Mild as the breeze, yet rapt'rous as the song?
 But were not Nature still endow'd at large
 With all which life requires, tho' unadorn'd 480
 With such enchantment; wherefore then her form
 So exquisitely fair? her breath perfum'd
 With such ethereal sweetness? whence her voice
 Inform'd at will to raise or to depress
 Th' impassion'd soul? and whence the robes of light
 Which thus invest her with more lovely pomp 486
 Than Fancy can describe? Whence, but from thee,
 O Source Divine of everflowing love!
 And thy unmeasur'd goodness? Not content
 With ev'ry food of life to nourish man, 490
 By kind illusions of the wond'ring sense
 Thou mak'st all Nature beauty to his eye,
 Or music to his ear: well pleas'd he scans
 The goodly prospect, and with inward smiles
 Treads the gay verdure of the painted plain, 495
 Beholds the azure canopy of heav'n,
 And living lamps that over-arch his head
 With more than regal splendour; bends his ears
 To the full choir of water, air, and earth;
 Nor heeds the pleasing error of his thought, 500
 Nor doubts the painted green or azure arch,
 Nor questions more the music's mingling sounds,
 Than space or motion, or eternal time;
 So sweet he feels their influence to attract
 The fixed soul, to brighten the dull glooms 505
 Of care, and make the destin'd road of life
 Delightful to his feet. So fables tell,
 Th' advent'rous hero, bound on hard exploits,

PLEASURES OF IMAGINATION.

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Beholds with glad surprise, by secret spells
Of some kind sage, the patron of his toils, 510
A visionary paradise disclos'd
Amid the dubious wild; with streams, and shades,
And airy songs, th' enchanted landscape smiles,
Cheers his long labours, and renews his frame.

What then is taste, but these internal pow'rs, 515
Active and strong, and feelingly alive

To each fine impulse? a discerning sense
Of decent and sublime, with quick disgust
From things deform'd, or disarrang'd, or gross
In species? This nor gems, nor stores of gold, 520

Nor purple state, nor culture, can bestow,
But God alone, when first his active hand
Imprints the secret bias of the soul.

He, mighty Parent! wise and just in all,
Free as the vital breeze or light of heav'n, 525

Reveals the charms of Nature. Ask the swain
Who journeys homeward from a summer day's
Long labour, why, forgetful of his toils.

And due repose, he loiters to behold
The sunshine gleaming as thro' amber clouds 530

O'er all the western sky? full soon, I ween,
His rude expression and untutor'd airs

Beyond the pow'r of language will unfold
The form of Beauty smiling at his heart,

How lovely, how commanding! But tho' Heav'n 535
In ev'ry breast hath sown these early seeds

Of love and admiration, yet in vain,
Without fair culture's kind parental aid,

Without enliv'ning suns and genial show'rs, 540
And shelter from the blast, in vain we hope

The tender plant should rear its blooming head,
Or yield the harvest promis'd in its spring.

Nor yet will ev'ry soil with equal stores
Repay the tiller's labour, or attend

His will obsequious, whether to produce 545
The olive or the laurel. Diff'rent minds

Incline to diff'rent objects : one pursues
 The vast alone, the wonderful, the wild ;
 Another sighs for harmony, and grace,
 And gentlest beauty. Hence when lightning fires 550
 The arch of heav'n, and thunders rock the ground,
 When furious whirlwinds rend the howling air,
 And ocean, groaning from his lowest bed,
 Heaves his tempest'ous billows to the sky ;
 Amid the mighty uproar, while below 555
 The nations tremble, Shakespeare looks abroad
 From some high cliff superior, and enjoys
 The elemental war ; but Waller longs
 All on the margin of some flow'ry stream
 To spread his careless limbs amid the cool 560
 Of plantane shades, and to the list'ning deer
 The tale of slighted vows and love's disdain
 Refound soft-warbling all the live-long day :
 Consenting Zephyr sighs, the weeping rill
 Joins in his plaint melodious, mute the groves, 565
 And hill and dale with all their echoes mourn.
 Such and so various are the tastes of men !

Oh blest of Heav'n ! whom not the languid songs
 Of luxury, the Siren, not the bribes
 Of sordid Wealth, nor all the gaudy spoils 570
 Of pageant Honour, can seduce to leave
 Those ever-blooming sweets which from the store
 Of Nature fair Imagination culls
 To charm th'enliven'd soul ! What tho' not all
 Of mortal offspring can attain the heights 575
 Of envy'd life, tho' only few possess
 Patrician treasures or imperial state ;

ψ. 547. -----one pursues---The vast alone, &c.] See the note to
 ψ. 18. of this book.

ψ. 558. Waller longs, &c.]

" O ! how I long my careless limbs to lay
 " Under the plantane shade, and all the day
 " With am'rous airs my fancy entertain," &c.

Waller. *Battle of the Summer Islands*, Canto I.

And again,

" While in the Park I sing, the list'ning deer
 " Attend my passion, and forget to fear," &c.

At Penshurst.

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*. 593. -----[*Not a breeze, &c.*] That this account may not appear rather poetically extravagant than just in philosophy, it may be proper to produce the sentiment of one of the greatest, wisest, and best of men on this head; one so little to be suspected of partiality in the case, that he reckons it among those favours for which he was especially thankful to the gods, that they had not suffered him to make any great proficiency in the arts of eloquence and poetry, lest by that means he should have been diverted from pursuits of more importance to his high station. Speaking of the beauty of universal Nature, he observes, that "there "is a pleasing and graceful aspect in every object we perceive," when once we consider its connection with that general order. He instances in many things which at first sight would be thought rather deformities, and then adds, "that a man who enjoys a sensibility of temper, with a "just comprehension of the universal order, will discern many amiable things, not credible to every mind, but to those alone who have "entered into an honourable familiarity with Nature and her works," *M. Ant.* iii. 2.

Within herself this elegance of love, 605
 This fair inspir'd delight : her temper'd pow'rs
 Refine at length, and ev'ry passion wears
 A chaster, milder, more attractive mien.
 But if to ampler prospects, if to gaze
 On Nature's form, where, negligent of all 610
 These lesser graces, she assumes the port
 Of that Eternal Majesty that weigh'd
 The world's foundations, if to these the mind
 Exalts her daring eye, then mightier far
 Will be the change and nobler. Would the forms 615
 Of servile custom cramp her gen'rous pow'rs?
 Would sordid policies, the barb'rous growth
 Of Ignorance and Rapine, bow her down
 To tame pursuits, to indolence and fear?
 Lo! she appeals to Nature, to the winds 620
 And rolling waves, the sun's unweary'd course,
 The elements and seasons. All declare
 For what th' Eternal Maker has ordain'd
 The pow'rs of man: we feel within ourselves
 His energy divine: he tells the heart 625
 He meant, he made, us to behold and love
 What he beholds and loves, the gen'ral orb
 Of life and being; to be great like him,
 Beneficent and active. Thus the men
 Whom Nature's works can charm with God himself
 Hold converse, grow familiar day by day 631
 With his conceptions, act upon his plan,
 And form to his the relish of their souls. 633

END OF BOOK THIRD.



THE PLEASURES OF IMAGINATION.

The General Argument.

THE Pleasures of the Imagination proceed either from natural objects, as from a flourishing grove, a clear and murmuring fountain, a calm sea by moonlight, or from works of art, such as a noble edifice, a musical tune, a statue, a picture, a poem. In treating of these Pleasures we must begin with the former class, they being original to the other; and nothing more being necessary in order to explain them than a view of our natural inclination toward greatness and beauty, and of those appearances in the world around us to which that inclination is adapted. This is the subject of the First Book of the following Poem.

But the Pleasures which we receive from the elegant arts, from music, sculpture, painting, and poetry, are much more various and complicated. In them (besides greatness and beauty, or forms proper to the Imagination) we find interwoven frequent representations of truth, of virtue and vice, of circumstances proper to move us with laughter, or to excite in us pity, fear, and the other passions. These moral and intellectual objects are described in the Second Book, to which the Third properly belongs as an episode, though too large to have been included in it.

With the above-mentioned causes of Pleasure, which are universal in the course of human life, and appertain to our higher faculties, many others do generally occur, more limited in their operation, or of an inferior origin; such are the novelty of objects, the association of ideas, affections of the bodily senses, influences of education, national habits, and the like. To illustrate these, and from the whole to determine the character of a perfect taste, is the argument of the Fourth Book.

Hitherto the Pleasures of the Imagination belong to the human species in general; but there are certain particular men whose Imagination is endowed with powers, and susceptible of pleasures, which the generality of mankind never participate: these are the men of genius, destined by Nature to excel in one or other of the arts already mentioned. It is proposed therefore in the last place, to delineate that genius which in some degree appears common to them all, yet with a more peculiar consideration of poetry, inasmuch as poetry is the most extensive of those arts, the most philosophical, and the most useful.

THE
PLEASURES OF IMAGINATION.

BOOK I.

MDCCLVII.

The Argument.

The subject proposed. Dedication. The ideas of the Supreme Being the exemplars of all things. The variety of constitution in the minds of men, with its final cause. The general character of a fine Imagination. All the immediate Pleasures of the human Imagination proceed either from greatness or beauty in external objects. The Pleasure from greatness, with its final cause. The natural connexion of beauty with truth* and good. The different orders of beauty in different objects. The infinite and all-comprehending form of beauty, which belongs to the Divine Mind. The partial and artificial forms of beauty, which belong to inferior intellectual beings. The origin and general conduct of beauty in man. The subordination of local beauties to the beauty of the universe. Conclusion.

WITH what enchantment Nature's goodly scene
Attracts the sense of mortals; how the mind
For its own eye doth objects nobler still
Prepare; how men by various lessons learn
To judge of Beauty's praise; what raptures fill 5
The breast with Fancy's native arts endow'd,
And what true culture guides it to renown,
My verse unfolds. Ye gods or godlike Pow'rs!
Ye Guardians of the sacred task! attend
Propitious: hand in hand around your Bard 10
Move in majestic measures, leading on
His doubtful step thro' many a solemn path,
Conscious of secrets which to human sight
Ye only can reveal. Be great in him,
And let your favour make him wise to speak 15
Of all your wond'rous empire, with a voice
So temper'd to his theme, that those who hear
May yield perpetual homage to yourselves.
Thou chief, O daughter of eternal Love!
Whate'er thy name, or Muse or Grace, ador'd 20
By Grecian prophets, to the sons of Heav'n
Known, while with deep amazement thou dost there

* Truth is here taken not in a logical but in a mixed and popular sense, or for what has been called the truth of things, denoting as well their natural and regular condition, as a proper estimate of judgment concerning them.

The perfect counsels read, th' ideas old
 Of thine Omniscient Father, known on earth
 By the still horror and the blissful tear 25
 With which thou seizest on the soul of man,
 Thou chief, Poetic Spirit! from the banks
 Of Avon, whence thy holy fingers cull
 Fresh flow'rs and dews to sprinkle on the turf
 Where Shakespeare lies, be present; and with thee 30
 Let Fiction come, on her aërial wings
 Wafting ten thousand colours, which in sport,
 By the light glances of her magic eye,
 She blends and shifts at will thro' countless forms,
 Her wild creation. Goddess of the Lyre, 35
 Whose awful tones controul the moving sphere,
 Wilt thou, eternal Harmony! descend
 And join this happy train? for with thee comes
 The guide, the guardian of their mystic rites,
 Wise Order; and where Order deigns to come 40
 Her sister Liberty will not be far.

Be present all ye Genii! who conduct
 Of youthful bards the lonely wand'ring step
 New to your springs and shades, who touch their ear
 With finer sounds, and heighten to their eye 45
 The pomp of nature, and before them place
 The fairest, loftiest countenance of things.

Nor thou, My Dyson! to the lay refuse
 Thy wonted partial audience. What, tho' first
 In years unseason'd, haply, ere the sports 50
 Of childhood yet were o'er, the advent'rous lay
 With many splendid prospects, many charms,
 Allur'd my heart, nor conscious whence they sprung,
 Nor heedful of their end? yet serious Truth
 Her empire o'er the calm sequester'd theme 55
 Asserted soon, while Falsehood's evil brood,
 Vice and deceitful Pleasure, she at once
 Excluded, and my fancy's careless toil
 Drew to the better cause. Maturer aid
 Thy friendship added, in the paths of life, 60
 The busy paths, my unaccustom'd feet
 Preserving; nor to truth's recess divine

Thro' this wide argument's unbeaten space
 Withholding surer guidance, while by turns
 We trac'd the sages old, or while the queen 56
 Of Sciences, (whom manners and the mind
 Acknowledge,) to my true companion's voice
 Not unattentive, o'er the wintry lamp
 Inclined her sceptre, favouring. Now the Fates
 Have other tasks impos'd. To thee, my Friend! 70
 The ministry of freedom, and the faith
 Of popular decrees, in early youth,
 Not vainly they committed. Me they sent
 To wait on pain, and silent arts to urge
 Inglorious; not ignoble, if my cares 75
 To such as languish on a grievous bed
 Ease and the sweet forgetfulness of ill
 Conciliate; nor delightful, if the Muse,
 Her shades to visit and to taste her springs,
 If some distinguish'd hours the bounteous Muse, 80
 Impart, and grant (what she, and she alone,
 Can grant to mortals) that my hand those wreaths
 Of fame and honest favour which the bless'd
 Wear in Elysium, and which never felt
 The breath of Envy or malignant tongues, 85
 That these my hand for thee and for myself
 May gather. Mean-while, O my faithful Friend!
 O early chosen, ever found the same,
 And trusted and lov'd! once more the verse
 Long destin'd, always obvious to thine ear, 90
 Attend indulgent: so in latest years,
 When Time thy head with honours shall have cloth'd
 Sacred to even Virtue, may thy mind,
 Amid the calm review of seasons past,
 Fair offices of friendship, or kind peace, 95
 Or public zeal, may then thy mind well pleas'd
 Recall these happy studies of our prime!

From Heav'n my strains begin, from Heav'n de-
 The flame of genius to the chosen breast, [scends
 And beauty, with poetic wonder join'd 100
 And inspiration. Ere the rising sun
 Shone o'er the deep, or 'mid the vault of night

The moon her silver lamp suspended, ere
The vales with springs were water'd, or with groves
Of oak or pine the ancient hills were crown'd, 105
Then the Great Spirit, whom his works adore,
Within his own deep essence view'd the forms,
The forms eternal, of created things,
The radiant sun, the moon's nocturnal lamp,
The mountains and the streams, the ample stores 110
Of earth, of heav'n, of nature. From the first
On that full scene his love divine he fix'd,
His admiration, till, in time complete,
What he admir'd and lov'd his vital pow'r
Unfolded into being. Hence the breath 115
Of life informing each organic frame;
Hence the green earth, and wild resounding waves;
Hence light and shade alternate, warmth and cold,
And bright autumnal skies and vernal show'rs,
And all the fair variety of things. 120

But not alike to ev'ry mortal eye
Is this great scene unveil'd; for while the claims
Of social life to diff'rent labours urge
The active pow'rs of man, with wisest care
Hath Nature on the multitude of minds 125
Impress'd a various bias, and to each
Decreed its province in the common toil.
To some she taught the fabric of the sphere,
The changeful moon, the circuit of the stars,
The golden zones of heav'n: to some she gave 130
To search the story of eternal thought,
Of space and time, of Fate's unbroken chain,
And will's quick movement: others by the hand
She led o'er vales and mountains, to explore
What healing virtue dwells in ev'ry vein 135
Of herbs or trees. But some to nobler hopes
Were destin'd; some within a finer mould
She wrought, and temper'd with a purer flame:
To these the Sire Omnipotent unfolds
In fuller aspects and with fairer lights 140
This picture of the world. Thro' ev'ry part
They trace the lofty sketches of his hand;

In earth or air, the meadow's flow'ry store,
 The moon's mild radiance, or the virgin's mien,
 Dress'd in attractive smiles, they see pourtray'd 143
 (As far as mortal eyes the portrait scan)
 Those lineaments of beauty which delight
 The mind supreme: they also feel their force
 Enamour'd; they partake th' eternal joy.

For as old Memnon's image, long renown'd 150
 Thro' fabled Egypt, at the genial touch
 Of morning, from its inmost frame sent forth
 Spontaneous music, so doth Nature's hand
 To certain attributes, which matter claims,
 Adapt the finer organs of the mind; 155
 So the glad impulse of those kindred pow'rs
 (Of form, of colour's cheerful pomp, of sound
 Melodious, or of motion aptly sped)
 Detains th' enliven'd sense, till soon the soul
 Feels the deep concord, and assents thro' all 160
 Her functions. Then the charm by Fate prepar'd
 Diffuseth its enchantment; Fancy dreams,
 Rapt into high discourse with prophets old;
 And wand'ring thro' Elysium, Fancy dreams
 Of sacred fountains, of o'ershadowing groves, 165
 Whose walks with godlike harmony resound;
 Fountains which Homer visits, happy groves
 Where Milton dwells. The intellectual pow'r
 On the mind's throne suspends his graver cares,
 And smiles: the passions to divine repose 170
 Persuaded yield, and love and joy alone
 Are waking; love and joy, such as await
 An angel's meditation. O! attend,
 Whoe'er thou art whom these delights can touch,
 Whom Nature's aspect, Nature's simple garb, 175
 Can thus command: O! listen to my Song,
 And I will guide thee to her blissful walks,
 And teach thy solitude her voice to hear,
 And point her gracious features to thy view.

Know then whate'er of the world's ancient store,
 Whate'er of mimic art's reflected scenes, 181
 With love and admiration thus inspire

Attentive Fancy, her delighted sons
 In two illustrious orders comprehend,
 Self-taught. From him whose rustic toil the lark 185
 Cheers warbling, to the bard whose daring thoughts
 Range the full orb of being, still the form
 Which Fancy worships, or sublime or fair,
 Her votaries proclaim. I see them dawn!
 I see the radiant visions where they rise, 190
 More lovely than when Lucifer displays
 His glitt'ring forehead thro' the gates of morn,
 To lead the train of Phœbus and the Spring!

Say, why was man so eminently rais'd
 Amid the vast creation, why empower'd 195
 Thro' life and death to dart his watchful eye
 With thoughts beyond the limit of his frame,
 But that th' Omnipotent might send him forth,
 In sight of angels and immortal minds,
 As on an ample theatre, to join 200

In contest with his equals, who shall best
 The task atchieve, the course of noble toils,
 By wisdom and by mercy pre-ordain'd?
 Might send him forth the sovran good to learn,
 To chase each meaner purpose from his breast, 205
 And thro' the mists of passion and of sense,
 And thro' the pelting storms of chance and pain,
 To hold straight on, with constant heart and eye
 Still fix'd upon his everlasting palm,

Th' approving smile of Heav'n? Else wherefore burns
 In mortal bosoms this unquenched hope 211

That seeks from day to day sublimer ends,
 Happy tho' restless? why departs the soul
 Wide from the track and journey of her times
 To grasp the good she knows not? in the field 215
 Of things which may be, in the spacious field
 Of science, potent arts, or dreadful arms,
 To raise up scenes in which her own desires
 Contented may repose, when things which are
 Pall on her temper like a twice told tale; 220

Her temper, still demanding to be free,
 Spurning the rude controul of wilful might,

Proud of her dangers brav'd, her griefs endur'd,
 Her strength severely prov'd? To these high aims,
 Which reason and affection prompt in man, 225
 Not adverse nor unapt, hath Nature fram'd
 His bold Imagination; for amid
 The various forms which this full world presents
 Like rivals to his choice, what human breast
 E'er doubts before the transient and minute 230
 To prize the vast, the stable, the sublime?
 Who that from heights ærial sends his eye
 Around a wild horizon, and surveys
 Indus or Ganges rolling his broad wave
 Thro' mountains, plains, thro' spacious cities old,
 And regions dark with woods, will turn away 236
 To mark the path of some penurious rill
 Which murmur'eth at his feet? Where does the Soul
 Consent her soaring fancy to restrain,
 Which bears her up as on an eagle's wings 240
 Destin'd for highest heavens? or which of Fate's
 Tremend'ous barriers shall confine her flight
 To an humble quarry? The rich earth
 Cannot detain her, nor the ambient air
 With all its changes. For a while with joy 245
 She hovers o'er the sun, and views the small
 Attendant orbs beneath his sacred beam
 Emerging from the deep, like cluster'd isles,
 Whose rocky shores to the glad sailor's eye
 Reflect the gleams of morning; for a while 250
 With pride she sees his firm paternal sway
 Bend the reluctant planets to move each
 Round its perpetual year; but soon she quits
 That prospect; meditating loftier views,
 She darts advent'rous up the long career 255
 Of comets, thro' the constellations holds
 Her course, and now looks back on all the stars,
 Whose blended flames as with a milky stream
 Part the blue region. Empyrean tracks,
 Where happy souls beyond this concave heav'n 260
 Abide, she then explores, whence purer light
 For countless ages travels thro' th' abyss,

Nor hath in sight of mortals yet arriv'd :
 Upon the wide creation's utmost shore
 At length she stands, and the dread space beyond 265
 Contemplates, half recoiling ; nathless down
 The gloomy void, astonish'd, yet unquell'd,
 She plungeth, down th' unfathomable gulf
 Where God alone hath being ; there her hopes
 Rest at the fated goal : for from the birth 270
 Of humankind the Sovran Maker said,
 That not in humble nor in brief delight,
 Not in the fleeting echoes of Renown,
 Pow'rs purple robes, nor Pleasure's flow'ry lap,
 The soul should find contentment, but from these 275
 Turning disdainful to an equal good,
 Thro' Nature's op'ning walks enlarge her aim,
 Till ev'ry bound at length should disappear,
 And infinite perfection fill the scene. 279

But lo ! where Beauty, dress'd in gentler pomp,
 With comely steps advancing, claims the verse
 Her charms inspire. O Beauty ! source of praise,
 Of honour, e'en to mute and lifeless things ;
 O thou that kindlest in each human heart
 Love and the wish of poets, when their tongue 285
 Would teach to other bosoms what so charms
 Their own ! O child of Nature and the Soul,
 In happiest hour brought forth, the doubtful garb
 Of words, of earthly language, all too mean,
 Too lowly, I account, in which to clothe 290
 Thy form divine ! for thee the mind alone
 Beholds, nor half thy brightness can reveal
 Thro' those dim organs whose corporeal touch
 O'ershadoweth thy pure essence. Yet, my Muse !
 If Fortune call thee to the task, wait thou 295
 Thy favourable seasons ; then, while fear
 And doubt are absent, thro' wide Nature's bounds
 Expatiate with glad step, and chuse at will
 Whate'er bright spoils the florid earth contains,
 Whate'er the waters or the liquid air, 300
 To manifest unblemish'd Beauty's praise,
 And o'er the breasts of mortals to extend

Her gracious empire. Wilt thou to the isles
 Atlantic, to the rich Hesperian clime,
 Fly in the train of Autumn, and look on 305
 And learn from him, while, as he roves around,
 Where'er his fingers touch the fruitful grove
 The branches bloom with gold, where'er his foot
 Imprints the soil the ripening clusters swell,
 Turning aside their foliage, and come forth 310
 In purple light, till ev'ry hillock glows
 As with the blushes of an ev'ning sky?
 Or wilt thou that Thessalian landscape trace
 Where slow Peneus his clear glassy tide
 Draws smooth along, between the winding cliffs 315
 Of Ossa and the pathless woods unshorn
 That wave o'er huge Olympus? Down the stream
 Look how the mountains with their double range
 Embrace the vale of Tempé, from each side
 Ascending steep to heav'n a rocky mound, 320
 Cover'd with ivy and the laurel boughs
 That crown'd young Phœbus for the Python slain.
 Fair Tempé! on whose primrose banks the morn
 Awoke most fragrant, and the noon repos'd
 In pomp of lights and shadows most sublime; 325
 Whose lawns, whose glades, e'er human footsteps yet
 Had trac'd an entrance, were the hallow'd haunt
 Of sylvan pow'rs immortal, where they sat
 Oft' in the Golden Age; the Nymphs and Fauns,
 Beneath some arbour branching o'er the flood, 330
 And leaning round, hung on th' instructive lips
 Of hoary Pan, or o'er some open dale
 Danc'd in light measures to his sev'nfold pipe,
 While Zephyr's wanton hand along their path
 Flung show'rs of painted blossoms, fertile dews, 335
 And one perpetual spring. But if our task
 More lofty rites demand, with all good vows
 Then let us hasten to the rural haunt
 Where young Melissa dwells; nor thou refuse
 The voice which calls thee from thy lov'd retreat,
 But hither, gentle Maid! thy footsteps turn; 340
 Here to thy own unquestionable theme,

O fair! O graceful! bend thy polish'd brow,
 Assenting, and the gladness of thy eyes
 Impart to me, like morning's wish'd light 345
 Seen thro' the vernal air. By yonder stream,
 Where beech and elm among the bord'ring mead
 Send forth wild melody, from ev'ry bough,
 Together let us wander, where the hills,
 Cover'd with fleeces, to the lowing vale 350
 Reply, where tidings of content and peace
 Each echo brings. Lo, how the western sun
 O'er fields and floods, o'er ev'ry living soul,
 Diffuseth glad repose! There, while I speak
 Of Beauty's honours, thou, Melissa! thou 355
 Shalt hearken, not unconscious; while I tell
 How first from heav'n she came; how, after all
 The works of life, the elemental scenes,
 The hours, the seasons, she had oft' explor'd,
 At length her fav'rite mansion and her throne 360
 She fix'd in woman's form; what pleasing ties
 To virtue bind her, what effectual aid
 They lend each other's pow'r, and how divine
 Their union, should some unambitious maid
 To all th' enchantment of th' Idalian queen 365
 Add sanctity and Wisdom. While my tongue
 Prolongs the tale, Melissa! thou may'st feign
 To wonder whence my rapture is inspir'd;
 But soon the smile which dawns upon thy lip
 Shall tell it, and the tend'rer bloom o'er all 370
 That soft cheek springing to the marble neck,
 Which bends aside in vain, revealing more
 What it would thus keep silent, and in vain
 The sense of praise dissembling. Then my song
 Great Nature's winning arts, which thus inform 375
 With joy and love the rugged breast of man,
 Should sound in numbers worthy of such a theme;
 While all, whose souls have ever felt the force
 Of those enchanting passions, to my lyre
 Should throng attentive, and receive once more 380
 Their influence, unobscur'd by any cloud
 Of vulgar care, and purer than the hand

Of Fortune can bestow: nor to confirm
 Their sway should awful Contemplation scorn
 To join his dictates to the genuine strain 385
 Of Pleasure's tongue, nor yet should Pleasure's ear
 Be much averse. Ye chiefly, gentle band
 Of Youths and Virgins! who, thro' many a wish,
 And many a fond pursuit, as in some scene
 Of magic bright and fleeting, are allur'd 390
 By various beauty, if the pleasing toil
 Can yield a moment's respite, hither turn
 Your favourable ear, and trust my words.
 I do not mean on blest'd Religion's seat
 Presenting Superstition's gloomy form 395
 To dash your soothing hopes; I do not mean
 To bid the jealous Thund'rer fire the heav'ns,
 Or shapes infernal rend the groaning earth,
 And scare you from your joys. My cheerful song
 With happier omens calls you to the field, 400
 Pleas'd with your gen'rous ardour in the chase,
 And warm like you. Then tell me (for ye know)
 Doth Beauty ever deign to dwell where use
 And aptitude are strangers? is her praise
 Confess'd in aught whose most peculiar ends 405
 Are lame and fruitless? or did Nature mean
 This pleasing call the herald of a lie,
 To hide the shame of discord and disease,
 And win each fond admirer into snares,
 Foil'd, baffled! No: with better providence 410
 The gen'ral Mother, conscious how infirm
 Her offspring tread the paths of good and ill,
 Thus to the choice of credulous desire
 Doth objects the completest of their tribe
 Distinguish and commend. Yon' flow'ry bank, 415
 Cloth'd in the soft magnificence of Spring,
 Will not the flocks approve it? will they ask
 The reedy fen for pasture? That clear rill,
 Which trickleth murm'ring from the mossy rock,
 Yields it less wholesome bev'rage to the worn 420
 And thirsty trav'ler than the standing pool
 With muddy weeds o'ergrown? Yon' ragged vine,

Whose lean and sullen clusters mourn the rage
 Of Eurus, will the wine-press or the bowl
 Report of her as of the swelling grape 423
 Which glitters thro' the tendrils like a gem
 When first it meets the sun? Or what are all
 The various charms to life and sense adjoin'd?
 Are they not pledges of a state entire,
 Where native order reigns, with ev'ry part 430
 In health, and ev'ry function well perform'd?

Thus then at first was Beauty sent from heav'n,
 The lovely mistress of Truth and Good
 In this dark world; for Truth and Good are one,
 And Beauty dwells in them and they in her 435
 With like participation. Wherefore then,
 O Sons of Earth! would ye dissolve the tie?
 O! wherefore with a rash and greedy aim
 Seek ye to rove thro' ev'ry flatt'ring scene
 Which Beauty seems to deck, nor once inquire 440
 Where is the suffrage of eternal Truth,
 Or where the seal of undeceitful good,
 To save your search from folly? Wanting these,
 Lo! Beauty withers in your void embrace,
 And with the glitt'ring of an idiot's toy 445
 Did fancy mock your vows. Nor yet let Hope,
 That kindest inmate of the youthful breast,
 Be hence appall'd, be turn'd to coward sloth,
 Sitting in silence with dejected eyes,
 Incurious, and with folded hands: far less 450
 Let scorn of wild fantastic Folly's dreams,
 Or hatred of the bigot's savage pride,
 Persuade you e'er that Beauty, or the love
 Which waits on Beauty, may not brook to hear
 The sacred lore of undeceitful good 455
 And truth eternal. From the vulgar crowd
 Tho' Superstition, tyranness abhorr'd!
 The reverence due to this majestic pair
 With threats and execration still demands;
 Tho' the tame wretch, who asks of her the way 460
 To their celestial dwelling, she constrains
 To quench or set at nought the lamp of God

Within his frame ; thro' many a cheerless wild
 Tho' forth she leads him credulous and dark,
 And aw'd with dubious notion ; tho' at length 465
 Haply she plunge him into cloister'd cells
 And mansions unrelenting as the grave,
 But void of quiet, there to watch the hours
 Of midnight, there, amid the screaming owl's
 Dire song, with spectres or with guilty shades, 470
 To talk of pangs and everlasting woe ;
 Yet be not ye dismay'd ; a gentler star
 Presides o'er your adventure. From the bow'r
 Where Wisdom sat with her Athenian sons,
 Could but my happy hand intwine a wreath 475
 Of Plato's olive with the Mantuan bay,
 Then, (for what need of cruel fear to you,
 To you whom godlike love can well command ?)
 Then should my pow'rful voice at once dispel
 Those monkish horrors ; should in words divine 480
 Relate how favour'd minds, like you inspir'd,
 And taught their inspiration to conduct
 By ruling Heav'n's decree, thro' various walks,
 And prospects various, but delightful all,
 Move onward ; while now myrtle groves appear 485
 Now arms and radiant trophies, now the rods
 Of empire with the curule throne, or now
 The domes of Contemplation and the Muse.
 Led by that hope sublime, whose cloudless eye
 Thro' the fair toils and ornaments of earth 490
 Discerns the nobler life reserv'd for heav'n,
 Favour'd alike they worship round the shrine
 Where Truth conspic'ous with her sister-twins,
 The undivided partners of her sway,
 With Good and Beauty reigns. O ! let not us, 495
 By Pleasure's lying blandishments detain'd,
 Or crouching to the frowns of bigot Rage,
 O ! let not us one moment pause to join
 That chosen band : and if the gracious Pow'r
 Who first awaken'd my untutor'd song, 500
 Will to my invocation grant anew
 The tuneful spirit, then thro' all our paths

Ne'er shall the sound of this devoted lyre
Be wanting, whether on the rosy mead,
When summer smiles, to warn the melting heart 505
Of Luxury's allurement, whether firm
Against the torrent and the stubborn hill
To urge free Virtue's steps, and to her side
Summon that strong divinity of soul
Which conquers Chance and Fate, or on the height,
The goal assign'd her, haply to proclaim 511
Her triumph, on her brow to place the crown
Of uncorrupted praise, thro' future worlds
To follow her interminated way,
And bless Heav'n's image in the heart of man. 515
Such is the worth of Beauty, such her pow'r,
So blameless, so rever'd. It now remains
In just gradation thro' the various ranks
Of being to contemplate how her gifts
Rise in due measure, watchful to attend 520
The steps of rising Nature. Last and least
In colours mingling with a random blaze
Doth Beauty dwell: then higher in the forms
Of simplest, easiest measure, in the bounds
Of circle, cube, or sphere: the third ascent 525
To symmetry adds colour: thus the pearl
Shines in the concave of its purple bed,
And painted shells along some winding shore
Catch with indented folds the glancing sun.
Next as we rise appear the blooming tribes 530
Which clothe the fragrant earth, which draw from her
Their own nutrition, which are born and die,
Yet in their seed immortal: such the flow'rs
With which young Maia pays the village maids
That hail her natal morn; and such the groves 535
Which blithe Pomona rears on Vaga's bank
To feed the bowl of Ariconian swains
Who quaff beneath her branches. Nobler still
Is Beauty's name, where the full consent
Of members and of features, to the pride 540
Of colour and the vital change of growth,
Life's holy flame with piercing sense is giv'n,

While active motion speaks the temper'd soul:
 So moves the bird of Juno, so the steed
 With rival swiftness beats the dusty plain, 545
 And faithful dogs with eager airs of joy
 Salute their fellows. What sublimer pomp
 Adorns the seat where Virtue dwells on earth,
 And Truth's eternal daylight shines around;
 What palm belongs to man's imperial front, 550
 And woman, pow'rful with becoming smiles,
 Chief of terrestrial natures! need we now
 Strive to inculcate? Thus hath Beauty there
 Her most conspic'ous praise to matter lent,
 Where most conspic'ous thro' that shadowy veil 555
 Breaks forth the bright expression of a mind,
 By steps directing our enraptur'd search
 To him the first of minds, the chief, the sole,
 From whom thro' this wide complicated world
 Did all her various lineaments begin; 560
 To whom alone, consenting and entire,
 At once their mutual influence all display.
 He, God most high, (bear witness Earth and Heav'n!)
 The living fountains in himself contains
 Of beauteous and sublime. With him inthron'd, 565
 Ere days or years trod their ethereal way,
 In his supreme intelligence inthron'd,
 The Queen of Love holds her unclouded state,
 Urania. Thee, O Father! this extent
 Of matter, thee the sluggish earth and track 570
 Of seas, the heav'ns and heav'nly splendors, feel
 Pervading, quick'ning, moving. From the depth
 Of thy great essence forth didst thou conduct
 Eternal Form; and there, where Chaos reign'd,
 Gav'st her dominion to erect her seat, 575
 And sanctify the mansion. All her works
 Well pleas'd thou didst behold; the gloomy fires
 Of storm or earthquake, and the purest light
 Of summer; soft Campania's newborn rose,
 And the slow weed which pines on Russian hills, 580
 Comely alike to thy full vision stand;
 To thy surrounding vision, which unites

All essences and pow'rs of the great world
In one sole order; fair alike they stand,
As features well consenting, and alike
Requir'd by Nature ere she could attain
Her just resemblance to the perfect shape
Of universal Beauty, which with thee
Dwelt from the first. Thou also, Ancient Mind!
Whom love and free beneficence await
In all thy doings, to inferior minds
Thy offspring, and to man thy youngest son,
Refusing no convenient gift nor good,
Their eyes didst open in this earth, yon' heav'n,
Those starry worlds, the countenance divine
Of Beauty to behold: but not to them
Didst thou her awful magnitude reveal,
Such as before thine own unbounded sight
She stands, (for never shall created soul
Conceive that object,) nor to all their kinds
The same in shape or features didst thou frame
Her image. Measuring well their diff'rent spheres
Of sense and action, thy paternal hand
Hath for each race prepar'd a diff'rent test
Of Beauty, own'd and reverenc'd as their guide
Most apt, most faithful. Thence inform'd, they scan
The objects that surround them, and select,
Since the great whole disclaims their scanty view,
Each for himself selects peculiar parts
Of Nature, what the standard fix'd by Heav'n
Within his breast approves; acquiring thus
A partial beauty, which becomes his lot;
A beauty which his eye may comprehend,
His hand may copy; leaving, O Supreme!
O thou whom none hath utter'd! leaving all
To thee that infinite, consummate form,
Which the great pow'rs, the gods around thy throne,
And nearest to thy counsels, know with thee
For ever to have been; but who she is,
Or what her likeness, know not. Man surveys
A narrower scene, where, by the mix'd effect
Of things corporeal on his passive mind,

He judgeth what is fair. Corporeal things
 The mind of man impel with various pow'rs,
 And various features to his eye disclose. 623
 The pow'rs which move his sense with instant joy,
 The features which attract his heart to love,
 He marks, combines, reposit. Other pow'rs
 And features of the self-same thing (unless
 The beauteous form, the creature of his mind, 630
 Request their close alliance) he o'erlooks
 Forgotten, or with self-beguiling zeal,
 Whene'er his passions mingle in the work,
 Half alters, half disowns. The tribes of men
 Thus from their diff'rent functions, and the shapes
 Familiar to their eye, which art obtain, 636
 Unconscious of their purpose, yet with art
 Obtain the Beauty fitting man to love,
 Whose proud desires from Nature's homely toil
 Oft' turn away fastidious, asking still 640
 His mind's high aid, to purify the form
 From matter's gross communion, to secure
 For ever from the meddling hand of Change
 Or rude Decay her features, and to add
 Whatever ornaments may suit her mien, 645
 Where'er he finds them scatter'd thro' the paths
 Of Nature or of Fortune; then he seats
 Th' accomplish'd image deep within his breast,
 Reviews it, and accounts it good and fair.
 Thus the one Beauty of the world entire, 650
 The universal Venus, far beyond
 The keenest effort of created eyes
 And their most wide horizon, dwells inthron'd
 In ancient silence: at her footstool stands
 An altar burning with eternal fire, 655
 Unfully'd, unconsum'd. Here ev'ry hour,
 Here ev'ry moment, in their turns arrive
 Her offspring, an innumerable band
 Of sisters, comely all, but diff'ring far
 In age, in stature, and expressive mien, 660
 More than bright Helen from her newborn babe,
 To this maternal shrine in turns they come,

Each with her sacred lamp, that from the source
 Of living flame, which here immortal flows,
 Their portions of its lustre they may draw 665
 For days, or months, or years, for ages some,
 As their great parent's discipline requires:
 Then to their sev'ral mansions they depart,
 In stars, in planets, thro' the unknown shores
 Of yon' ethereal ocean. Who can tell 670
 E'en on the surface of this rolling earth
 How many make abode? The fields, the groves,
 The winding rivers, and the azure main,
 Are render'd solemn by their frequent feet,
 Their rites sublime. There each her destin'd home
 Inform with that pure radiance from the skies 676
 Brought down, and shines throughout her little sphere
 Exulting. Straight as travellers by night
 Turn towards a distant flame, so some fit eye
 Among the various tenants of the scene 680
 Discerns th' heav'n-born phantom seated there,
 And owns her charms: hence the wide universe
 Thro' all the seasons of revolving worlds
 Bears witness with its people, gods and men,
 To Beauty's blissful pow'r, and with the voice 685
 Of grateful admiration still resounds;
 That voice to which is Beauty's frame divine
 As is the cunning of the master's hand
 To the sweet accent of the well tun'd lyre.
 O Genius of ancient Greece! whose faithful steps
 Have led us to these awful solitudes 691
 Of Nature and of Science; Nurse rever'd
 Of gen'rous counsels and heroic deeds!
 O let some portion of thy matchless praise
 Dwell in my breast, and teach me to adorn 695
 This unattempted theme! Nor be my thoughts
 Presumpt'ous counted, if, amid the calm
 Which Hesper sheds along the vernal heav'n,
 If I from vulgar Superstition's walk
 Impatient steal, and from th' unseemly rites 700
 Of splendid Adulation, to attend
 With hymns thy presence in the sylvan shade,

By their malignant footsteps unprofan'd.
 Come, O renown'd Pow'r! thy glowing mien
 Such, and so elevated all thy form, 705
 As when the great barbaric lord, again
 And yet again diminish'd, hid his face
 Among the herd of satraps and of kings,
 And at the lightning of thy lifted spear
 Crouch'd like a slave. Bring all thy martial spoils,
 Thy palms, thy laurels, thy triumphal songs, 715
 Thy smiling band of arts, thy godlike fires
 Of civil wisdom, thy unconquer'd youth,
 After some glorious day rejoicing round
 Their new erected trophy. Guide my feet 715
 Thro' fair Lyceum's walk, the olive shades
 Of Academus, and the sacred vale
 Haunted by steps divine, where once beneath
 That ever-living plantane's ample boughs
 Ilissus, by Socratic sounds detain'd, 720
 On his neglected urn attentive lay,
 While Boreas, ling'ring on the neighb'ring steep,
 With beauteous Orithyia, his love-tale
 In silent awe suspended: there let me
 With blameless hand from thy unenvious fields 725
 Transplant some living blossoms to adorn
 My native clime, while far beyond the meed
 Of Fancy's toil aspiring, I unlock
 The springs of ancient wisdom, while I add
 (What cannot be disjoin'd from Beauty's praise) 730
 Thy name and native dress, thy works below'd
 And honour'd, while to my compatriot youth
 I point the great example of thy sons,
 And tune to Attic themes the British lyre. 734

THE PLEASURES OF IMAGINATION.

BOOK II.

The Argument.

INTRODUCTION to this more difficult part of the subject. Of truth and its three classes, matter of fact, experimental or scientific truth, (contradistinguished from opinion,) and universal truth; which last is either metaphysical or geometrical, either purely intellectual or perfectly abstracted. On the power of discerning truth depends that of acting with the view of an end, a circumstance essential to virtue. Of virtue considered in the Divine Mind as a perpetual and universal beneficence. Of human virtue, considered as a system of particular sentiments and actions, suitable to the design of Providence and the condition of man, to whom it constitutes the chief good and the first beauty. Of vice and its origin. Of ridicule; its general nature and final cause. Of the passions, particularly of those which relate to evil, natural or moral, and which are generally accounted painful, though not always unattended with Pleasure.

THUS far of Beauty and the pleasing forms
Which man's untutor'd fancy, from the scenes
Imperfect of this ever-changing world,
Creates, and views enamour'd. Now my song
Severer themes demand, mysterious truth; 5
And virtue, sovran good; the spells, the trains,
The progeny of error; the dread sway
Of passion, and whatever hidden stores
From her own lofty deeds and from herself
The mind acquires. Severer argument, 10
Not less attractive, nor deserving less
A constant ear: for what are all the forms
Educ'd by fancy from corporeal things,
Greatness, or pomp, or symmetry of parts?
Not tending to the heart, soon feeble grows; 15
As the blunt arrow 'gainst the knotty trunk,
Their impulse on the sense, while the pall'd eye
Expects in vain its tribute, asks in vain,
Where are the ornaments it once admir'd?
Not so the moral species, nor the pow'rs 20
Of passion and of thought. Th' ambitious mind
With objects boundless as her own desires
Can there converse: by these unfading forms
Touch'd and awaken'd still, with eager act
She bends each nerve, and meditates well pleas'd 25
Her gifts, her godlike fortune. Such the scenes
Now op'ning round us: may the destin'd Verse

Maintain its equal tenor, tho' in tracks
 Obscure and arduous! may the Source of Light,
 All present, all sufficient, guide our steps 30
 Thro' ev'ry maze! and whom in childish years
 From the loud throng, the beaten paths of wealth
 And pow'r, thou didst apart send forth to speak
 In tuneful words concerning highest things,
 Him still do thou, O Father! at those hours 35
 Of pensive freedom, when the human soul
 Shuts out the rumour of the world, him still
 Touch thou with secret lessons; call thou back
 Each erring thought, and let the yielding strains
 From his full bosom like a welcome rill 40
 Spontaneous from its healthy fountain flow!

But from what name, what favourable sign,
 What heav'nly auspice, rather shall I date
 My perilous excursion than from truth,
 That nearest inmate of the human soul, 45
 Estrang'd from whom, the countenance divine
 Of Man, disfigur'd and dishonour'd, sinks
 Among inferior things? for to the brutes
 Perception and the transient boons of sense
 Hath Fate imparted; but to man alone 50
 Of sublunary beings was it giv'n
 Each fleeting impulse on the sensual pow'rs
 At leisure to review, with equal eye
 To scan the passion of the stricken nerve,
 Or the vague object striking; to conduct 55
 From sense, the portal turbulent and loud,
 Into the mind's wide palace, one by one,
 The frequent, pressing, fluctuating forms,
 And question and compare them. Thus he learns
 Their birth and fortunes, how ally'd they haunt 60
 The avenues of sense, what laws direct
 Their union, and what various discords rise,
 Or fix'd or casual; which, when his clear thought
 Retains, and when his faithful words express,
 That living image of th' external scene, 65
 As in a polish'd mirror held to view,
 Is truth; where'er it varies from the shape

And hue of its exemplar, in that part
 Dim error lurks. Moreover, from without,
 When oft' the same society of forms 70
 In the same order have approach'd his mind,
 He deigns no more their steps with curious heed
 To trace; no more their features or their garb
 He now examines, but of them and their
 Condition, as with some diviner's tongue, 75
 Affirms what Heav'n in ev'ry distant place
 Thro' ev'ry future season will decree.
 This too is truth: where'er his prudent lips
 Wait till experience diligent and slow
 Has authoriz'd their sentence, this is truth; 80
 A second higher kind; the parent this
 Of Science, or the lofty pow'r herself,
 Science herself, on whom the wants and cares
 Of social life depend, the substitute
 Of God's own wisdom in this toilsome world, 85
 The providence of man. Yet oft' in vain
 To earn her aid with fix'd and anxious eye
 He looks on Nature's and on Fortune's course,
 Too much in vain: his duller visual ray
 The stillness and the persevering acts 90
 Of Nature oft' elude, and Fortune oft'
 With step fantastic from her wonted walk
 Turns into mazes dim: his sight is foil'd,
 And the crude sentence of his falt'ring tongue
 Is but Opinion's verdict half believ'd, 95
 And prone to change. Here thou who feel'st thine ear
 Congenial to my lyre's profounder tone
 Pause and be watchful. Hitherto the stores
 Which feed thy mind and exercise her pow'rs
 Partake the relish of their native soil, 100
 Their parent earth: but know a nobler dow'r
 Her sire at birth decreed her, purer gifts
 From his own treasure, forms which never deign'd
 In eyes or ears to dwell within the sense
 Of earthly organs, but sublime were plac'd 105
 In his essential reason, leading there
 That vast ideal host which all his works

Thro' endless ages never will reveal.
 Thus then endow'd, the feeble creature man,
 The slave of hunger and the prey of Death, 110
 E'en now, e'en here, in earth's dim prison bound,
 The language of intelligence divine
 Attains, repeating oft' concerning one
 And many, past and present, parts and whole,
 Those sovran dictates which in farthest heav'n, 115
 Where no orb rolls, Eternity's fix'd ear
 Hears from coeval truth, whence Chance nor Change,
 Nature's loud progeny, nor Nature's self,
 Dares intermeddle or approach her throne.
 Ere long o'er this corporeal world he learns 120
 T' extend her sway, while calling from the deep,
 From earth and air, their multitudes untold
 Of figures and of motions round his walk,
 For each wide family some single birth
 He sets in view, th' impartial type of all 125
 Its brethren, suff'ring it to claim beyond
 Their common heritage no private gift,
 No proper fortune. Then whate'er his eye
 In this discerns, his bold unerring tongue
 Pronounceth, of the kindred without bound, 130
 Without condition. Such the rise of forms
 Sequester'd far from sense, and ev'ry spot
 Peculiar in the realms of space or time;
 Such is the throne which man for Truth amid
 The paths of mutability hath built 135
 Secure, unshaken, still, and whence he views
 In matter's mould'ring structures the pure forms
 Of triangle or circle, cube or cone,
 Impassive all, whose attributes nor Force
 Nor Fate can alter: there he first conceives 140
 True being and an intellectual world,
 The same this hour and ever: thence he deems
 Of his own lot, above the painted shapes
 That fleeting move o'er this terrestrial scene
 Looks up, beyond the adamantine gates 145
 Of death expatiates, as his birthright claims
 Inheritance in all the works of God,

Prepares for endless time his plan of life,
And counts the universe itself his home.

Whence also but from truth, the light of minds, 150

Is human fortune gladden'd with the rays
Of virtue? with the moral colours thrown

On ev'ry walk of this our social scene,

Adorning for the eye of gods and men

The passions, actions, habitudes of life, 155

And rend'ring earth like heav'n, a sacred place,

Where Love and Praise may take delight to dwell?

Let none with heedless tongue from truth disjoin

The reign of Virtue. Ere the dayspring flow'd,

Like sisters link'd in Concord's golden chain, 160

They stood before the great Eternal Mind,

Their common parent, and by him were both

Sent forth among his creatures hand in hand,

Inseparably join'd; nor e'er did Truth

Find an apt ear to listen to her lore 165

Which knew not Virtue's voice; nor save where Truth's

Majestic words are heard and understood

Doth Virtue deign t'inhabit. Go, inquire

Of Nature, not among Tartarean rocks,

Whither the hungry vulture with its prey 170

Returns, not where the lion's sullen roar

At noon resounds along the lonely banks

Of ancient Tigris, but her gentler scenes,

The dovecote and the shepherd's fold at morn

Consult; or by the meadow's fragrant hedge, 175

In spring time, when the woodland's first are green,

Attend the linnet singing to his mate,

Couch'd o'er their tender young. To this fond care

Thou dost not Virtue's honourable name

Attribute; wherefore, save that not one gleam 180

Of truth did e'er discover to themselves

Their little hearts, or teach them by th' effects

Of that parental love the love itself

To judge, and measure its officious deeds?

But man, whose eyelids Truth has fill'd with day, 185

Discerns how skilfully to bounteous ends

His wise affections move, with free accord

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Adopts their guidance, yields himself secure
To Nature's prudent impulse, and converts
Instinct to duty and to sacred law: 190

Hence right and fit on earth, while thus to man
Th' Almighty Legislator hath explain'd
The springs of action fix'd within his breast,
Hath giv'n him pow'r to slacken or restrain
Their effort, and hath shewn him how they join 195
Their partial movements with the master-wheel
Of the great world, and serve that sacred end
Which he th' Unerring Reason keeps in view.

For (if a mortal tongue may speak of him
And his dread ways) ev'n as his boundless eye, 200
Connecting ev'ry form and ev'ry change,
Beholds the perfect beauty, so his will,
Thro' ev'ry hour producing good to all
The family of creatures, is itself

The perfect virtue. Let the grateful swain 205
Remember this, as oft' with joy and praise
He looks upon the falling dews which clothe
His lawns with verdure, and the tender seed
Nourish within his furrows; when between
Dead seas and burning skies, where long unmov'd 210

The bark had languish'd, now a rustling gale
Lifts o'er the sickle, waves the dancing prow,
Let the glad pilot bursting out in thanks

Remember this, lest blind o'erweening pride
Pollute their off'rings, lest their selfish heart 215

Say to the heavenly Ruler, "At our call
"Relents thy pow'r; by us thy arm is mov'd."

Fools! who of God as of each other deem;
Who his invariable acts deduce

From sudden counsels transient as their own, 220
Nor farther of his bounty than th' event,

Which haply meets their loud and eager pray'r,
Acknowledge; nor beyond the drop minute,

Which haply they have tasted, heed the source
That flows for all, the fountain of his love, 225

Which from the summit where he sits inthron'd
Pours health and joy, unfailing streams, thro'out

The spacious region flourishing in view,
 The goodly work of his eternal day,
 His own fair universe, on which alone 230
 His counsels fix, and whence alone his will
 Assumes her strong direction. Such is now
 His sovran purpose, such it was before
 All multitude of years : for his right arm
 Was never idle ; his bestowing love 235
 Knew no beginning ; was not as a change
 Of mood that woke at last, and started up
 After a deep and solitary sloth
 Of boundless ages : no, he now is good ;
 He ever was. The feet of hoary Time 240
 Thro' their eternal course have travell'd o'er
 No speechless, lifeless desert, but thro' scenes
 Cheerful with bounty still, among a pomp
 Of worlds, for gladness round the Maker's throne
 Loud shouting, or in many dialects 245
 Of hope and filial trust imploring thence
 The fortunes of their people, where so fix'd
 Were all the dates of being, so dispos'd
 To ev'ry living soul of ev'ry kind
 The field of motion and the hour of rest, 250
 That each the gen'ral happiness might serve,
 And by the discipline of laws divine,
 Convinc'd of folly, or chastis'd from guilt,
 Each might at length be happy. What remains
 Shall be like what is pass'd, but fairer still, 255
 And still increasing in the godlike gifts
 Of life and truth. The same paternal hand,
 From the mute shellfish gasping on the shore,
 To men, to angels, to celestial minds,
 Will ever lead the generations on 260
 Thro' higher scenes of being, while supply'd
 From day to day by his enliv'ning breath,
 Inferior orders in succession rise
 To fill the void below. As flame ascends,
 As vapours to the earth in show'rs return, 265
 As the pois'd ocean toward th' attracting moon
 Swells, and the ever list'ning planets, charin'd

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By the sun's call, their onward pace incline,
 So all things which have life aspire to God,
 Exhaustless fount of intellectual day, 270
 Centre of souls! Nor doth the mast'ring voice
 Of Nature cease within to prompt aright
 Their steps, nor is the care of Heav'n withheld
 From sending to the toil external aid,
 That in their stations all may persevere 275
 To climb th' ascent of being, and approach
 For ever nearer to the life divine.

But this eternal fabric was not rais'd
 For man's inspection. Tho' to some be giv'n
 To catch a transient visionary glimpse 280
 Of that majestic scene which boundless pow'r
 Prepares for perfect goodness, yet in vain
 Would human life her faculties expand
 T' imbosom such an object; nor could e'er
 Virtue or praise have touch'd the hearts of men, 285
 Had not the Sovran Guide thro' every stage
 Of this their various journey pointed out
 New hopes, new toils, which to their humble sphere
 Of sight and strength might such importance hold
 As doth the wide creation to his own: 290
 Hence all the little charities of life,
 With all their duties; hence that fav'rite palm
 Of human will when duty is suffic'd,
 And still the lib'ral soul in ampler deeds
 Would manifest herself, that sacred sign 295
 Of her rever'd affinity to him
 Whose bounties are his own, to whom none said,
 "Create the wisest, fullest, fairest, world,
 "And make its offspring happy;" who, intent
 Some likeness of himself among his works 300
 To view, hath pour'd into the human breast
 A ray of knowledge and of love which guides
 Earth's feeble race to act their Maker's part,
 Self-judging, self-oblig'd, while from before
 That godlike function the gigantic pow'r 305
 Necessity, tho' wont to curb the force
 Of Chaos and the savage elements,

PLEASURES OF IMAGINATION.

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Retires abash'd, as from a scene too high
 For her brute tyranny, and with her bears
 Her scorn'd followers, Terror and base Awe, 310
 Who blinds herself, and that ill-suited pair,
 Obedience link'd with Hatred. Then the soul
 Arises in her strength, and looking round
 Her busy sphere, whatever work she views,
 Whatever counsel, bearing any trace 315
 Of her Creator's likeness, whether apt
 To aid her fellows, or preserve herself
 In her superior functions unimpair'd,
 Thither she turns exulting; that she claims
 As her peculiar good; on that thro' all 320
 The fickle seasons of the day she looks
 With rev'rence still; to that as to a fence
 Against affliction and the darts of pain
 Her drooping hopes repair; and once oppos'd
 To that, all other pleasure, other wealth, 325
 Vile as the dross upon the molten gold
 Appears, and loathsome as the briny sea
 To him who languishes with thirst, and sighs
 For some known fountain pure. For what can strive
 With virtue? which of Nature's regions vast 330
 Can in so many forms produce to sight
 Such pow'rful beauty? beauty which the eye
 Of Hatred cannot look upon secure,
 Which Envy's self contemplates, and is turn'd
 Ere long to tenderness, to infant smiles, 335
 Or tears of humblest love. Is aught so fair
 In all the dewy landscapes of the Spring,
 The Summer's noontide groves, the purple eve
 At harvest-home, or in the frosty moon
 Glitt'ring on some smooth sea, is aught so fair 340
 As virtuous friendship? as the honour'd roof
 Whither from highest heav'n immortal Love
 His torch ethereal and his golden bow
 Propitious brings, and there a temple holds,
 To whose unspotted service gladly vow'd, 345
 The social band of parent, brother, child,
 With smiles, and sweet discourse, and gentle deeds,

Adore his pow'r? What gift of richest clime
 E'er drew such eager eyes, or prompted such
 Deep wishes, as the zeal that snatcheth back 350
 From Slander's pois'nous tooth a foe's renown,
 Or crosseth danger in his lion walk
 A rival's life to rescue? as the young
 Athenian warrior sitting down in bonds
 That his great father's body might not want 355
 A peaceful, humble, tomb? the Roman wife
 Teaching her lord how harmless was the wound
 Of death, how impotent the tyrant's rage,
 Who nothing more could threaten to afflict
 Their faithful love? Or is there in th' abyss, 360
 Is there among the adamantine spheres—
 Wheeling unshaken thro' the boundless void,
 Aught that with half such majesty can fill
 The human bosom, as when Brutus rose
 Refulgent from the stroke of Cæsar's fate 365
 Amid the crowd of patriots, and his arm
 Aloft extending, like eternal Jove
 When guilt brings down the thunder, call'd aloud
 On Tully's name, and shook the crimson sword
 Of justice in his rapt astonish'd eye, 370
 And bad the father of his country, Hail!
 Fo lo the tyrant prostrate on the dust,
 And Rome again is free! Thus thro' the paths
 Of human life, in various pomp array'd,
 Walks the wise daughter of the Judge of Heav'n, 375
 Fair Virtue! from her Father's throne supreme
 Sent down to utter laws such as on earth
 Most apt he knew, most pow'rful, to promote
 The weal of all his works, the gracious end
 Of his dread empire. And tho' haply man's 380
 Obscurer sight so far beyond himself,
 And the brief labours of his little home,
 Extends not, yet, by the bright presence won
 Of this divine instructress, to her sway
 Pleas'd he assents, nor heeds the distant goal 385
 To which her voice conducts him. Thus hath God,
 Still looking tow'r'd his own high purpose, fix'd

The virtues of his creatures ; thus he rules
 The parent's fondness and the patriot's zeal ;
 Thus the warm sense of honour and of shame, 390
 The vows of gratitude, the faith of love,
 And all the comely intercourse of praise,
 The joy of human life, the earthly heav'n.

How far unlike them must the lot of guilt
 Be found ! or what terrestrial woe can match 395
 The self-convicted bosom which hath wrought
 The bane of others, or enslav'd itself

With shackles vile ? Not poison, nor sharp fire,
 Nor the worst pangs that ever monkish hate
 Suggested, or despotic Rage impos'd, 400

Were at that season an unwish'd exchange,
 When the soul loathes herself, when flying thence
 To crowds, on ev'ry brow she sees pourtray'd
 Fell demons, Hate or Scorn, which drive her back
 To solitude, her Judge's voice divine 405

To hear in secret, haply sounding thro'
 The troubled dreams of midnight, and still, still
 Demanding for his violated laws

Fit recompense, or charging her own tongue
 To speak th' award of justice on herself ; 410
 For well she knows what faithful hints within

Were whisper'd to beware the lying forms
 Which turn'd her footsteps from the safer way,
 What cautions to suspect their painted dress,
 And look with steady eyelid on their smiles, 415

Their frowns, their tears. In vain : the dazzling hues
 Of Fancy and Opinion's eager voice

Too much prevail'd ; for mortals tread the path
 In which Opinion says they follow good
 Or fly from evil ; and Opinion gives 420

Report of good or evil as the scene
 Was drawn by Fancy, pleasing or deform'd :
 Thus her report can never there be true

Where Fancy cheats the intellectual eye
 With glaring colours and distorted lines. 425

Is there a man to whom the name of death
 Brings terror's ghastly pageants conjur'd up

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Before him, death-bed groans and dismal vows,
 And the frail soul plung'd headlong from the brink
 Of life and daylight down the gloomy air, 430
 An unknown depth, to gulfs of tort'ring fire
 Unvisited by mercy? then what hand
 Can snatch this dreamer from the fatal toils
 Which Fancy and Opinion thus conspire
 To twine around his heart? or who shall hush 435
 Their clamour when they tell him that to die,
 To risk those horrors, is a direr curse
 Than basest life can bring? Tho' Love, with pray'rs
 Most tender, with Affliction's sacred tears,
 Beseech his aid, tho' Gratitude and Faith 440
 Condemn each step which loiters, yet let none
 Make answer for him, that if any frown
 Of danger thwart his path, he will not stay
 Content, and be a wretch to be secure.
 Here vice begins then: at the gate of life, 445
 Ere the young multitude to diverse roads
 Part, like fond pilgrims on a journey unknown,
 Sits Fancy, deep enchantress! and to each
 With kind maternal looks presents her bowl,
 A potent bev'rage. Heedless they comply, 450
 Till the whole soul from that mysterious draught
 Is ting'd, and ev'ry transient thought imbibes
 Of gladness or disgust, desire or fear,
 One homebred colour, which not all the lights
 Of science e'er shall change, not all the storms 445
 Of adverse fortune wash away, nor yet
 The robe of purest virtue quite conceal.
 Thence on they pass, where meeting frequent shapes
 Of good and evil, cunning phantoms apt
 To fire or freeze the breast, with them they join 460
 In dang'rous parley, list'ning oft', and oft'
 Gazing with reckless passion, while its garb
 The spectre heightens, and its pompous tale
 Repeats with some new circumstance to suit
 That early tincture of the hearer's soul. 465
 And should the guardian Reason but for one
 Short moment yield to this illusive scene

His ear and eye, th' intoxicating charm
 Involves him, till no longer he discerns,
 Or only guides to err. Then revel forth 470
 A furious band, that spurn him from the throne,
 And all is uproar: hence Ambition climbs
 With sliding feet and hands impure to grasp
 Those solemn toys which glitter in his view
 On Fortune's rugged steep; hence pale Revenge 475
 Unsheaths her murd'rous dagger; Rapine hence,
 And envious Lust, by venal Fraud upborne,
 Surmount the rev'rend barrier of the laws,
 Which kept them from their prey: hence all the crimes
 That e'er defil'd the earth, and all the plagues 480
 That follow them for vengeance, in the guise
 Of honour, safety, pleasure, ease, or pomp,
 Stole first into the fond believing mind.

Yet not by Fancy's witchcraft on the brain
 Are always the tumult'ous passions driv'n 485
 To guilty deeds, nor Reason bound in chains
 That Vice alone may lord it: oft' adorn'd
 With motley pageants Folly mounts his throne,
 And plays her idiot antics like a queen.
 A thousand garbs she wears, a thousand ways 490
 She whirls her giddy empire.—Lo, thus far
 With bold adventure to the Mantuan lyre
 I sing for contemplation link'd with love
 A pensive theme: now haply should my song
 Unbend that serious count'nance, and learn 495
 Thalia's tripping gait, her shrill-ton'd voice,
 Her wiles familiar, whether scorn she darts
 In wanton ambush from her lip or eye,
 Or whether with a sad disguise of care
 O'er-mantling her gay brow she acts in sport 500
 The deeds of Folly, and from all sides round
 Calls forth impetuous Laughter's gay rebuke,
 Her province. But thro' every comic scene
 To lead my Muse with her light pencil arm'd,
 Thro' every swift occasion which the hand 505
 Of Laughter points at when the mirthful sting
 Distends her lab'ring sides and chokes her tongue,

Were endless as to sound each grating note
 With which the rooks and chatt'ring daws, and grave
 Unwieldy inmates of the village pond, 510
 The changing seasons of the sky proclaim,
 Sun, cloud, or show'r. Suffice it to have said,
 Where'r the pow'r of Ridicule displays
 Her quaint-ey'd visage, some incongr'ous form,
 Some stubborn dissonance of things combin'd, 515
 Strikes on her quick perception, whether Pomp,
 Or Praise, or Beauty, be dragg'd in, and shown
 Where sordid fashions, where ignoble deeds,
 Where foul Deformity, is wont to dwell;
 Or whether these with shrewd and wayward spite 520
 Invade resplendent Pomp's imperious mien,
 The charms of Beauty or the boast of Praise.

Ask we for what fair end th' Almighty Sire
 In mortal bosoms stirs this gay contempt,
 These grateful pangs of laughter, from disgust 525
 Educ'ing pleasure? Wherefore but to aid
 The tardy steps of Reason, and at once
 By this prompt impulse urge us to depress
 Wild Folly's aims? for tho' the sober light
 Of Truth, slow dawning on the watchful mind, 530
 At length unfolds, thro' many a subtle tie,
 How these uncouth disorders end at last
 In public evil, yet benignant Heav'n,
 Conscious how dim the dawn of truth appears
 To thousands, conscious what a scanty pause 535
 From labour and from care the wider lot
 Of humble life affords for studious thought
 To scan the maze of Nature, therefore stamp'd
 These glaring scenes with characters of scorn,
 As broad, as obvious, to the passing clown 540
 As to the letter'd sage's curious eye.

But other evils o'er the steps of man
 Thro' all his walks impend, against whose might
 The slender darts of laughter nought avail;
 A trivial warfare. Some like cruel guards 545
 On Nature's ever-moving throne attend,
 With mischief arm'd for him whoe'er shall thwart

The path of her inexorable wheels,
 While she pursues the work that must be done
 Thro' ocean, earth, and air: hence frequent forms
 Of woe; the merchant with his wealthy bark 551
 Bury'd by dashing waves, the traveller
 Pierc'd by the pointed lightning in his haste,
 And the poor husbandman with folded arms
 Surveying his lost labours, and a heap 555
 Of blasted chaff, the product of the field,
 Whence he expected bread. But worse than these
 I deem, far worse, that other race of ills
 Which humankind rear up among themselves,
 That horrid offspring which misgovern'd Will 560
 Bears to fantastic Error; Vices, Crimes,
 Furies that curse the earth, and make the blows,
 The heaviest blows, of Nature's innocent hand
 Seem sport; which are indeed but as the care
 Of a wise parent who solicits good 565
 To all her house, tho' haply at the price
 Of tears, and froward wailing, and reproach,
 From some unthinking child, whom not the less
 Its mother destines to be happy still.
 These sources then of pain, this double lot 570
 Of evil in th' inheritance of man,
 Requir'd for his protection no slight force,
 No careless watch, and therefore was his breast
 Fenc'd round with passions quick to be alarm'd,
 Or stubborn to oppose; with fear more swift 575
 Than beacons catching flame from hill to hill
 Where armies land, with anger uncontroll'd
 As the young lion bounding on his prey,
 With sorrow that locks up the struggling heart,
 And shame that overcasts the drooping eye 580
 As with a cloud of lightning. These the part
 Perform of eager monitors, and good
 The soul more sharply than with points of steel
 Her enemies to shun or to resist:
 And as those passions that converse with good 585
 Are good themselves, as hope, and love, and joy,
 Among the fairest and the sweetest boons

Of life we rightly count, so these which guard
 Against invading evil still excite
 Some pain, some tumult ; these within the mind 590
 Too oft' admitted, or too long retain'd,
 Shock their frail seat, and, by their uncurb'd rage,
 To savages more fell than Lybia breeds
 Transform themselves, till human thought becomes
 A gloomy ruin, haunt of shapes unblest'd, 595
 Of self-tormenting fiends, Horror, Despair,
 Hatred, and wicked Envy, foes to all
 The works of Nature and the gifts of Heav'n.

But when thro' blameless paths to righteous ends
 Those keener passions urge th' awaken'd soul, 600
 I would not as ungracious violence
 Their sway describe, nor from their free career
 The fellowship of Pleasure quite exclude:
 For what can render to the self-approv'd
 Their temper void of comfort, tho' in pain ? 605
 Who knows not with what majesty divine
 The forms of Truth and Justice to the mind
 Appear, ennobling oft' the sharpest woe
 With triumph and rejoicing ? Who, that bears
 A human bosom, hath not often felt 610
 How dear are all those ties which bind our race
 In gentleness together, and how sweet
 Their force, let Fortune's wayward hand the while
 Be kind or cruel ? Ask the faithful youth
 Why the cold urn of her whom long he lov'd 615
 So often fills his arms, so often draws
 His lonely footsteps, silent and unseen,
 To pay the mournful tribute of his tears ?
 Oh ! he will tell thee that the wealth of worlds
 Should ne'er seduce his bosom to forego 620
 Those sacred hours, when, stealing from the noise
 Of care and envy, sweet remembrance soothes
 With virtue's kindest looks his aking breast,
 And turns his tears to rapture. Ask the crowd
 Which flies impatient from the village walk 625
 To climb the neighb'ring cliffs, when far below
 The savage winds have hurl'd upon the coast

Some helpless bark, while holy Pity melts
The gen'ral eye, or Terror's icy hand
Smites their distorted limbs and horrent hair, 630
While ev'ry mother closer to her breast
Catcheth her child, and pointing where the waves
Foam thro' the shatter'd vessel, thricks aloud
As one poor wretch, who spreads his piteous arms
For succour, swallow'd by the roaring surge, 635
As now another dash'd against the rock
Drops lifeless down. O! deemest thou indeed
No pleasing influence here by Nature giv'n
To mutual terror and Compassion's tears?
No tender charm mysterious, which attracts 640
O'er all that edge of pain the social pow'rs
To this their proper action and their end?
Ask thy own heart, when at the midnight hour
Slow thro' that pensive gloom thy pausing eye,
Led by the glimm'ring taper, moves around 645
The rev'rend volumes of the dead, the songs
Of Grecian bards, and records writ by Fame
For Grecian heroes, where the Sov'ran Pow'r
Of heav'n and earth surveys th' immortal page,
Even as a father meditating all 650
The praises of his son, and bids the rest
Of mankind there the fairest model learn
Of their own nature, and the noblest deeds
Which yet the world hath seen: if then thy soul
Join in the lot of those diviner men, 655
Say, when the prospect darkens on thy view,
When, sunk by many a wound, heroic states
Mourn in the dust, and tremble at the frown
Of hard Ambition; when the gen'rous band
Of youths who fought for freedom and their fires 660
Lie side by side in death; when brutal Force
Usurps the throne of Justice, turns the pomp
Of guardian pow'r, the majesty of rule,
The sword, the laurel, and the purple robe,
To poor dishonest pageants, to adorn 665
A robber's walk, and glitter in the eyes
Of such as bow the knee; when beauteous works,

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Rewards of virtue, sculptur'd forms, which deck'd
 With more than human grace the warrior's arch
 Or patriot's tomb, now victims to appease 670
 Tyrannic Envy, strew the common path
 With awful ruins; when the Muses' haunt,
 The marble Porch where Wisdom, wont to talk
 With Socrates or Tully, hears no more
 Save the hoarse jargon of contentious monks, 675
 Or female Superstition's midnight pray'r;
 When ruthless Havock from the hand of Time
 Tears the destroying scythe, with surer stroke
 To mow the monuments of glory down,
 Till Desolation o'er the grass-grown street 680
 Expands her raven wings, and from the gate
 Where senates once the weal of nations plann'd,
 Hisseth the gliding snake thro' hoary weeds
 That clasp the mould'ring column: thus when all
 The widely mournful scene is fix'd within 685
 Thy throbbing bosom, when the patriot's tear
 Starts from thine eye, and thy extended arm
 In fancy hurls the thunderbolt of Jove
 To fire the impious wreath on Philip's brow,
 Or dash Octavius from the trophy'd car, 690
 Say, doth thy secret soul repine to taste
 The big distress? or wouldst thou then exchange
 Those heart-ennobling sorrows for the lot
 Of him who sits amid the gaudy herd
 Of silent flatt'ers bending to his nod, 695
 And o'er them like a giant casts his eye,
 And says within himself, "I am a king,
 "And wherefore should the clam'rous voice of Woe
 "Intrude upon mine ear?" The dregs corrupt
 Of barb'rous ages, that Circean draught 700
 Of servitude and folly, have not yet,
 Bless'd be th' Eternal Ruler of the world!
 Yet have not so dishonour'd, so deform'd,
 The native judgment of the human soul,
 Nor so effac'd the image of her Sire. 705

THE
PLEASURES OF IMAGINATION.

BOOK III.

MDCCLXX.

WHAT tongue then may explain the various fate
Which reigns o'er earth? or who to mortal eyes
Illustrate this perplexing labyrinth
Of joy and woe thro' which the feet of man
Are doom'd to wander? That Eternal Mind, 5
From passions, wants, and envy, far estrang'd,
Who built the spacious univ'rie, and deck'd
Each part so richly with whate'er pertains
To life, to health, to pleasure, why bad he
The viper Evil creeping in pollute 10
The goodly scene, and with insidious rage,
While the poor inmate looks around and smiles,
Dart her fell sting with poison to his soul?
Hard is the question, and from ancient days
Hath still oppress'd with care the sage's thought, 15
Hath drawn forth accents from the poet's lyre
Too sad, too deeply plaintive; nor did e'er
Those chiefs of humankind, from whom the light
Of heav'nly truth first gleam'd on barb'rous lands,
Forget this dreadful secret, when they told 20
What wondrous things had to their favour'd eyes
And ears on cloudy mountain been reveal'd,
Or in deep cave by nymph or pow'r divine,
Portentous oft' and wild: yet one I know,
Could I the speech of lawgivers assume, 25
One old and splendid tale I would record,
With which the Muse of Solon in sweet strains
Adorn'd this theme profound, and render'd all
Its darkness, all its terrors, bright as noon,
Or gentle as the golden star of eve. 30
Who knows not Solon? last and wisest far
Of those whom Greece triumphant in the height
Of glory styl'd her Fathers? him whose voice
Thro' Athens hush'd the storm of civil wrath,

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Taught envious Want and cruel Wealth to join 35
In friendship, and with sweet compulsion tam'd
Minerva's eager people to his laws,
Which their own goddess in his breast inspir'd?

'Twas now the time when his heroic task
Seem'd but perform'd in vain, when, sooth'd by years
Of flatt'ring service, the fond multitude 41
Hung with their sudden counsels on the breath
Of great Pisistratus, that chief renown'd,
Whom Hermes and th' Idalian queen had train'd
E'en from his birth to ev'ry pow'rful art 45
Of pleasing and persuading, from whose lips
Flow'd eloquence which like the vows of love
Could steal away suspicion from the hearts
Of all who listen'd. Thus from day to day
He won the gen'ral suffrage, and beheld 50
Each rival overshadow'd and depress'd
Beneath his ampler state, yet oft complain'd
As one less kindly treated, who had hop'd
To merit favour, but submits perforce
To find another's services preferr'd, 55
Nor yet relaxeth aught of faith or zeal.
Then tales were scatter'd of his envious foes,
Of snares that watch'd his fame, of daggers aim'd
Against his life. At last, with trembling limbs,
His hair diffus'd and wild, his garments loose, 60
And stain'd with blood from self-inflicted wounds,
He burst into the public place, as there,
There only, were his refuge, and declar'd
In broken words, with sighs of deep regret,
The mortal danger he had scarce repell'd. 65
Fir'd with his tragic tale, th' indignant crowd,
To guard his steps, forthwith a menial band,
Array'd beneath his eye for deeds of war,
Decree: O still too lib'ral of their trust,
And oft' betray'd by over-grateful love, 70
The gen'rous people! Now behold him fenc'd
By mercenary weapons, like a king
Forth issuing from the city-gate at eve
To seek his rural mansion, and with pomp

Crowding the public road. The swain stops short, 75
And sighs; th' officious townsmen stand at gaze,
And shrinking give the fullen pageant room.

Yet not the less obsequious was his brow,
Nor less profuse of courteous words his tongue,
Of gracious gifts his hand, the while by stealth, 80

Like a small torrent fed with ev'ning show'rs,
His train increas'd; till at that fatal time,
Just as the public eye, with doubt and shame

Startled, began to question what it saw,
Swift as the sound of earthquakes rush'd a voice 85
Thro' Athens, that Pisistratus had fill'd

The rocky citadel with hostile arms,
Had barr'd the steep ascent, and sat within
Amid his hirelings meditating death

To all whose stubborn necks his yoke refus'd. 90
Where then was Solon? After ten long years
Of absence, full of haste, from foreign shores

The sage, the lawgiver, had now arriv'd,
Arriv'd, alas! to see that Athens, that
Fair temple rais'd by him, and sacred call'd 95

To Liberty and Concord, now profan'd
By savage hate, or sunk into a den
Of slaves, who crouch beneath the master's scourge,

And deprecate his wrath and court his chains.
Yet did not the wise patriot's grief impede 100
His virt'ous will, nor was his heart inclin'd

One moment with such womanlike distress
To view the transient storms of civil war,
As thence to yield his country and her hopes

To all-devouring bondage. His bright helm, 105
E'en while the traitor's impious act is told,
He buckles on his hoary head, he girds

With mail his stooping breast, the shield, the spear,
He snatcheth, and with swift indignant strides
Th' assembled people seeks, proclaims aloud 110

It was no time for counsel, in their spears
Lay all their prudence now; the tyrant yet
Was not so firmly seated on his throne,

But that one shock of their united force

Would dash him from the summit of his pride 115
 Headlong and grov'ling in the dust. What else
 Can reassert the lost Athenian name,
 So cheaply to the laughter of the world
 Betray'd, by guile beneath an infant's faith
 So mock'd and scorn'd? Away then; Freedom now
 And Safety dwell not but with fame in arms; 121
 Myself will shew you where their mansion lies,
 And thro' the walks of danger or of death
 Conduct you to them. While he spake, thro' all
 Their crowded ranks his quick sagacious eye 125
 He darted, where no cheerful voice was heard
 Of social daring, no stretch'd arm was seen
 Hast'ning their common task, but pale mistrust
 Wrinkled each brow: they shook their heads, and down
 Their slack hands hung: cold sighs and whisper'd
 doubts 130

From breath to breath stole round. The sage mean-time
 Look'd speechless on, while his big bosom heav'd
 Struggling with shame and sorrow, till at last
 A tear broke forth; and "O immortal Shades! 134
 "O Theseus!" he exclaim'd, "O Codrus! where,
 "Where are ye now? behold for what ye toil'd
 "Thro' life! behold for whom ye chose to die!"
 No more he added, but with lonely steps,
 Weary and slow, his silver beard depress'd,
 And his stern eyes bent heedless on the ground, 140
 Back to his silent dwelling he repair'd;
 There o'er the gate his armour, as a man
 Whom from the service of the war his chief
 Dismisseth after no inglorious toil,
 He fix'd in gen'ral view: one wishful look 145
 He sent unconscious tow'rd the public place
 At parting, then beneath his quiet roof,
 Without a word; without a sigh, retir'd.

Scarce had the morrow's sun his golden rays
 From sweet Hymettus darted o'er the fanes 150
 Of Cecrops to the Salaminian shores,
 When lo! on Solon's threshold met the feet
 Of four Athenians, by the same sad care

PLEASURES OF IMAGINATION.

119

Conducted all, than whom the state beheld
 None nobler. First came Megacles, the son 155
 Of great Alcmeon, whom the Lydian king,
 The mild unhappy Cræsus, in his days
 Of glory, had with costly gifts adorn'd,
 Fair vessels, splendid garments, tinctur'd webs,
 And heaps of treasur'd gold, beyond the lot 160
 Of many sovrans; thus requiting well
 That hospitable favour which erewhile
 Alcmeon to his messengers had shewn,
 Whom he with off'rings worthy of the god
 Sent from his throne in Sardis to revere 165
 Apollo's Delphic shrine. With Megacles
 Approach'd his son, whom Agarista bore,
 The virtuous child of Clisthenes, whose hand
 Of Grecian sceptres the most ancient far
 In Sicyon sway'd; but greater fame he drew 170
 From arms controll'd by justice, from the love
 Of the wise Muses, and the unenvy'd wreath
 Which glad Olympia gave; for thither once
 His warlike steeds the hero led, and there
 Contended thro' the tumult of the course 175
 With skilful wheels. Then victor at the goal,
 Amid th' applauses of assembled Greece
 High on his car he stood, and wav'd his arm:
 Silence ensu'd, when straight the herald's voice
 Was heard inviting ev'ry Grecian youth, 180
 Whom Clisthenes content might call his son,
 To visit ere twice thirty days were pass'd
 The towers of Sicyon. There the chief decreed,
 Within the circuit of the following year,
 To join at Hymen's altar, hand in hand 185
 With his fair daughter, him among the guests
 Whom worthiest he should deem. Forthwith from all
 The bounds of Greece th' ambitious wocers came;
 From rich Hesperia; from th' Illyrian shore,
 Where Epidamnus over Adria's surge 190
 Looks on the setting sun; from those brave tribes,
 Chaonian or Molossian, whom the race
 Of great Achilles governs, glorying still

130 PLEASURES OF IMAGINATION.

In Troy o'erthrown; from rough Ætolia, nurse
 Of men who first among the Greeks threw off 195
 The yoke of kings, to commerce and to arms
 Devoted; from Thessalia's fertile meads,
 Where flows Peneus near the lofty walls
 Of Cranon old; from strong Eretria, queen
 Of all Eubœan cites, who sublime 200
 On the steep margin of Euripus views
 Across the tide the Marathonian plain,
 Not yet the haunt of glory: Athens too,
 Minerva's care, among her graceful sons
 Found equal lovers for the princely maid; 205
 Nor was proud Argos wanting; nor the domes
 Of sacred Elis; nor th' Arcadian groves
 That overshadow Alpheus, echoing oft
 Some shepherd's song. But thro' th' illustrious band
 Was none who might with Megacles compare 210
 In all the honours of unblemish'd youth.
 His was the beauteous bride; and now their son,
 Young Clifthenes, betimes at Solon's gate
 Stood anxious, leaning forward on the arm
 Of his great sire, with earnest eyes that ask'd 215
 When the slow hinge would turn, with restless feet,
 And cheeks now pale, now glowing; for his heart
 Throbb'd, full of bursting passions, anger, grief,
 With scorn imbitter'd by the gen'rous boy
 Scarce understood, but which, like noble seeds, 220
 Are destin'd, for his country and himself,
 In riper years, to bring forth fruits divine
 Of liberty and glory. Next appear'd
 Two brave companions, whom one mother bore
 To diff'rent lords, but whom the better ties 225
 Of firm esteem and friendship render'd more
 Than brothers; first Miltiades, who drew
 From godlike Æacus his ancient line,
 That Æacus whose unimpeach'd renown
 For sanctity and justice won the lyre 230
 Of elder bards to celebrate him thron'd
 In Hades o'er the dead, where his decrees
 The guilty soul within the burning gates

PLEASURES OF IMAGINATION.

131

Of Tartarus compel, or send the good
T' inhabit with eternal health and peace 235
The vallies of Elysium. From a stem
So sacred ne'er could worthier scion spring
Than this Miltiades, whose aid ere long
The chiefs of Thrace, already on their way,
Sent by th' inspir'd foreknowing maid who sits 240
Upon the Delphic tripod, shall implore
To wield their sceptre, and the rural wealth
Of fruitful Chersonesus to protect
With arms and laws: but nothing careful now,
Save for his injur'd country, here he stands 245
In deep solicitude with Cimon join'd,
Unconscious both what widely diff'rent lots
Await them, taught by Nature, as they are,
To know one common good, one common ill:
For Cimon not his valour, not his birth, 250
Deriv'd from Codrus, not a thousand gifts
Dealt round him with a wise benignant hand,
No, not th' Olympic olive, by himself
From his own brow transferr'd to soothe the mind
Of this Pisistratus, can long preserve 255
From the fell envy of the tyrant's sons
And their assassin dagger. But if death
Obscure upon his gentle steps attend,
Yet Fate an ample recompence prepares
In his victorious son, that other great 260
Miltiades, who o'er the very throne
Of glory shall with Time's assiduous hand
In adamant characters engrave
The name of Athens, and, by Freedom arm'd
'Gainst the gigantic pride of Asia's king, 265
Shall all th' achievements of the heroes old
Surmount, of Hercules, of all who fail'd
From Theffaly with Jason, all who fought
For empire or for fame at Thebes or Troy.
Such were the patriots who within the porch 270
Of Solon had assembled; but the gate
Now opens, and across the ample floor
Straight they proceed into an open space

Bright with the beams of morn, a verdant spot,
 Where stands a rural altar, pil'd with sods 275
 Cut from the grassy turf, and girt with wreaths
 Of branching palm. Here Solon's self they found
 Clad in a robe of purple pure, and deck'd
 With leaves of olive on his rev'rend brow.
 He bow'd before the altar, and o'er cakes 280
 Of barley from two earthen vessels pour'd
 Of honey and of milk a plenteous stream,
 Calling mean-time the Mules to accept
 His simple off'ring, by no victim ting'd
 With blood, nor sully'd by destroying fire, 285
 But such as for himself Apollo claims
 In his own Delos, where his fav'rite haunt
 Is thence the altar of the Pious nam'd.
 Unseen the guests drew near, and silent view'd
 That worship, till the hero priest his eye 290
 Turn'd tow'rd a seat on which prepar'd there lay
 A branch of laurel; then his friends confess'd
 Before him stood. Backward his step he drew,
 As loth that care or tumult should approach
 Those early rights divine; but soon their looks 295
 So anxious, and their hands held forth with such
 Desponding gesture, bring him on perforce
 To speak to their affliction. "Are ye come,"
 He cry'd, "to mourn with me this common shame?
 "Or ask ye some new effort which may break 300
 "Our fetters? Know then of the public cause,
 "Not for yon' traitor's cunning or his might,
 "Do I despair; nor could I wish from Jove
 "Aught dearer than at this late hour of life,
 "As once by laws so now by strenuous arms, 305
 "From impious violation to assert
 "The rights our fathers left us. But, alas!
 "What arms? or who shall wield them? Ye beheld
 "Th' Athenian people. Many bitter days
 "Must pass, and many wounds from cruel Pride 310
 "Be felt, ere yet their partial hearts find room
 "For just resentment, or their hands endure
 "To smite this tyrant brood, so near to all

PLEASURES OF IMAGINATION. 133

" Their hopes, so oft' admir'd, so long belov'd.
 " That time will come however. Be it yours 315
 " To watch its fair approach, and urge it on
 " With honest prudence: me it ill beseems
 " Again to supplicate th' unwilling crowd
 " To rescue from a vile deceiver's hold
 " That envy'd pow'r which once with eager zeal
 " They offer'd to myself; nor can I plunge 321
 " In counsels deep and various, nor prepare
 " For distant wars, thus fault'ring as I tread
 " On life's last verge, ere long to join the shades
 " Of Minos and Lycurgus. But behold 325
 " What care employs me now. My vows I pay
 " To the sweet Muses, teachers of my youth,
 " And solace of my age. If right I deem
 " Of the still voice that whispers at my heart, 329
 " Th' immortal Sisters have not quite withdrawn
 " Their old harmonious influence. Let your tongues
 " With sacred silence favour what I speak,
 " And haply shall my faithful lips be taught
 " T' unfold celestial counsels, which may arm
 " As with impenetrable steel your breasts 335
 " For the long strife before you, and repel
 " The darts of adverse Fate." He said, and snatch'd
 The laurel bough, and sat in silence down,
 Fix'd, wrapp'd in solemn musing, full before
 The sun, who now from all his radiant orb 340
 Drove the gray clouds, and pour'd his genial light
 Upon the breast of Solon. Solon rais'd
 Aloft the leafy rod, and thus began:
 " Ye beauteous offspring of Olympian Jove
 " And Memory divine, Pierian Maids! 345
 " Hear me propitious. In the morn of life,
 " When hope shone bright and all the prospect smil'd,
 " To your sequester'd mansion oft' my steps
 " Were turn'd, O Muses! and within your gate
 " My off'rings paid. Ye taught me then with strains
 " Of flowing harmony to soften War's 351
 " Dire voice, or in fair colours, that might charm
 " The public eye, to cloath the form austere

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" Of civil counsel. Now my feeble age
 " Neglected, and supplanted of the hope 355
 " On which it lean'd, yet sinks not, but to you,
 " To your mild wisdom, flies, refuge belov'd
 " Of solitude and silence. Ye can teach
 " The visions of my bed whate'er the gods
 " In the rude ages of the world inspir'd, 360
 " Or the first heroes acted; ye can make
 " The morning light more gladsome to my sense
 " Than ever it appear'd to active youth
 " Pursuing careless pleasure; ye can give
 " To this long leisure, these unheeded hours, 365
 " A labour as sublime as when the sons
 " Of Athens throng'd, and speechless round me stood,
 " To hear pronounc'd for all their future deeds
 " The bounds of right and wrong. Celestial Powr's!
 " I feel that ye are near me; and behold 370
 " To meet your energy divine I bring
 " A high and sacred theme, nor less than those
 " Which to th' eternal custody of Fame
 " Your lips intrusted, when of old ye deign'd
 " With Orpheus or with Homer to frequent 375
 " The groves of Hemus or the Chian shore.
 " Ye know, harmonious Maids! (for what of all
 " My various life was e'er from you estrang'd?)
 " Oft' hath my solitary song to you
 " Reveal'd that duteous pride which turn'd my steps
 " To willing exile, earnest to withdraw 381
 " From envy and the disappointed thirst
 " Of lucre, left the bold familiar strife
 " Which in the eye of Athens they upheld
 " Against her legislator, should impair 385
 " With trivial doubt the rev'rence of his laws:
 " To Egypt therefore thro' th' Ægean isles
 " My course I steer'd, and by the banks of Nile
 " Dwelt in Canopus; thence the hallow'd domes
 " Of Sais, and the rites to Isis paid, 390
 " I sought, and in her temple's silent courts
 " Thro' many changing moons attentive heard
 " The venerable Sonchis, while his tongue

- " At morn or midnight the deep story told
 " Of her who represents whate'er has been, 395
 " Or is, or shall be, whose mysterious veil
 " No mortal hand hath ever yet remov'd.
 " By him exhorted, southward to the walls
 " Of On I pass'd, the city of the Sun,
 " The ever youthful god : 'twas there, amid 400
 " His priests and sages, who the livelong night
 " Watch the dread movements of the starry sphere,
 " Or who in wondrous fables half disclose
 " The secrets of the elements, it was there
 " That great Psenophis taught my raptur'd ears 405
 " The fame of old Atlantis, of her chiefs,
 " And her pure laws, the first which earth obey'd.
 " Deep in my bosom sunk the noble tale ;
 " And often while I listen'd did my mind
 " Foretell with what delight her own free lyre 410
 " Should some time for an Attic audience raise
 " Anew that lofty scene, and from their tombs
 " Call forth those ancient demigods to speak
 " Of justice and the hidden providence
 " That walk among mankind. But yet mean-time
 " The mystic pomp of Ammon's gloomy sons 416
 " Became less pleasing : with contempt I gaz'd
 " On that tame garb, and those unvarying paths,
 " To which the double yoke of king and priest
 " Had cramp'd the fullen race. At last, with hymns
 " Invoking our own Pallas and the gods 421
 " Of cheerful Greece, a glad farewell I gave
 " To Egypt, and before the southern wind
 " Spread my full sails. What climes I then survey'd,
 " What fortunes I encounter'd in the realm 425
 " Of Croesus, or upon the Cyprian shore,
 " The Muse who prompts my bosom doth not now
 " Consent that I reveal. But when at length
 " Ten times the sun returning from the south
 " Had strow'd with flowr's the verdant earth, and fill'd
 " The groves with music, pleas'd I then beheld 431
 " The term of those long errors drawing nigh.
 " Nor yet, I said, will I sit down withi

- " The walls of Athens till my feet have trod
" The Cretan soil, have pierc'd those rev'rend haunts
" Whence Law and civil Concord issu'd forth 436
" As from their ancient home; and still to Greece
" Their wisest, loftiest discipline proclaim.
" Straight where Amnisus, mart of wealthy ships,
" Appears beneath fam'd Gnosus and her tow'rs,
" Like the fair handmaid of a stately queen, 441
" I check'd my prow, and thence with eager steps
" The city of Minos enter'd. O ye gods!
" Who taught the leaders of the simpler time
" By written words to curb the untow'rd will 445
" Of mortals, how within that gen'rous isle
" Have ye the triumphs of your pow'r display'd
" Munificent! Those splendid merchants, lords
" Of traffic and the sea, with what delight
" I saw them at their public meal, like sons 450
" Of the same household, join the plainer sort,
" Whose wealth was only freedom! whence to these
" Vile envy and to those fantastic pride
" Alike was strange; but noble concord still
" Cherish'd the strength untam'd, the rustic faith,
" Of their first fathers. Then the growing race, 456
" How pleasing to behold them in their schools,
" Their sports, their labours, ever plac'd within,
" O shade of Minos! thy controlling eye!
" Here was a docile band in tuneful tones 460
" Thy laws pronouncing, or with lofty hymns
" Praising the bounteous gods; or, to preserve
" Their country's heroes from oblivious night,
" Resounding what the Muse inspir'd of old:
" There on the verge of manhood others met 465
" In heavy armour thro' the heats of noon
" To march, the rugged mountain's height to climb
" With measur'd swiftness, from the hard-bent bow
" To send resiftless arrows to their mark,
" Or for the fame of prowess to contend, 470
" Now wrestling, now with fists and staves oppos'd,
" Now with the biting falchion, and the fence
" Of br^{ass} shields, while still the warbling flute

" Presided o'er the combat, breathing strains
 " Grave, solemn, soft, and changing headlong spite
 " To thoughtful resolution cool and clear. 476
 " Such I beheld those islanders renown'd,
 " So tutor'd from their birth to meet in war
 " Each bold invader, and in peace to guard
 " That living flame of rev'rence for their laws, 480
 " Which nor the storms of Fortune, nor the flood
 " Of foreign wealth diffus'd o'er all the land,
 " Could quench or slacken. First of human names
 " In ev'ry Cretan's heart was Minos' still;
 " And holiest far of what the sun surveys 485
 " Thro' his whole course were those primeval seats
 " Which with religious footsteps he had taught
 " Their fires t' approach, the wild Dætean cave
 " Where Jove was born, the ever verdant meads
 " Of Ida, and the spacious grotto where 490
 " His active youth he pass'd, and where his throne
 " Yet stands mysterious, whither Minos came
 " Each ninth returning year, the king of gods
 " And mortals, there in secret to consult
 " On justice, and the tables of his law 495
 " T' inscribe anew: oft' also with like zeal
 " Great Rhea's mansion from the Gnosian gates
 " Men visit, nor less oft' the antic fane
 " Built on that sacred spot along the banks
 " Of shady Theron, where benignant Jove 500
 " And his majestic consort join'd their hands,
 " And spoke their nuptial vows. Alas! it was there
 " That the dire fame of Athens sunk in bonds
 " I first receiv'd, what time an annual feast
 " Had summon'd all the genial country round 505
 " By sacrifice and pomp to bring to mind
 " That first great spousal, while the enamour'd youths
 " And virgins with the priest before the shrine
 " Observe the same pure ritual, and invoke 509
 " The same glad omens. There among the crowd
 " Of strangers from those naval cities drawn
 " Which deck like gems the island's northern shore,
 " A merchant of Ægina I descri'd,

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" My ancient host ; but forward as I sprung
 " To meet him, he with dark dejected brow 515
 " Stoop'd half averse ; and, " O Athenian guest !
 He said, " art thou in Crete these joyful rites
 " Partaking ? Know thy laws are blotted out ;
 " Thy Country kneels before a Tyrant's throne."
 " He added names of men, with hostile deeds 520
 " Disastrous, which obscure and indistinct
 " I heard ; for while he spake my heart grew cold,
 " And my eyes dim ; the altars and their train
 " No more were present to me ; how I far'd,
 " Or whither turn'd, I know not, nor recall 525
 " Aught of those moments, other than the sense
 " Of one who struggles in oppressive sleep,
 " And from the toils of some distressful dream
 " To break away, with palpitating heart, 529
 " Weak limbs, and temples bath'd in deathlike dew,
 " Makes many a painful effort. When at last
 " The sun and Nature's face again appear'd,
 " Not far I found me, where the public path
 " Winding thro' cypress groves and swelling meads
 " From Gnosus to the cave of Jove ascends : 535
 " Heedless I follow'd on, till soon the skirts
 " Of Ida rose before me, and the vault
 " Wide op'ning pierc'd the mountain's rocky side.
 " Ent'ring within the threshold, on the ground
 " I flung me, sad, faint, overworn with toil. 540

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THE
BEGINNING OF THE FOURTH BOOK
OF THE
PLEASURES OF IMAGINATION.

MDCCCLXX.

ONE effort more, one chearful sally more,
Our destin'd course will finish ; and in peace
Then for an off'ring sacred to the pow'rs
Who lent us gracious guidance, we will then
Inscribe a monument of deathless praise, 5
O my advent'rous Song ! With steady speed
Long hast thou, on an untry'd voyage bound,
Sail'd between earth and heav'n ; hast now survey'd
Stretch'd out beneath thee all the mazy tracks
Of passion and opinion, like a waste 10
Of sands, and flow'ry lawns, and tangling woods,
Where mortals roam bewilder'd ; and hast now
Exulting soar'd among the worlds above,
Or hover'd near th' eternal gates of heav'n,
If haply the discourses of the gods 15
A curious but an unpresuming guest
Thou might'st partake, and carry back some strain
Of divine wisdom, lawful to repeat,
And apt to be conceiv'd, of man below.
A diff'rent task remains, the secret paths 20
Of early genius to explore, to trace
Those haunts where Fancy her predestin'd sons,
Like to the demi-gods of old, doth nurse
Remote from eyes profane. Ye happy souls !
Who now her tender discipline obey, 25
Where dwell ye ? what wild river's brink at eve
Imprint your steps ? what solemn groves at noon
Use ye to visit, often breaking forth
In rapture 'mid your dilatory walk,
Or musing as in slumber on the green ? 30
—Would I again were with you !—O ye Dales
Of Tyne ! and ye most ancient Woodlands ! where
Ofit' as the giant flood obliquely strides,

And his banks open and his lawns extend,
 Stops short the pleased traveller to view 35
 Presiding o'er the scene some rustic tow'r
 Founded by Norman or by Saxon hands ;
 O ye Northumbrian shades ! which overlook
 The rocky pavement and the mossy falls
 Of solitary Wensbeck's limpid stream, 40
 How gladly I recall your well-known seats
 Belov'd of old, and that delightful time
 When all alone, for many a summer's day,
 I wander'd thro' your calm recesses, led
 In silence by some pow'rful hand unseen. 45

Nor will I e'er forget you ; nor shall e'er
 The graver tasks of manhood, or th' advice
 Of vulgar wisdom, move me to disclaim—
 Those studies which possess'd me in the dawn
 Of life, and fix'd the colour of my mind 50
 For ev'ry future year ; whence even now
 From sleep I rescue the clear hours of morn,
 And while the world around lies overwhelm'd
 In idle darkness, am alive to thoughts
 Of honourable fame, of truth divine 55
 Or moral, and of minds to virtue won
 By the sweet magic of harmonious verse,
 The themes which now expect us. For thus far
 On gen'ral habits, and on arts which grow
 Spontaneous in the minds of all mankind, 60
 Hath dwelt our argument ; and how self-taught,
 Tho' seldom conscious of their own employ,
 In Nature's or in Fortune's changeful scene,
 Men learn to judge of beauty, and acquire
 Those forms set up as idols in the soul 65
 For love and zealous praise. Yet indistinct
 In vulgar bosoms and unnotic'd lie
 These pleasing stores, unless the casual force
 Of things external prompt the heedless mind
 To recognize her wealth. But some there are 70
 Conscious of Nature, and the rule which man
 O'er Nature holds ; some who, within themselves
 Retiring from the trivial scenes of chance

PLEASURES OF IMAGINATION.

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And momentary passion, can at will
 Call up these fair exemplars of the mind, 75
 Review their features, scan the secret laws
 Which bind them to each other, and display,
 By forms, or sounds, or colours, to the sense
 Of all the world, their latent charms display;
 E'en as in Nature's frame (if such a word, 80
 If such a word, so bold, may from the lips
 Of man proceed) as in the outward frame
 Of things the Great Artificer portrays
 His own immense idea. Various names
 These among mortals bear, as various signs 85
 They use, and by peculiar organs speak
 To human sense. There are who, by the flight
 Of air thro' tubes with moving stops distinct,
 Or by extended chords in measure taught
 To vibrate, can assemble pow'rful sounds, 90
 Expressing ev'ry temper of the mind
 From ev'ry cause, and charming all the soul
 With passion void of care: others mean-time
 The rugged mass of metal, wood, or stone,
 Patiently taming, or with easier hand 95
 Describing lines, and with more ample scope
 Uniting colours, can to gen'ral sight
 Produce those permanent and perfect forms,
 Those characters of heroes and of gods,
 Which from the crude materials of the world 100
 Their own high minds created. But the chief
 Are poets, eloquent men, who dwell on earth
 To clothe whate'er the soul admires or loves
 With language and with numbers: hence to these
 A field is open'd wide as Nature's sphere, 105
 Nay wider; various as the sudden acts
 Of human wit, and vast as the demands
 Of human will. The bard nor length, nor depth,
 Nor place, nor form, controuls. To eyes, to ears,
 To ev'ry organ of the copious mind, 110
 He offereth all its treasures. Him the hours,
 The seasons him, obey; and changeful Time
 Sees him at will keep measure with his flight,

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At will outstrip it. To enhance his toil,
 He summoneth from th' uttermost extent 115
 Of things which God hath taught him ev'ry form
 Auxiliar, ev'ry pow'r, and all beside
 Excludes imperious. His prevailing hand
 Gives to corporeal essence life and sense,
 And ev'ry stately function of the soul. 120
 The soul itself to him obsequious lies,
 Like matter's passive heap, and, as he wills,
 To reason and affection he assigns
 Their just alliances, their just degrees ;
 Whence his peculiar honours, whence the race 125
 Of men who people his delightful world,
 Men genuine and according to themselves,
 Transcend as far th' uncertain sons of earth,
 As earth itself to his delightful world
 The palm of spotless beauty doth resign. 130
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ODES ON SEVERAL SUBJECTS.

IN TWO BOOKS.

BOOK I. ODE I.

PREFACE.

I.

ON yonder verdant hillock laid,
Where oaks and elms, a friendly shade!
O'erlook the falling stream,
O master of the Latin lyre!
A while with thee will I retire,
From Summer's noontide beam.

6

II.

And lo! within my lonely bow'r
Th' industrious bee, from many a flow'r,
Collects her balmy dews;
"For me," she sings, "the gems are born,
"For me their silken robe adorn,
"Their fragrant breath diffuse."

12

III.

Sweet Murmurer! may no rude storm
This hospitable scene deform,
Nor check thy gladsome toils;
Still may the buds unsully'd spring,
Still show'rs and sunshine court thy wing
To these ambrosial spoils.

18

IV.

Nor shall my Muse hereafter fail
Her fellow-lab'rer thee to hail,
And lucky be the strains!
For long ago did Nature frame
Your seasons and your arts the same,
Your pleasures and your pains.

24

V.

Like thee, in lowly sylvan scenes,
On river-banks and flow'ry greens,
My Muse delighted plays,
Nor thro' the desert or the air,
Tho' swans or eagles triumph there,
With fond ambition strays;

30

VI.

Nor where the boding raven chaunts,
 Nor near the owl's unhallow'd haunts,
 Will she her cares employ;
 But flies from ruins and from tombs,
 From Superstition's horrid glooms,
 To daylight and to joy.

36

VII.

Nor will she tempt the barren waste,
 Nor deigns the lurking strength to taste
 Of any noxious thing;
 But leaves with scorn to Envy's use
 Th' insipid nightshade's baneful juice,
 The nettle's fordid sting.

42

VIII.

From all which Nature fairest knows,
 The vernal blooms, the summer rose,
 She draws her blameless wealth;
 And when the gen'rous task is done,
 She consecrates a double boon
 To pleasure and to health.

48

ODE II.

ON THE WINTER SOLSTICE, MDCCXL.

I.

THE radiant ruler of the year
 At length his wintry goal attains,
 Seems to reverse the long career,
 And northward bend his steady reins.
 Now piercing half Potosi's height,
 Prone rush the fiery floods of light,
 Rip'ning the mountain's silver stores,
 While in some cavern's horrid shade
 The panting Indian hides his head,
 And oft' th' approach of eve implores.

5

10

II.

But lo! on this deserted coast
 How pale the sun, how thick the air!
 Must'ring his storms, a fordid host!
 Lo! Winter desolates the year.

ODES.

145

The fields resign their latest bloom,
 No more the breezes waft perfume,
 No more the streams in music roll,
 But snows fall dark, or rains resound,
 And while great Nature mourns around
 Her griefs infect the human soul. 20

III.

Hence the loud city's busy throngs
 Urge the warm bowl and splendid fire;
 Harmonious dances, festive songs,
 Against the spiteful heav'n conspire.
 Mean-time perhaps, with tender fears, 25
 Some village-dame the curfew hears,
 While round the hearth her children play:
 At morn their father went abroad;
 The moon is sunk, and deep the road;
 She sighs, and wonders at his stay. 30

IV.

But thou, my Lyre! awake, arise,
 And hail the sun's returning force;
 E'en now he climbs the northern skies,
 And health and hope attend his course.
 Then louder howl th' ærial waste, 35
 Be earth with keener cold embrac'd,
 Yet gentle hours advance their wing,
 And Fancy, mocking Winter's might,
 With flow'rs, and dews, and streaming light,
 Already decks the new-born spring. 40

V.

O Fountain of the golden day!
 Could mortal vows promote thy speed,
 How soon before thy vernal ray
 Should each unkindly damp recede!
 How soon each hov'ring tempest fly, 45
 Whose stores for mischief arm the sky,
 Prompt on our heads to burst amain,
 To rend the forest from the steep,
 Or thund'ring o'er the Baltic deep,
 To 'whelm the merchant's hopes of gain! 50

VI.

But let not man's unequal views
 Presume o'er Nature and her laws;
 'Tis his with grateful joy to use
 Th' indulgence of the Sovran Cause;
 Secure that health and beauty springs, 55
 Thro' this majestic frame of things,
 Beyond what he can reach to know,
 And that Heav'n's all-subduing will
 With good, the progeny of ill,
 Attempt'eth ev'ry state below. 60

VII.

How pleasing wears the wintry night,
 Spent with the old illustrious dead!
 While by the taper's trembling light
 I seem those awful scenes to tread
 Where chiefs or legislators lie, 65
 Whose triumphs move before my eye,
 In arms and antic pomp array'd,
 While now I taste th' Ionian song,
 Now bend to Plato's godlike tongue
 Resounding thro' the olive shade. 70

VIII.

But should some cheerful equal friend
 Bid leave the studious page a while,
 Let Mirth on Wisdom then attend,
 And social Ease on learned Toil;
 Then while at Love's uncared-for shrine 75
 Each dictates to the god of Wine
 Her name whom all his hopes obey,
 What flatt'ring dreams each bosom warm,
 While absence, height'ning ev'ry charm,
 Invokes the slow-returning May! 80

IX.

May, thou delight of heav'n and earth!
 When will thy genial star arise?
 Th' auspicious morn which gives thee birth
 Shall bring Eudora to my eyes.
 Within her sylvan haunt behold, 85
 As in the happy garden old,

ODES.

147

She moves like that primeval fair:
Thither ye silver-sounding Lyres,
Ye tender Smiles, ye chaste Desires!
Fond hope and mutual Faith! repair.

90

X.

And if believing Love can read
His better omens in her eye,
Then shall my fears, O charming Maid!
And ev'ry pain of absence die;
Then shall my jocund harp, attun'd
To thy true ear, with sweeter sound
Pursue the free Horatian song;
Old Tyne shall listen to my tale,
And echo down the bord'ring vale
The liquid melody prolong.

95

100

ODE II.

FOR THE WINTER SOLSTICE.

*December, 11, 1740.**

I.

NOW to the utmost southern goal
The sun has trac'd his annual way,
And backward now prepares to roll,
And bless the North with earlier day.
Prone on Potosi's lofty brow
Floods of sublimer splendour flow,
Ripening the latent seeds of gold,
Whilst panting in the lonely shade,
Th' afflicted Indian hides his head,
Nor dares the blaze of noon behold.

5

10

II.

But lo! on this deserted coast
How faint the light, how chill the air!
Lo! arm'd with whirlwind, hail, and frost,
Fierce winter desolates the year.
The fields resign their cheerful bloom,
No more the breezes breathe perfume,

15

* This Ode was afterwards entirely altered, as may be seen p. 7.---
The Reader will not be displeased to see it as it was originally written.

No more the warbling waters roll;
 Deserts of snow fatigue the eye,
 Successive tempests bloat the sky,
 And gloomy damps oppress the soul. 20

III.

But let my drooping genius rise,
 And hail the sun's remotest ray,
 Now, now he climbs the northern skies
 To-morrow nearer than to-day.
 Then louder howl the stormy waste 25
 By sand and ocean worse defac'd,
 Yet brighter hours are on the wing,
 And Fancy, thro' the wint'ry gloom,
 Radiant with dews and flow'rs in bloom,
 Already hails th' emerging spring. 30

IV.

O Fountain of the golden day!
 Could mortal vows but urge thy speed,
 How soon before the vernal ray
 Should each unkindly damp recede!
 How soon each tempest hov'ring fly, 35
 That now fermenting loads the sky,
 Prompt on our heads to burst again,
 To rend the forest from the steep,
 And, thund'ring o'er the Baltic deep,
 To 'whelm the merchant's hopes of gain! 40

V.

But let not man's imperfect views
 Presume to tax wise Nature's laws;
 'Tis his with silent joy to use
 Th' indulgence of the Sovereign Cause;
 Secure that from the whole of things 45
 Beauty and good consummate springs,
 Beyond what he can reach to know,
 And that the providence of Heaven
 Has some peculiar blessing giv'n
 To each allotted state below. 50

VI.

E'en now how sweet the wintry night
 Spent with the old illustrious dead !
 While by the taper's trembling light,
 I seem the awful course to tread,
 Where chiefs and legislators lie,
 Whose triumphs move before my eye,
 With ev'ry laurel fresh display'd,
 While charm'd I rove in classic song,
 Or bend to Freedom's fearless tongue,
 Or walk the academic shade.

55

60

ODE III.

TO A FRIEND UNSUCCESSFUL IN LOVE.

I.

INDEED, my Phædria ! if to find
 That wealth can female wishes gain,
 Had e'er disturb'd your thoughtful mind,
 Or cost one serious moment's pain,
 I should have said, that all the rules
 You learn'd of moralists and schools
 Were very useless, very vain.

5

II.

Yet I perhaps mistake the case—
 Say, tho' with this heroic air,
 Like one that holds a nobler chase,
 You try the tender loss to bear,
 Does not your heart renounce your tongue ?
 Seems not my censure strangely wrong,
 To count it such a slight affair ?

10

III.

When Hesper gilds the shaded sky,
 Oft' as you seek the well-known grove,
 Methinks I see you cast your eye
 Back to the morning scenes of love :
 Each pleasing word you heard her say,
 Her gentle look her graceful way,
 Again your struggling fancy move.

15

20

IV.

Then tell me, is your soul entire?
 Does Wisdom calmly hold her throne?
 Then can you question each desire,
 Bid this remain, and that be gone?
 No tear half starting from your eye?
 No kindling blush you know not why?
 No stealing sigh nor stifled groan?

25

V.

Away with this unmanly mood!
 See where the hoary churl appears,
 Whose hand hath seiz'd the fav'rite good,
 Which you reserv'd for happier years;
 While side by side the blushing maid
 Shrinks from his visage half afraid
 Spite of the sickly joy she wears.

30

VI.

Ye guardian Pow'rs of Love and Fame!
 This chaste harmonious pair behold,
 And thus reward the gen'rous flame
 Of all who barter vows for gold.
 O bloom of youth! O tender charms!
 Well bury'd in a dotard's arms!
 O equal price of beauty sold!

40

VII.

Cease then to gaze with looks of love;
 Bid her adieu, the venal fair;
 Unworthy she your bliss to prove,
 Then wherefore should she prove your care?
 No; lay your myrtle garland down,
 And let a while the willow's crown
 With luckier omens bind your hair.

45

VIII.

O just escap'd the faithless main,
 Tho' driv'n unwilling on the land,
 To guide your favour'd steps again,
 Behold your better genius stand!
 Where Truth revolves her page divine,
 Where Virtue leads to Honour's shrine,
 Behold he lifts his awful hand!

50

55

IX.

Fix but on these your ruling aim,
 And Time, the fire of manly care,
 Will Fancy's dazzling colours tame,
 A sob'rer dress will Beauty wear ; 60
 Then shall Esteem, by Knowledge led,
 Inthroned within your heart and head .
 Some happier love, some truer fair. 63

ODE IV.

AFFECTED INDIFFERENCE.

TO THE SAME.

I.

YES, you condemn the perjur'd maid,
 Who all your fav'rite hopes betray'd,
 Nor, tho' her heart should home return,
 Her tuneful tongue its falsehood mourn,
 Her winning eyes your faith implore, 5
 Would you her hand receive again,
 Or once dissemble your disdain,
 Or listen to the Siren's theme,
 Or stoop to love, since now esteem,
 And confidence, and friendship, is no more. 10

II.

Yet tell me, Phædria! tell me why,
 When summoning your pride, you try
 To meet her looks with cool neglect;
 Or cross her walk with slight respect,
 (For so is falsehood best repaid,) 15
 Whence do your cheeks indignant glow?
 Why is your struggling tongue so slow?
 What means that darkness on your brow?
 As if with all her broken vow
 You meant the fair apostate to upbraid? 20

ODE V.

AGAINST SUSPICION.

I.

OH fly! 'tis dire Suspicion's mien,
 And meditating plagues unseen
 The forc'refs hither bends;
 Behold her torch in gall imbru'd,
 Behold—her garment drops with blood
 Of lovers and of friends.

6

II.

Fly far! already in your eyes
 I see the pale suffusion rise;
 And soon thro' ev'ry vein,
 Soon will her secret venom spread,
 And all your heart, and all your head,
 Imbibe the potent stain.

12

III.

Then many a demon will she raise
 To vex your sleep, to haunt your ways,
 While gleams of lost delight
 Raise the dark tempest of the brain,
 As lightning shines across the main
 Thro' whirlwinds and thro' night.

18

IV.

No more can Faith or Candour move,
 But each ingenuous deed of love,
 Which Reason would applaud,
 Now smiling o'er her dark distress,
 Fancy malignant strives to dress
 Like Injury and Fraud.

24

V.

Farewell to Virtue's peaceful times;
 Soon will you stoop to act the crimes
 Which thus you stoop to fear.
 Guilt follows guilt; and where the train
 Begins with wrongs of such a stain,
 What horrors form the rear!

30

VI.

'Tis thus to work her baleful pow'r
 Suspicion waits the fullen hour
 Of fretfulness and strife,
 When care th' infirmer bosom wrings,
 Or Eurys waves his murky wings
 To damp the seats of life.

36

VII.

But come, forsake the scene unblest
 Which first beheld your faithful breast
 To groundless fears a prey;
 Come where with my prevailing lyre
 The skies, the streams, the groves, conspire
 To charm your doubts away.

42

VIII.

Thron'd in the Sun's descending car,
 What pow'r unseen diffuseth far
 This tenderness of mind?
 What genius smiles on yonder flood?
 What god in whispers from the wood
 Bids ev'ry thought be kind?

48

IX.

O thou! what'er thy awful name,
 Whose wisdom our untoward frame
 With social love restrains;
 Thou! who, by fair affection's ties,
 Giv'st us to double all our joys,
 And half disarm our pains;

54

X.

Let universal candour still,
 Clear as yon' heaven-reflecting rill,
 Preserve my open mind,
 Nor this nor that man's crooked ways
 One sordid doubt within me raise,
 To injure humankind.

60

ODE VI.

HYMN TO CHEERFULNESS.

HOW thick the shades of ev'ning close !
 How pale the sky with weight of snows !
 Haste, light the tapers, urge the fire,
 And bid the joyless day retire.
 Alas ! in vain I try within 5
 To brighten the dejected scene ;
 While rous'd by grief these fiery pains
 Tear the frail texture of my veins,
 While Winter's voice, that storms around,
 And yon' deep death-bell's groaning sound, 10
 Renew my mind's oppressive gloom,
 Till starting Horror shakes the room.
 Is there in Nature no kind pow'r
 To sooth affliction's lonely hour ?
 To blunt the edge of dire disease, 15
 And teach these wintry shades to please ?
 Come, Cheerfulness ! triumphant Fair !
 Shine thro' the hov'ring cloud of care :
 O sweet of language, mild of mien !
 O Virtue's friend, and Pleasure's queen ! 20
 Assuage the flames that burn my breast,
 Compose my jarring thoughts to rest,
 And while thy gracious gifts I feel,
 My song shall all thy praise reveal.
 As once (it was in Astrea's reign) 25
 The vernal pow'rs renew'd their train,
 It happen'd that immortal Love
 Was ranging thro' the spheres above,
 And downward hither cast his eye,
 The year's returning pomp to spy. 30
 He saw the radiant god of day
 Waft in his car the rosy May ;
 The fragrant Airs and genial Hours
 Were shedding round him dews and flow'rs ;
 Before his wheels Aurora past, 35
 And Hesper's golden lamp was last :

But fairest of the blooming throng,
 When Health majestic mov'd along,
 Delighted to survey below
 The joys which from her presence flow, 40
 While earth enliven'd hears her voice,
 And swains, and flocks, and fields rejoice;
 Then mighty Love her charms confess,
 And soon his vows inclin'd her breast,
 And known from that auspicious morn,
 Thee, pleasing Cheerfulness! was born. 45

Thou, Cheerfulness! by Heaven design'd
 To sway the movements of the mind,
 Whatever fretful passion springs,
 Whatever wayward fortune brings, 50
 To disarrange the power within,
 And strain the musical machine.
 Thou, Goddess! thy attemp'ring hand
 Doth each discordant string command,
 Refines the soft and swells the strong, 55
 And joining Nature's gen'ral song,
 Thro' many a varying tone unfolds
 The harmony of human souls.

Fair guardian of domestic life!
 Kind banisher of home-bred strife! 60
 Nor sullen lip nor taunting eye
 Deforms the scene where thou art by;
 No sick'ning husband damns the hour
 Which bound his joys to female pow'r;
 No pining mother weeps the cares 65
 Which parents waste on thankless heirs;
 Th' officious daughters pleas'd attend,
 The brother adds the name of friend:
 By thee with flow'rs their board is crown'd,
 With songs from thee their walks resound, 70
 And morn with welcome lustre shines,
 And ev'ning unperceiv'd declines.

Is there a youth whose anxious heart
 Labours with love's unpity'd smart?
 Tho' now he stray by rills and bow'rs, 75
 And weeping waste the lonely hours,

Or if the nymph her audience deign,
 Debase the story of his pain
 With slavish looks, discolour'd eyes,
 And accents falt'ring into sighs,
 Yet thou, auspicious Pow'r! with ease
 Canst yield him happier arts to please,
 Inform his mien with manlier charms,
 Instruct his tongue with nobler arms,
 With more commanding passion move,
 And teach the dignity of love.

80

85

Friend to the Muse and all her train!
 For thee I court the Muse again;
 The Muse for thee may well exert
 Her pomp, her charms, her fondest art,
 Who owes to thee that pleasing sway
 Which earth and peopled heav'n obey.
 Let Melancholy's plaintive tongue
 Repeat what latter bards have sung,
 But thine was Homer's ancient might,
 And thine victorious Pindar's flight;
 Thy hand each Lesbian wreath attir'd,
 Thy lips Sicilian reeds inspir'd;
 Thy spirit lent the glad perfume
 Whence yet the flow'rs of Teos bloom,
 Whence yet from Tibur's Sabine vale
 Delicious blows th' enliv'ning gale,
 While Horace calls thy sportive choir,
 Heroes and nymphs around his lyre.

90

95

100

But see where yonder pensive sage
 (A prey perhaps to Fortune's rage,
 Perhaps by tender griefs oppress'd,
 Or glooms congenial to his breast)
 Retires in desert scenes to dwell,
 And bids the joyless world farewell:
 Alone he treads th' autumnal shade,
 Alone beneath the mountain laid
 He sees the nightly damps ascend,
 And gath'ring storms aloft impend;
 He hears the neighb'ring surges roll,
 And raging thunders shake the pole,

105

110

115

ODES.

157

Then struck by ev'ry object round,
And stunn'd by ev'ry horrid sound,
He asks a clue for Nature's ways,
But evil haunts him thro' the maze ;

120

He sees ten thousand demons rise
To wield the empire of the skies,
And Chance and Fate assume the rod,
And Malice blot the throne of God.

O thou ! whose pleasing power I sing,
Thy lenient influence hither bring,
Compose the storm, dispel the gloom,
Till Nature wear her wonted bloom,
Till fields and shades their sweets exhale,

125

And music swell each op'ning gale ;
Then o'er his breast thy softness pour,
And let him learn the timely hour
To trace the world's benignant laws,

130

And judge of that Presiding Cause
Who sounds on discord Beauty's reign,
Converts to pleasure ev'ry pain,
Subdues each hostile form to rest,

135

And bids the universe be blest.

O thou ! whose pleasing pow'r I sing,
If right I touch the votive string,

140

If equal praise I yield thy name,
Still govern thou thy poet's flame,
Still with the Muse my bosom share,
And sooth to peace intruding care ;

But most exert thy pleasing pow'r
On friendship's consecrated hour,

145

And while my Sophron points the road
To godlike Wisdom's calm abode,

Or, warm in freedom's ancient cause,
Traceth the source of Albion's laws,

150

Add thou o'er all the gen'rous toil
The light of thy unclouded smile.

But if by Fortune's stubborn sway
From him and friendship torn away,

I court the Mute's healing spell

155

For griefs that still with absence dwell,

O

Do thou conduct my fancy's dreams,
 To such indulgent placid themes,
 As just the struggling breast may cheer,
 And just suspend the starting tear, 160
 Yet leave that sacred sense of woe
 Which none but friends and lovers know. 162

ODE VII.

ON THE USE OF POETRY.

I.

NOT for themselves did humankind
 Contrive the parts by Heaven assign'd
 On life's wide scene to play:
 Not Scipio's force, nor Cæsar's skill,
 Can conquer glory's arduous hill,
 If Fortune close the way. 6

II.

Yet still the self-depending soul,
 Tho' last and least in Fortune's roll,
 His proper sphere commands,
 And knows what Nature's seal bestow'd,
 And sees before the throne of God
 The rank in which he stands. 12

III.

Who train'd by laws the future age,
 Who rescu'd nations from the rage
 Of partial factious pow'r;
 My heart with distant homage views,
 Content if thou, celestial Muse!
 Didst rule my natal hour. 18

IV.

Not far beneath the hero's feet,
 Nor from the legislator's seat,
 Stands far remote the bard:
 Tho' not with public terrors crown'd,
 Yet wider shall his rule be found,
 More lasting his award. 24

V.

Lycurgus fashion'd Sparta's fame,
 And Pompey to the Roman name

Gave universal sway.
Where are they?—Homer's rev'rend page
Holds empire to the thirtieth age,
And tongues and climes obey.

30

VI.

And thus when William's acts divine
No longer shall from Bourbon's line
Draw one vindictive vow;
When Sidney shall with Cato rest,
And Ruffel move the patriot's breast
No more than Brutus now;

36

VII.

Yet then shall Shakespear's pow'rful art
O'er ev'ry passion, ev'ry heart,
Confirm his awful throne;
Tyrants shall bow before his laws,
And freedom's, glory's, virtue's, cause
Their dread assertor own.

42

ODE VIII.

ON LEAVING HOLLAND.

I. 1.

FAREWELL to Leyden's lonely bound,
The Belgian Muse's sober seat,
Where dealing frugal gifts around
To all the fav'rites at her feet,
She trains the body's bulky frame,
For passive persevering toils;
And left from any prouder aim
The daring mind should scorn her homely spoils,
She breathes maternal fogs to damp its restless flame.

5

I. 2.

Farewell the grave pacific air,
Where never mountain zephir blew,
The Marthy levels, lank and bare,
Which Pan, which Ceres never knew,
The Naiads with obscene attire,

10

Urging in vain their urns to flow, 15
 While round them chant the croking choir,
 And haply sooth some lover's prudent woe,
 Or prompt some restive bard, and modulate his lyre.

I. 3.

Farewell, ye Nymphs ! whom sober care of gain
 Snatch'd in your cradles from the god of Love ; 20
 She render'd all his boasted arrows vain,
 And all his gifts did he in spite remove:
 Ye too, the slow-ey'd Fathers of the land !
 With whom dominion steals from hand to hand,
 Unown'd, undignify'd by public choice, 25
 I go where Liberty to all is known,
 And tells a monarch on his throne,
 He reigns not but by her preserving voice.

II. 1.

O my lov'd England ! when with thee
 Shall I sit down to part no more ? 30
 Far from this pale discolour'd sea,
 That sleeps upon the reedy shore,
 When shall I plough thy azure tide ?
 When on thy hills the flocks admire,
 Like mountain snows, till down their side 35
 I trace the village and the sacred spire,
 While bow'rs and copses green the golden slope divide ?

II. 2.

Ye Nymphs who guard the pathless grove,
 Ye Blue-ey'd Sisters of the streams !
 With whom I wont at morn to rove, 40
 With whom at noon I talk'd in dreams,
 O take me to your haunts again,
 The rocky spring, the greenwood glade,
 To guide my lonely footsteps deign,
 To prompt my slumbers in the murm'ring shade, 45
 And sooth my vacant ear with many an airy strain !

II. 3.

And thou, my faithful Harp ! no longer mourn
 Thy drooping master's inauspicious hand ;
 Now brighter skies and fresher gales return,
 Now fairer maids thy melody demand. 50

Daughters of Albion! listen to my lyre:
 O Phœbus! guardian of th' Aonian choir,
 Why sounds not mine harmonious as thy own,
 When all the virgin deities above
 With Venus and with Juno move 55
 In concert round th' Olympian Father's throne?

III. 1.

Thee too, protectress of my lays,
 Elate with whose majestic call
 Above degen'rate Latium's praise,
 Above the slavish boast of Gaul, 60
 I dare from impious thrones reclaim,
 And wanton Sloth's ignoble charms,
 The honours of a poet's name,
 To Somers' counsels, or to Hamden's arms, 64
 Thee, Freedom! I rejoin, and bless thy genuine flame.

III. 2.

Great Citizen of Albion! thee
 Heroic Valour still attends,
 And useful Science, pleas'd to see
 How Art her studious toil extends,
 While Truth, diffusing from on high 70
 A lustre unconfin'd as day,
 Fills and commands the public eye,
 Till, pierc'd and sinking by her pow'rful ray,
 Tame Faith and monkish Awe, like nightly demons, fly.

III. 3.

Hence the whole land the patriot's ardour shares, 75
 Hence dread Religion dwells with social Joy,
 And holy passions and unfully'd cares
 In youth, in age, domestic life employ.
 O fair Britannia! hail!—With partial love
 The tribes of men their native seats approve, 80
 Unjust and hostile to each foreign fame;
 But when for gen'rous minds and manly laws
 A nation holds her prime applause,
 Their public zeal shall all reproof disclaim. 84

ODE IX.

TO CURIO,* MDCCXLIV.

I.

THRI**C**E hath the Spring beheld thy faded fame
 Since I exulting grasp'd the tuneful shell,
 Eager thro' endless years to sound thy name,
 Proud that my memory with thine should dwell.
 How hast thou stain'd the splendour of my choice! 5
 Those godlike forms which hover'd round thy voice,
 Laws, Freedom, Glory, whither are they flown?
 What can I now of thee to time report,
 Save thy fond Country made thy impious sport;
 Her fortune and her hope the victims of thy own? 10

II.

There are with eyes unmov'd and reckless heart
 Who saw thee from thy summit fall thus low,
 Who deem'd thy arm extended but to dart
 The public vengeance on thy private foe:
 But spite of ev'ry gloss of envious minds, 15
 The owl-ey'd race whom virtue's lustre blinds,
 Who sagely prove that each man hath his price,
 I still believ'd thy aim from blemish free,
 I yet, e'en yet, believe it, spite of thee,
 And all thy painted pleas to greatness and to vice. 20

III.

"Thou didst not dream of Liberty decay'd,
 "Nor wish to make her guardian laws more strong,
 "But the rash many first by thee misled,
 "Bore thee at length unwillingly along."
 Rise from your sad abodes, ye curst of old, 25
 For faith deserted, or for cities sold!
 Own here one untry'd, unexampled deed,
 One mystery of shame from Curio learn,
 To beg the infamy he did not earn, [meed.
 And 'scape in Guilt's disguise from Virtue's offer'd

* See the Epistle to Curio.

IV.

For saw we not that dang'rous pow'r avow'd 31
 Whom Freedom oft' hath found her mortal bane,
 Whom Public Wisdom ever strove t' exclude,
 And but with blushes suff'reth in her train?
 Corruption vaunted her bewitching spoils, 35
 O'er court, o'er senate spread in pomp her toils,
 And call'd herself the states directing soul,
 Till Curio, like a good magician, try'd,
 With Eloquence and Reason at his side,
 By strength of holier spells th' inchantress to controul.

V.

Soon with thy country's hope thy fame extends; 41
 The rescu'd merchant oft' thy words resounds:
 Thee and thy cause the rural hearth defends;
 His bowl to thee the grateful sailor crowns:
 The learn'd recluse with awful zeal, who read 45
 Of Grecian heroes, Roman patriots, dead,
 Now with like awe doth living merit scan,
 While he whom virtue in his blest retreat,
 Bad social ease and public passions meet,
 Ascends the civil scene, and knows to be a man. 50

VI.

At length in view the glorious end appear'd;
 We saw thy spirit thro' the senate reign,
 And Freedom's friends thy instant omen heard
 Of laws for which their fathers bled in vain.
 Wak'd in the strife, the public Genius rose 55
 More keen, more ardent, from his long repose;
 Deep thro' her bounds the City felt his call;
 Each crowded haunt was stirr'd beneath his pow'r,
 And murmur'ing challeng'd the deciding hour
 Of that too vast event, the hope and dread of all. 60

VII.

O ye good Pow'rs who look on humankind!
 Instruct the mighty moments as they roll,
 And watch the fleeting shapes in Curio's mind,
 And steer his passions steady to the goal.
 O Alfred! father of the English name, 65
 O valiant Edward! first in civil fame,

O William! height of public virtue pure,
 Bend from your radiant seats a joyful eye,
 Behold the sum of all your labours nigh, 69
 Your plans of law complete, your ends of rule secure.

VIII.

'Twas then—O shame! O soul from faith estrang'd!
 O Albion! oft' to flatt'ring vows a prey,
 'Twas then--thy thought what sudden frenzy chang'd?
 What rushing palsy took thy strength away?
 Is this the man in freedom's cause approv'd, 75
 The man so great, so honour'd, so belov'd,
 Whom the dead envy'd, and the living blest,
 This patient slave by tinsel bonds allur'd,
 This wretched suitor for a boon abjur'd, [detest?
 Whom those that fear'd him scorn, that trusted him,

IX.

O lost alike to action and repose! 81
 With all that habit of familiar fame
 Sold to the mock'ry of relentless foes,
 And doom'd t' exhaust the dregs of life in shame,
 To act with burning brow and throbbing heart 85
 A poor deserter's dull exploded part,
 To slight the favour thou canst hope no more,
 Renounce the giddy crowd, the vulgar wind,
 Charge thy own lightness on thy Country's mind,
 And from her voice appeal to each tame foreign shore,

X.

But England's sons, to purchase thence applause, 91
 Shall ne'er the loyalty of slaves pretend,
 By courtly passions try the public cause,
 Nor to the forms of rule betray the end.
 O Race erect! By manliest passions mov'd, 95
 The labours which to Virtue stand approv'd
 Prompt with a lover's fondness to survey,
 Yet where Injustice works her wilful claim,
 Fierce as the flight of Jove's destroying flame,
 Impatient to confront, and dreadful to repay. 100

XI.

These thy heart owns no longer. In their room
 See the grave queen of pageants, Honour, dwell,
 Couch'd in thy bosom's deep tempestuous gloom,
 Like some grim idol in a forc'er's cell:
 Before her rites thy sick'ning Reason flew, 105
 Divine Persuasion from thy tongue withdrew,
 While Laughter mock'd or Pity stole a sigh,
 Can Wit her tender movements rightly frame
 Where the prime function of the soul is lame?
 Can Fancy's feeble springs the force of Truth supply?

XII.

But come; 'tis time; strong destiny impends 111
 To shut thee from the joys thou hast betray'd:
 With princes fill'd, the solemn fane ascends,
 By Infamy the mindful demon sway'd;
 There vengeful vows for guardian laws effac'd, 115
 From nations fetter'd, and from towns laid waste,
 For ever thro' the spacious courts resound;
 There long Posterity's united groan,
 And the sad charge of horrors not their own,
 Assail the giant chiefs, and press them to the ground.

XIII.

In sight old Time, imperious judge! awaits, 121
 Above revenge, or fear, or pity, just
 He urgeth onward to those guilty gates
 The Great, the Sage, the Happy, and August;
 And still he asks them of the hidden plan 125
 Whence ev'ry treaty, ev'ry war began;
 Evolves their secrets, and their guilt proclaims;
 And still his hands despoil them on the road
 Of each vain wreath by lying bards bestow'd,
 And crush their trophies huge, and raze their sculptur'd
 names. 130

XIV.

Ye mighty Shades! arise, give place, attend;
 Here his eternal mansion Curio seeks:
 Low doth proud Wentworth to the stranger bend,
 And his dire welcome hardy Clifford speaks:

" He comes, whom Fate with surer arts prepar'd
 " T' accomplish all which we but vainly dar'd, 136
 " Whom o'er the stubborn herd she taught to reign,
 " Who sooth'd with gaudy dreams their raging pow'r
 " E'en to its last irrevocable hour, [the chain."
 " Then baffled their rude strength, and broke them to

XV.

But ye whom yet wise Liberty inspires, 141
 Whom for her champions o'er the world she claims,
 (That household godhead, whom of old your fires
 Sought in the woods of Elbe, and bore to Thames,)
 Drive ye this hostile omen far away; 145
 Their own fell efforts on her foes-repay;
 Your wealth, your arts, your fame, be her's alone:
 Still gird your swords to combat on her side,
 Still frame your laws her gen'rous test t' abide,
 And win to her defence the altar and the throne. 150

XVI.

Protect her from yourselves, ere yet the flood
 Of golden luxury, which commerce pours,
 Hath spread that selfish fierceness thro' your blood
 Which not her lightest discipline endures:
 Snatch from fantastic demagogues her cause: 155
 Dream not of Numa's manners, Plato's laws:
 A wiser founder, and a nobler plan,
 O Sons of Alfred! were for you assign'd:
 Bring to that birthright but an equal mind,
 And no sublimer lot will Fate reserve for man. 160

ODE X.

TO THE MUSE.

I.

QUEEN of my song, harmonious Maid!
 Ah! why hast thou withdrawn thy aid?
 Ah! why forsaken thus my breast,
 With inauspicious damps oppress?
 Where is the dread prophetic heat
 With which my bosom wont to beat? 5

Where all the bright mysterious dreams,
Of haunted groves and tuneful streams,
That woo'd my genius to divinest themes?

II.

Say, Goddess! can the festal board,
Or young Olympias's form ador'd,
Say, can the pomp of promis'd fame
Relume thy faint, thy dying flame?
Or have melodious airs the pow'r
To give one free poetic hour?
Or from amid th' Elysian train,
The soul of Milton shall I gain,
To win thee back with some celestial strain?

III.

O pow'rful strain! O sacred soul!
His numbers ev'ry sense controul:
And now again my bosom burns;
The Muse, the Muse herself, returns!
Such on the banks of Tyne confest
I hail'd the fair immortal guest,
When first she seal'd me for her own,
Made all her blissful treasures known,
And bad me swear to follow her alone.

ODE XI.

ON LOVE. TO A FRIEND.

I.

NO, foolish Youth!—To virtuous fame
If now thy early hopes be vow'd,
If true ambition's nobler flame
Command thy footsteps from the crowd;
Lean not to Love's enchanting snare;
His songs, his words, his looks, beware,
Nor join his votaries, the young and fair.

II.

By thought, by danger, and by toils,
The wreath of just renown is worn;
Nor will Ambition's awful spoils
The flow'ry pomp of ease adorn;

But now unbends the force of thought,
By love unmanly fears are taught,
And love's reward with gaudy sloth is bought.

III.

Yet thou hast read in tuneful lays, 15
And heard from many a zealous breast,
The pleasing tale of Beauty's praise
In Wisdom's lofty language dress;
Of Beauty, pow'rful to impart
Each finer sense, each comelier art, 20
And sooth and polish man's ungentle heart.

IV.

If then from Love's deceit secure
Thus far alone thy wishes tend,
Go see the white-wing'd ev'ning hour
On Delia's vernal walk descend; 25
Go while the golden light serene,
The grove, the lawn, the soften'd scene,
Becomes the presence of the rural queen.

V.

Attend while that harmonious tongue
Each bosom, each desire, commands: 30
Apollo's lute by Hermes strung,
And touch'd by chaste Minerva's hands,
Attend. I feel a force divine,
O Delia! win my thoughts to thine;
That half the colour of thy life is mine. 35

VI.

Yet, conscious of the dang'rous charm,
Soon would I turn my steps away,
Nor oft' provoke the lovely harm,
Nor lull my reason's watchful sway:
But thou, my Friend!—I hear thy sighs; 40
Alas! I read thy downcast eyes,
And thy tongue falters, and thy colour flies.

VII.

So soon again to meet the fair?
So pensive all this absent hour?
O yet unlucky Youth! beware,
While yet to think is in thy pow'r. 45

In vain with friendship's flatt'ring name
Thy passion veils its inward shame,
Friendship, the treach'rous fuel of thy flame?

VIII.

Once I remember, new to Love, 50
And dreading his tyrannic chain,
I sought a gentle maid, to prove
What peaceful joys in friendship reign,
Whence we forsooth might safely stand,
And pitying view the lovesick band, 55
And mock the winged boy's malicious hand.

IX.

Thus frequent past the cloudless day,
To smiles and sweet discourse resign'd,
While I exulted to survey
One gen'rous woman's real mind, 60
Till friendship soon my languid breast
Each night with unknown cares posselt,
Dash'd my coy slumbers, or my dreams distrest.

X.

Fool that I was!—And now, e'en now,
While thus I preach the Stoic strain, 65
Unless I shun Olympia's view,
An hour unfays it all again.
O Friend!—when Love directs her eyes
To pierce where ev'ry passion lies,
Where is the firm, the cautious, or the wise? 70

ODE XII.

TO SIR FRANCIS HENRY DRAKE, BARONET,

I

BEHOLD! the Balance in the sky
Swift on the wintry scale inclines,
To earthy caves the Dryads fly,
And the bare pastures Pan resigns.
Late did the farmer's fork o'erspread 5
With recent soil the twice-mown mead,

P

Tainting the bloom which autumn knows;
 He whets the rusty coulter now,
 He binds his oxen to the plough,
 And wide his future harvest throws.

10

II.

Now London's busy confines round,
 By Kensington's imperial tow'rs,
 From Highgate's rough descent profound,
 Essexian heaths or Kentish bow'rs,
 Where'er I pass, I see approach
 Some rural statesman's eager coach,
 Hurry'd by senatorial cares,
 While rural nymphs alike within
 (Aspiring courtly praise to win)
 Debate their dress, reform their airs.

15

20

III.

Say, what can now the country boast,
 O Drake! thy footsteps to detain,
 When peevish winds and gloomy frost
 The sunshine of the temper stain?
 Say, are the priests of Devon grown
 Friends to this tolerating throne,
 Champions for George's legal right?
 Have gen'ral freedom, equal law,
 Won to the glory of Nassau
 Each bold Wesssexian squire and knight?

25

30

IV.

I doubt it much, and guess at least,
 That when the day which made us free
 Shall next return, that sacred feast
 Thou better may'st observe with me:
 With me the sulph'rous treason old
 A far inferior part shall hold
 In that glad day's triumphal strain,
 And gen'rous William be rever'd,
 Nor one untimely accent heard
 Of James or his ignoble reign.

35

40

Then while the Gascon's fragrant wine
 With modest cups our joy supplies,
 We'll truly thank the pow'r divine
 Who bad the chief, the patriot rise;
 Rise from heroic ease, (the spoil) 45
 Due for his youth's Herculean toil,
 From Belgium to her saviour son,)
 Rise with the same unconquer'd zeal
 For our Britannia's injur'd weal,
 Her laws defac'd, her shrines o'erthrown. 50

VI.

He came : the tyrant from our shore
 Like a forbidden demon fled,
 And to eternal exile bore
 Pontific rage and vassal dread :
 There sunk the mould'ring Gothic reign ; 55
 New years came forth, a lib'ral train !
 Call'd by the people's great decree.
 That day, my Friend ! let blessings crown :
 —Fill to the demigod's renown
 From whom thou hast that thou art free. 60

VII.

Then, Drake ! (for wherefore should we part
 The public and the private weal ?)
 In vows to her who sways thy heart,
 Fair health, glad fortune, will we deal ;
 Whether Aglaia's blooming cheek, 65
 Or the soft ornaments that speak
 So eloquent in Daphne's smile,
 Whether the piercing lights that fly
 From the dark heav'n of Myrto's eye,
 Haply thy fancy then beguile. 70

VIII.

For so it is ; thy stubborn breast,
 Tho' touch'd by many a slighter wound,
 Hath no full conquest yet confest,
 Nor the one fatal charmer found ;
 While I, a true and loyal swain, 75
 My fair Olympia's gentle reign

Thro' all the various seasons own:
 Her genius still my bosom warms;
 No other maid for me hath charms,
 Or I have eyes for her alone.

80

ODE XIII.

ON LYRIC POETRY.

I. 1.

ONCE more I join the Thespian choir,
 And taste th' inspiring fount again;
 O parent of the Grecian lyre
 Admit me to thy pow'rful strain!
 And lo! with ease my step invades
 The pathless vale and op'ning shades,
 Till now I spy her verdant seat;
 And now at large I drink the sound,
 While these, her offspring, list'ning round,
 By turns her melody repeat.

10

I. 2.

I see Anacreon smile and sing,
 His silver tresses breathe perfume;
 His cheeks displays a second spring
 Of roses, taught by wine to bloom.
 Away, deceitful Cares! away,
 And let me listen to his lay;
 Let me the wanton pomp enjoy,
 While in smooth dance the light-wing'd hours
 Lead round his lyre its patron pow'rs,
 Kind Laughter and convivial Joy.

15

20

I. 3.

Broke from the fetters of his native land,
 Devoting shame and vengeance to her lords,
 With louder impulse, and a threat'ning hand,
 The Lesbian patriot * smites the sounding chords.
 Ye wretches! ye perfidious train!
 Ye curs'd of gods and freeborn men!

25

* Alcæus.

Ye murderers of the laws!
 Tho' now ye glory in your lust,
 Tho' now ye tread the feeble neck in dust,
 Yet Time and righteous Jove will judge your dreadful
 cause. 30

II. 1.

But lo! to Sappho's melting airs
 Descends the radiant queen of Love:
 She smiles, and asks what fonder cares
 Her suppliant's plaintive measures move?
 Why is my faithful maid distressed? 35
 Who, Sappho, wounds thy tender breast?
 Say, flies he?—Soon he shall pursue:
 Shuns he thy gifts?—He soon shall give:
 Slight he thy sorrows?—He shall grieve,
 And soon to all thy wishes bow. 40

II. 2.

But, O, Melpomene! for whom
 Awakes thy golden shell again?
 What mortal breath shall e'er presume
 To echo that unbounded strain?
 Majestic in the frown of years, 45
 Behold the man of Thebes * appears:
 For some there are whose mighty frame
 The hand of Jove at birth endow'd
 With hopes that mock the gazing crowd,
 As eagles drink the noontide flame. 50

II. 3.

While the dim raven beats her weary wings,
 And clamours far below—Propitious Muse!
 While I so late unlock thy purer springs,
 And breathe whate'er thy ancient airs infuse,
 Wilt thou for Albion's sons around 55
 (Ne'er hadst thou audience more renown'd)
 Thy charming arts employ,
 As when the winds from shore to shore,
 Thro' Greece thy lyre's persuasive language bore,
 Till towns, and isles, and seas, return'd the vocal joy?

* Pindar.

III. 1.

Yet then did Pleasure's lawless throng, 61
 Oft' rushing forth in loose attire,
 Thy virgin dance, thy graceful song,
 Pollute with impious revels dire.
 O fair, O chaste! thy echoing shade 65
 May no foul discord here invade;
 Nor let thy strings one accent move,
 Except what earth's untroubled ear
 'Mid all her social tribes may hear,
 And Heav'n's unerring throne approve. 70

III. 2.

Queen of the Lyre! in thy retreat
 The fairest flow'rs of Pindus glow,
 The vine aspires to crown thy seat,
 And myrtles round thy laurel grow :
 Thy strings adapt their vary'd strain 75
 To ev'ry pleasure, ev'ry pain,
 Which mortal tribes were born to prove,
 And straight our passions rise or fall,
 As at the wind's imperious call
 The ocean swells, the billows move. 80

III. 3.

When Midnight listens o'er the slumb'ring earth,
 Let me, O Muse! thy solemn whispers hear;
 When Morning sends her fragrant breezes forth,
 With airy murmurs touch my op'ning ear;
 And ever watchful at thy side 85
 Let Wisdom's awful suff'rage guide
 The tenour of thy lay :
 To her of old by Jove was giv'n
 To judge the various deeds of earth and heav'n :
 'Twas thine by gentle arts to win us to her sway. 90

IV. 1.

Oft' as to well-earn'd ease resign'd
 I quit the maze where Science toils,
 Do thou refresh my yielding mind
 With all thy gay delusive spoils;
 But O! indulgent, come not nigh 95
 The busy steps, the jealous eye,

ODES.

175

Of wealthy Care or gaintful Age,
 Whose barren souls thy joys disdain,
 And hold as foes to Reason's reign
 Whome'er thy lovely works engage. 100

IV. 2.

When Friendship and when letter'd Mirth
 Haply partake my simple board,
 Then let thy blameless hand call forth
 The music of the Teian chord;
 Or if invok'd at softer hours, 105
 O! seek me with the happy bow'rs
 That hear Olympia's gentle tongue:
 To Beauty link'd with Virtue's train,
 To love devoid of jealous pain,
 There let the Sapphic lute be strung. 110

IV. 3.

But when from envy and from death to claim
 A hero bleeding for his native land,
 When to throw incense on the vestal flame
 Of Liberty my genius gives command,
 Nor Theban voice, nor Lesbian lyre, 115
 From thee, O Muse! do I require,
 While my presaging mind,
 Conscious of pow'rs she never knew,
 Astonish'd grasps at things beyond her view,
 Nor by another's fate submits to be confin'd. 120

ODE XIV.

TO THE HON. CHARLES TOWNSHEND.
 FROM THE COUNTRY.

I.

SAY, Townshend! what can London boast
 To pay thee for the pleasures lost,
 The health to-day resign'd,
 When Spring from this, her fav'rite seat,
 Bad Winter hasten his retreat,
 And met the western wind? 6

II.

Oh! knew'st thou how the balmy air,
 The sun, the azure heav'ns, prepare
 To heal thy languid frame,
 No more would noisy courts engage,
 In vain would lying Faction's rage
 Thy sacred leisure claim.

12

III.

Oft' I look'd forth, and oft' admir'd,
 Till, with the studious volume tir'd,
 I sought the open day;
 "And sure," I cry'd, "the rural gods
 Expect me in their green abodes,
 And chide my tardy lay."

18

IV.

But ah! in vain my restless feet
 Trac'd ev'ry silent shady seat
 Which knew their forms of old;
 Nor Naiad, by her fountain laid,
 Nor Woodnymph, tripping thro' her glade,
 Did now their rites unfold:

24

V.

Whether to nurse some infant oak
 They turn the slowly-tinkling brook,
 And catch the pearly show'rs,
 Or brush the mildew from the woods,
 Or paint with noontide beams the buds,
 Or breathe on op'ning show'rs.

30

VI.

Such rites which they with spring renew
 The eyes of Care can never view,
 And Care hath long been mine;
 And hence offended with their guest,
 Since grief of love my soul oppress'd,
 They hide their toils divine.

36

VII.

But soon shall thy enliv'ning tongue
 This heart by dear affliction wrung,

With noble hope inspire;
Then will the sylvan pow'rs again
Receive me in their genial train,
And listen to my lyre.

42

VIII.

Beneath yon' Dryad's lonely shade
A rustic altar shall be paid,
Of turf with laurel fram'd,
And thou th' inscription wilt approve,
" This for the peace which, lost by love,
" By friendship was reclaim'd."

48

ODE XV.

TO THE EVENING STAR.

I.

TO-NIGHT retir'd, the queen of Heav'n
With young Endymion strays;
And now to Hesper it is giv'n
A while to rule the vacant sky,
Till she shall to her lamp supply
A stream of brighter rays.

6

II.

O Hesper! while the starry throng
With awe thy path surrounds,
Oh! listen to my suppliant song,
If haply now the vocal sphere
Can suffer thy delighted ear
To stoop to mortal sounds.

12

III.

So may the bridegroom's genial strain
Thee still invoke to shine,
So may the bride's unmarry'd train
To Hymen chaunt their flatt'ring vow,
Still that his lucky torch may glow
With lustre pure as thine.

18

IV.

Far other vows must I prefer
 To thy indulgent pow'r:
 Alas! but now I paid my tear
 On fair Olympia's virgin tomb,
 And lo! from thence in quest I roam
 Of Philomela's bow'r.

24

V.

Propitious send thy golden ray,
 Thou purest light above;
 Let no false flame seduce to stray
 Where gulf or steep lie hid for harm,
 But lead where music's healing charm
 May sooth afflicted love.

30

VI.

To them, by many a grateful song
 In happier seasons vow'd,
 These lawns, Olympia's haunt, belong;
 Oft' by yon' silver stream we walk'd,
 Or, fix'd while Philomela talk'd,
 Beneath yon' copses stood.

36

VII.

Nor seldom where the beechen boughs
 That roofless tow'r invade,
 We came while her enchanting Muse
 The radiant moon above us held,
 Till by a clam'rous owl compell'd
 She fled the solemn shade.

42

VIII.

But hark! I hear her liquid tone.
 Now, Hesper! guide my feet
 Down the red marl, with moss o'ergrown,
 Thro' yon' wild thicket next the plain,
 Whose hawthorns choke the winding lane
 Which leads to her retreat.

48

IX.

See the green space ! on either hand
 Enlarg'd it spreads around :
 See in the midst she takes her stand
 Where one old oak his awful shade
 Extends o'er half the level mead,
 Enclos'd in woods profound.

54

X.

Hark ! how thro' many a melting note
 She now prolongs her lays :
 How sweetly down the void they float !
 The breeze their magic path attends,
 The stars shine out, the forest bends,
 The wakeful heifers gaze !

60

XI.

Whoe'er thou art whom Chance may bring
 To this sequester'd spot,
 If then the plaintive Siren sing,
 Oh ! softly tread beneath her bow'r,
 And think of Heav'n's disposing pow'r,
 Of man's uncertain lot.

66

XII.

Oh ! think o'er all this mortal stage
 What mournful scenes arise,
 What ruin waits on kingly rage,
 How often Virtue dwells with Woe,
 How many griefs from knowledge flow,
 How swiftly pleasure flies !

72

XIII.

O sacred bird ! let me at eve,
 Thus wand'ring all alone,
 Thy tender counsel oft' receive ;
 Bear witness to thy pensive airs,
 And pity Nature's common cares
 Till I forget my own.

78

ODE XVI.

TO CALEB HARDINGE, M.D.

I.

WITH sordid floods the wint'ry urn*
 Hath stain'd fair Richmond's level green,
 Her naked hill the Dryads mourn,
 No longer a poetic scene;
 No longer there thy raptur'd eye
 The beauteous forms of earth or sky
 Surveys as in their Author's mind,
 And London shelters from the year
 Those whom thy social hours to share
 The Attic Muse design'd.

II.

From Hampstead's airy summit me
 Her guest the City shall behold,
 What day the people's stern decree
 To unbelieving kings is told,
 When common men (the dread of Fame)
 Adjudg'd as one of evil name
 Before the sun th' anointed head:
 Then seek thou too the pious town,
 With no unworthy cares to crown
 That ev'ning's awful shade.

III.

Deem not I call thee to deplore
 The sacred martyr of the day,
 By fast and penitential lore
 To purge our ancient guilt away:
 For this on humble faith I rest,
 That still our advocate the priest
 From heav'nly wrath will save the land,
 Nor ask what rites our pardon gain,
 Nor how his potent sounds restrain
 The thund'rer's lifted hand.

* Aquarius.

IV.

No, Hardinge! peace to church and state!
 That ev'ning let the Muse give law,
 While I anew the theme relate
 Which my first youth enamour'd saw.
 Then will I oft' explore thy thought;
 What to reject which Locke hath taught,
 What to pursue in Virgil's lay,
 Till hope ascends to loftiest things,
 Nor envies demagogues or kings
 Their frail and vulgar sway.

V.

O vers'd in all the human frame!
 Lead thou where'er my labour lies,
 And English Fancy's eager flame
 To Grecian purity chastize;
 While hand in hand at Wisdom's shrine
 Beauty with Truth I strive to join,
 And grave Assent with glad Applause,
 To paint the story of the soul,
 And Plato's visions to controul
 By Verulamian * laws.

ODE XVII.

ON A SERMON AGAINST GLORY, MDCCXLVII.

I.

COME then, tell me, Sage Divine!
 Is it an offence to own
 That our bosoms e'er incline
 Toward immortal Glory's throne?
 For with me nor Pomp nor Pleasure,
 Bourbon's might, Braganza's treasure,
 So can Fancy's dream rejoice,
 So conciliate Reason's choice,
 As one approving word of her impartial voice.

* Verulam gave one of his titles to Francis Bacon, author of the
 Novum Organum.

Q

II.

If to spurn at noble praise 10
 Be the passport to thy heav'n,
 Follow thou those gloomy ways;
 No such law to me was giv'n;
 Nor I trust shall I deplore me
 Faring like my friends before me, 15
 Nor an holier place desire
 Than Timoleon's arms acquire,
 And Tully's curule chair, and Milton's golden lyre. 18

ODE XVIII.

TO THE RIGHT HON.
 FRANCIS EARL OF HUNTINGDON,
 MDCCXLVII.

I. 1.

THE wise and great of ev'ry clime,
 Thro' all the spacious walks of Time,
 Where'er the Muse her pow'r display'd,
 With joy have listen'd and obey'd;
 For, taught of Heav'n, the sacred Nine 5
 Persuasive numbers, forms divine,
 To mortal sense impart:
 They best the soul with glory fire,
 They noblest counsels, boldest deeds inspire,
 And high o'er Fortune's rage inthroned the fixed heart.

I. 2.

Nor less prevailing is their charm 11
 The vengeful bolom to disarm,
 To melt the proud with human woe,
 And prompt unwilling tears to flow.
 Can wealth a pow'r like this afford? 15
 Can Cromwell's arts or Marlborough's sword
 An equal empire claim?
 No, Hastings! thou my words wilt own;
 Thy breast, the gifts of ev'ry Muse hath known,
 Nor shall the giver's love disgrace thy noble name. 20

I. 3.

The Muse's awful art,
 And the blest function of the poet's tongue,
 Ne'er shalt thou blush to honour, to assert
 From all that scorned Vice or slavish Fear hath sung.
 Nor shall the blandishment of Tuscan strings, 25
 Warbling at will in Pleasure's myrtle bow'r,
 Nor shall the servile notes to Celtic kings,
 By flatt'ring minstrels paid in evil hour,
 Move thee to spurn the heavenly Muse's reign:
 A diff'rent strain 30
 And other themes
 From her prophetic shades and hallow'd streams
 (Thou well canst witness) meet the purged ear,
 Such as when Greece to her immortal shell
 Rejoicing listen'd godlike sounds to hear, 35
 To hear the sweet instructress tell
 (While men and heroes throng'd around)
 How life its noblest use may find,
 How well for freedom be resign'd,
 And how by Glory Virtue shall be crown'd, 40

II. 1.

Such was the Chian father's strain
 To many a kind domestic train,
 Whose pious hearth and genial bowl
 Had cheer'd the rev'rend pilgrim's soul,
 When ev'ry hospitable rite 45
 With equal bounty to requite
 He struck his magic strings,
 And pour'd spontaneous numbers forth,
 And seiz'd their ears with tales of ancient worth,
 And fill'd their musing hearts with vast heroic things.

II. 2.

Now oft' where happy spirits dwell, 51
 Where yet he tunes his charming shell,

Stanza II. 2.] Lycurgus, the Lacedæmonian lawgiver, brought into Greece from Asia Minor the first complete copy of Homer's Works. -- At Plataea was fought the decisive battle between the Persian army and the united militia of Greece under Pausanias and Aristides. -- Cimon the Athenian erected a trophy in Cyprus for two great victories gained on the

Oft' near him with applauding hands
 The Genius of his country stands;
 To list'ning gods he makes him known,
 That man divine, by whom were sown
 The seeds of Grecian fame,
 Who first the race with freedom fir'd,
 From whom Lycurgus Sparta's sons inspir'd, [came.
 From whom Plataean palms and Cyprian trophies

II. 3.

O noblest, happiest age,
 When Aristides rul'd and Cimon fought,
 When all the gen'rous fruits of Homer's page
 Exulting Pindar saw to full perfection brought!

the same day over the Persians by sea and land. Diodorus Siculus has preserved the inscription which the Athenians affixed to the consecrated spoils after this great success, in which it is very remarkable that the greatness of the occasion has raised the manner of expression above the usual simplicity and modesty of all other ancient inscriptions. It is this:

ΕΞ ΟΥ Γ' ΕΥΡΩΠΗΝ. ΑΣΙΑΣ ΔΙΧΑ ΠΟΝΤΟΣ. ΕΝΕΙΜΕ.
 ΚΑΙ ΠΟΛΕΑΣ. ΘΝΗΤΩΝ. ΘΟΥΡΟΣ. ΑΡΗΣ. ΕΠΕΧΕΙ.
 ΟΥΔΕΝ. ΠΩ. ΤΟΙΟΥΤΩΝ. ΕΠΙΧΘΟΝΙΩΝ. ΓΕΝΕΤ. ΑΝΔΡΩΝ.
 ΕΡΤΩΝ. ΕΝ. ΗΠΕΙΡΩΙ. ΚΑΙ ΚΑΤΑ. ΠΟΝΤΩΝ. ΑΜΑ.
 ΟΙΔΕ. ΓΑΡ. ΕΝ. ΚΥΠΡΩΙ. ΜΗΔΟΥΣ. ΠΟΛΛΟΥΣ. ΟΛΕΣΑΝΤΕΣ.
 ΦΟΙΝΙΚΩΝ. ΕΚΑΤΩΝ. ΝΑΥΣ. ΕΛΩΝ. ΕΝ. ΠΕΛΑΓΕΙ.
 ΑΝΔΡΩΝ. ΠΑΗΘΟΥΣΑΣ. ΜΕΓΑ. Δ'. ΕΣΤΕΝΕΝ. ΑΡΗΣ. ΥΠ'.
 ΑΥΤΩΝ
 ΠΑΗΓΕΙΣ'. ΑΦΟΜΟΤΕΡΑΙΣ. ΧΕΡΣΙ. ΚΡΑΤΕΙ. ΠΟΛΕΜΟΥ.

The following translation is almost literal:

Since first the sea from Asia's hostile coast
 Divided Europe, and the god of War
 Assail'd imperious cities, never yet
 At once among the waves and on the shore
 Hath such a labour been achiev'd by men
 Who earth inhabit. They whose arms the Medes
 In Cyprus felt pernicious, they the same
 Have won from skilful Tyre an hundred ships
 Crowded with warriors. Asia groans, in both
 Her hands sore smitten by the might of war.

[Stanza II. 3.] Pindar was contemporary with Aristides and Cimon, in whom the Glory of ancient Greece was at its height. When Xerxes invaded Greece, Pindar was true to the common interest of his country, though his fellow-citizens the Thebans had sold themselves to the Persian king. In one of his odes he expresses the great distress and anxiety of his mind, occasioned by the vast preparations of Xerxes against Greece, (*Isthm.* viii.) In another he celebrates the victories of Salamis, Plataea, and Himera, (*Pyth.* i.) It will be necessary to add two or three other particulars of his life, real or fabulous, in order to explain what follows in the text concerning him. First, then, he was thought to be so great a favourite

O Pindar! oft' shalt thou be hail'd of me; 65
 Not that Apollo fed thee from his shrine,
 Not that thy lips drank sweetness from the bee,
 Nor yet that, studious of thy notes divine,
 Pan danc'd their measure with the sylvan throng,
 But that thy song 70
 Was proud t' unfold
 What thy base rulers trembled to behold,
 Amid corrupted Thebes was proud to tell
 The deeds of Athens and the Persian shame,
 Hence on thy head their impious vengeance fell. 75
 But thou, O faithful to thy fame!
 The Muse's law didst rightly know,
 That who would animate his lays,
 And other minds to virtue raise,
 Must feel his own with all her spirit glow. 80

III. 1.

Are there approv'd of later times
 Whose verse adorn'd a tyrant's * crimes,
 Who saw majestic Rome betray'd,
 And lent th' imperial ruffian aid?
 Alas! not one polluted bard, 85
 No, not the strains that Mincius heard,

Q₃

a favourite of Apollo, that the priests of that deity allotted him a constant share of their offerings. It was said of him as of some other illustrious men, that at his birth a swarm of bees lighted on his lips, and fed him with their honey. It was also a tradition concerning him, that Pan was heard to recite his poetry, and seen dancing to one of his hymns on the mountains near Thebes. But a real historical fact in his life is, that the Thebans imposed a large fine upon him, on account of the veneration which he expressed in his poems for that heroic spirit shewn by the people of Athens in defence of the common liberty, which his own fellow-citizens had shamefully betrayed; and as the argument of this ode implies, that great poetical talents, and high sentiments of liberty, do reciprocally produce and assist each other, so Pindar is perhaps the most exemplary proof of this connexion which occurs in history. The Thebans were remarkable in general for a slavish disposition through all the fortunes of their commonwealth at the time of its ruin by Philip, and even in its best state, under the administration of Pelopidas and Epaminondas; and every one knows they were no less remarkable for great dulness and want of all genius. That Pindar should have equally distinguished himself from the rest of his fellow-citizens in both these respects, seems somewhat extraordinary, and is scarce to be accounted for but by the preceding observation.

* Octavianus Cæsar.

Or Tibur's hills reply'd,
 Dare to the Muse's ear aspire;
 Save that, instructed by the Grecian lyre, [hide.
 With freedom's ancient notes their shameful task they

III. 2.

Mark how the dread Pantheon stands, 91
 Amid the domes of modern hands
 Amid the toys of idle state,
 How simply, how serenely great!
 Then turn, and while each western clime 95
 Presents her tuneful sons to Time,
 So mark thou Milton's name,
 And add, "Thus differs from the throng
 "The spirit which inform'd thy awful song, [fame."
 "Which bad thy potent voice protect thy country's

III. 3.

Yet hence barbarick zeal 100
 His mem'ry with unholy rage pursues,
 While from these arduous cares of publick weal
 She bids each bard be gone, and rest him with his Muse.
 O Fool! to think the man whose ample mind 105
 Must grasp at all that yonder stars survey,
 Must join the noblest forms of ev'ry kind
 The world's most perfect image to display,
 Can e'er his country's majesty behold
 Unmov'd or cold; 110
 O Fool! to deem
 That he whose thought must visit ev'ry theme,
 Whose heart must ev'ry strong emotion know,
 Inspir'd by Nature, or by Fortune taught,
 That he, if haply some presumptuous foe, 115
 With false ignoble science fraught,
 Shall spurn at Freedom's faithful band,
 That he their dear defence will shun,
 Or hide their glories from the sun,
 Or deal their vengeance with a woman's hand. 120

[Stanza III. 3.] Alluding to his Defence of the People of England against Salmastius. See particularly the manner in which he himself speaks of that undertaking in the Introduction to his Reply to Morus.

IV. 1.

I care not that in Arno's plain,
 Or on the sportive banks of Seine,
 From public themes the Muses' quire
 Content with polish'd Ease retire.
 Where priests the studious head command, 125
 Where tyrants bow the warlike hand
 To vile Ambition's aim,
 Say, what can public themes afford,
 Save venal honours to an hateful lord, [Fame?
 Reserv'd for angry Heav'n, and scorn'd of honest

IV. 2.

But here, where Freedom's equal throne 131
 To all her valiant sons is known,
 Where all are conscious of her cares,
 And each the pow'r that rules him shares,
 Here let the bard, whose dastard tongue 135
 Leaves public arguments unsung,
 Bid public praise farewell,
 Let him to fitter climes remove,
 Far from the hero's and the patriot's love,
 And lull mysterious monks to slumber in their cell.

IV. 3.

O Hastings! not to all 141
 Can ruling Heav'n the same endowments lend;
 Yet still doth Nature to her offspring call, [bend
 That to one gen'ral weal their diff'rent pow'rs they
 Unenvious. Thus alone, tho' strains divine 145
 Inform the bosom of the Muse's son,
 Tho' with new honours the Patrician's line
 Advance from age to age, yet thus alone
 They win the suffrage of impartial Fame.
 The poet's name 150
 He best shall prove
 Whose lays the soul with noblest passions move:

Stanza IV. 3.] Edward III. from whom descended Henry Hastings, third Earl of Huntingdon, by the daughter of the Duke of Clarence, brother to Edward IV.

But thee, O Progeny of heroes old !
 Thee to severer toils thy fate requires ;
 The fate which form'd thee in a chosen mould, 155
 The grateful country of thy fires,
 Thee to sublimer paths demand,
 Sublimer than thy fires could trace,
 Or thy own Edward teach his race,
 Tho' Gaul's proud Genius sank beneath his hand.

V. 1.

From rich domains and subject farms 161
 They led the rustic youth to arms,
 And kings their stern achievements fear'd
 While private strife their banners rear'd :
 But loftier scenes to thee are shown, 165
 Where empire's wide establish'd throne
 No private master fills,
 Where long foretold the people reigns,
 Where each a vassal's humble heart disdains,
 And judgeth what he sees, and as he judgeth wills.

V. 2.

Here be it thine to calm and guide 171
 The swelling Democratic tide,
 To watch the state's uncertain frame,
 And baffle Faction's partial aim,
 But chiefly with determin'd zeal 175
 To quell that servile band who kneel
 To Freedom's banish'd foes,
 That monster which is daily found
 Expert and bold thy country's peace to wound,
 Yet dreads to handle arms, nor manly counsel knows.

V. 3.

'Tis highest Heav'n's command 181
 That guilty aims should sordid paths pursue,
 That what ensnares the heart should maim the hand,
 And Virtue's worthless foes be false to glory too.

Stanza V. 3.] At Whittington, a village on the edge of Scarsdale in Derbyshire, the Earls of Devonshire and Danby, with the Lord Delamere, privately concerted the plan of the Revolution. The house in which they met is at present a farm-house, and the country people distinguish the room where they sat by the name of The Plotting Parlour.

But look on Freedom: see thro' ev'ry age 185
 What labours, perils, griefs, hath she disdain'd!
 What arms, what regal pride, what priestly rage,
 Have her dread offspring conquer'd or sustain'd!
 For Albion well have conquer'd. Let the strains
 Of happy swains, 190
 Which now resound

Where Scarisdale's cliffs the swelling pastures bound,
 Bear witness: there oft' let the farmer hail
 The sacred orchard which imbrow'rs his gate,
 And shew to strangers, passing down the vale, 195
 Where Cav'ndish, Booth, and Osborne, sate;
 When, bursting from their country's chain,
 E'en in the midst of deadly harms,
 Of papal snares and lawless arms,
 They plann'd for Freedom this her noblest reign. 200

VI. 1.

This reign, these laws, this public care,
 Which Nassau gave us all to share,
 Had ne'er adorn'd the English name
 Could Fear have silenc'd Freedom's claim:
 But Fear in vain attempts to bind 205
 Those lofty efforts of the mind
 Which social good inspires;
 Where men for this assault a throne,
 Each adds the common welfare to his own, [quires.
 And each unconquer'd heart the strength of all ac-

VI. 2.

Say, was it thus when late we view'd 211
 Our fields in civil blood imbru'd?
 When Fortune crown'd the barb'rous host,
 And half th' astonish'd isle was lost?
 Did one of all that vaunting train 215
 Who dare affront a peaceful reign,
 Durst one in arms appear?
 Durst one in counsels pledge his life,
 Stake his luxurious fortunes in the strife,
 Or lend his boasted name his vagrant friends to cheer?

VI. 3.

Yet, Hastings! these are they 221
 Who challenge to themselves thy country's love;
 The true, the constant, who alone can weigh
 What glory should demand or liberty approve!
 But let their works declare them. Thy free pow'r's
 The gen'rous pow'rs of thy prevailing mind, 226
 Not for the talks of their confed'rate hours,
 Lewd brawls and lurking slander, were design'd.
 Be thou thy own approver. Honest praise
 Oft' nobly sways 230
 Ingenuous youth;
 But, sought from cowards and the lying mouth,
 Praise is reproach. Eternal God alone
 For mortals fixeth that sublime award:
 He from the faithful records of his throne 235
 Bids the historian and the bard
 Dispose of honour and of scorn,
 Discern the patriot from the slave,
 And write the good, the wise, the brave,
 For lessons to the multitude unborn. 240

END OF BOOK FIRST.



ODES ON SEVERAL SUBJECTS.

IN TWO BOOKS.

BOOK II. ODE I.

THE REMONSTRANCE OF SHAKESPEARE,

*Supposed to have been spoken at the Theatre-Royal
while the French Comedians were acting by
Subscription, 1749.*

IF yet, regardful of your native land,
Old Shakespeare's tongue you deign to understand,
Lo! from the blissful bow'rs, where Heav'n rewards
Instructive sages and unblemish'd bards,
I come, the ancient founder of the stage, 5
Intent to learn, in this discerning age,
What form of wit your fancies have embrac'd,
And whither tends your elegance of taste,
That thus at length our homely toils you spurn,
That thus to foreign scenes you proudly turn, 10
That from my brow the laurel wreath you claim
To crown the rivals of your country's fame,
What tho' the footsteps of my devious Muse
The measur'd walks of Grecian art refuse?
Or tho' the frankness of my hardy style 15
Mock the nice touches of the critic's file?
Yet what my age and climate held to view,
Impartial I survey'd and fearless drew.
And say, ye skilful in the human heart!
Who know to prize a poet's noblest part, 20
What age, what clime, could e'er an ampler field
For lofty thought, for daring fancy, yield?
I saw this England break the shameful bands
Forg'd for the souls of men by sacred hands;
I saw each groaning realm her aid implore, 25
Her sons the heroes of each warlike shore,
Her naval standard (the dire Spaniard's bane)
Obey'd thro' all the circuit of the main;
Then too great Commerce, for a late-found world,
Around your coast her eager sails unfurl'd; 30

New hopes, new passions thence the bosom fir'd,
 New plans, new arts the genius thence inspir'd,
 Thence ev'ry scene which private fortune knows
 In stronger life with bolder spirit rose.

Disgrac'd I this full prospect which I drew? 35
 My colours languid, or my strokes untrue?

Have not your sages, warriors, swains, and kings,
 Confess'd the living draught of men and things?

What other bard in any clime appears
 Alike the master of your smiles and tears? 40

Yet have I deign'd your audience to entice

With wretched bribes to luxury and vice?

Or have my various scenes a purpose known

Which Freedom, Virtue, Glory, might not own?

Such from the first was my dramatic plan; 45

It should be yours to crown what I began:

And now that England spurns her Gothic chain,

And equal laws and social science reign,

I thought now surely shall my zealous eyes

View nobler bards and juster critics rise, 50

Intent with learned labour to refine

The copious ore of Albion's native mine,

Our stately Muse more graceful airs to teach,

And form her tongue to more attractive speech,

Till rival nations listen at her feet, 55

And own her polish'd as they own her great.

But do you thus my fav'rite hopes fulfil?

Is France at last the standard of your skill?

Alas for you, that so betray a mind

Of art unconscious, and to beauty blind! 60

Say, does her language your ambition raise,

Her barren, trivial, unharmonious, phrase,

Which fetters eloquence to scantiest bounds,

And maims the cadence of poetic sounds?

Say, does your humble admiration chuse 65

The gentle prattle of her Comic Muse,

While wits, plain-dealers, fops, and fools, appear,

Charg'd to say nought but what the king may hear?

Or rather melt your sympathizing hearts,

Won by her Tragic scenes' romantic arts, 70

Where old and young declaim on soft desire,
And heroes never but for love expire?

No: tho' the charms of novelty a while
Perhaps too fondly win your thoughtless smile,
Yet not for you design'd indulgent Fate 75
The modes or manners of the Bourbon state;
And ill your minds my partial judgment reads,
And many an augury my hope misleads,
If the fair maids of yonder blooming train
To their light courtship would an audience deign; 80
Or those chaste matrons a Parisian wife
Chuse for the model of domestic life;
Or if one youth of all that gen'rous band,
The strength and splendor of their native land,
Would yield his portion of his country's fame, 85
And quit old Freedom's patrimonial claim,
With lying smiles Oppression's pomp to see,
And judge of Glory by a king's decree.

O blest at home with justly envy'd laws!
O long the chiefs of Europe's gen'ral cause! 90
Whom Heav'n hath chosen at each dang'rous hour
To check the inroads of barbaric Pow'r,
The rights of trampled nations to reclaim,
And guard the social world from bonds and shame;
Oh! let not Luxury's fantastic charms 95
Thus give the lie to your heroic arms,
Nor for the ornaments of life embrace
Dishonest lessons from that vaunting race,
Whom Fate's dread laws (for in eternal Fate
Despotic Rule was heir to Freedom's hate) 100
Whom in each warlike, each commercial part,
In civil counsel and in pleasing art,
The Judge of earth predestin'd for your foes,
And made it fame and virtue to oppose. 104

R

ODE II.

TO SLEEP.

I.

THUO silent Pow'r! whose welcome sway
 Charms ev'ry anxious thought away,
 In whose divine oblivion drown'd
 Sore pain and weary toil grow mild,
 Love is with kinder looks beguil'd, 5
 And Grief forgets her fondly-cherish'd wound,
 Oh whither hast thou flown, indulgent god!
 God of kind shadows and of healing dews,
 Whom dost thou touch with thy Lethæan rod?
 Around whose temples now thy opiate airs diffuse? 10

II.

Lo! Midnight from her starry reign
 Looks awful down on earth and main,
 The tuneful birds lie hush'd in sleep,
 With all that crop the verdant food,
 With all that skim the crystal flood, 15
 Or haunt the caverns of the rocky steep;
 No rushing winds disturb the tufted bow'rs,
 No waketul sound the moonlight valley knows,
 Save where the brook its liquid murmur pours,
 And lulls the waving scene to more profound repose.

III.

Oh let not me alone complain, 21
 Alone invoke thy pow'r in vain!
 Descend propitious on my eyes,
 Not from the couch that bears a crown,
 Not from the courtly statesman's down, 25
 Nor where the miser and his treasure lies;
 Bring not the shapes that break the murd'rer's rest,
 Nor those the hireling-soldier loves to see,
 Nor those which haunt the bigot's gloomy breast;
 Far be their guilty nights and far their dreams from
 me! 1

IV.

Nor yet those awful forms present 31
 For chiefs and heroes only meant.
 The figur'd brass, the choral song,
 The rescu'd peoples' glad applause,
 The list'ning senate, and the laws 35
 Fix'd by the counsels of Timoleon's * tongue,
 Are scenes too grand for Fortune's private ways,
 And tho' they shine in youth's ingenuous view,
 The sober gainful arts of modern days
 To such romantic thoughts have bid a long adieu 40

V.

I ask not, god of Dreams! thy care
 To banish Love's presentments fair:
 Nor rosy cheek, nor radiant eye
 Can arm him with such strong command,
 That the young forc'er's fatal hand 45
 Should round my soul his pleasing fetters tie:
 Nor yet the courtier's hope, the giving smile,
 (A lighter phantom and a baser chain)
 Did e'er in slumber my proud lyre beguile
 To lend the pomp of thrones her ill-according strain.

VI.

But, Morpheus! on thy balmy wing 51
 Such honourable visions bring
 As sooth'd great Milton's injur'd age,
 When in prophetic dreams he saw
 The race unborn with pious awe 55
 Imbibe each virtue from his heav'nly page:
 Or such as Mead's benignant fancy knows
 When health's deep treasures, by his art explor'd,
 Have sav'd the infant from an orphan's woes,
 Or to the trembling fire his age's hope restor'd. 60

R 2

* After Timoleon had delivered Syracuse from the tyranny of Dionysius, the people on every important deliberation sent for him into the public assembly, asked his advice, and voted according to it. *Plut.*

ODE III.

TO THE CUCKOW.

I.

O RUSTIC herald of the Spring!

At length in yonder woody vale
Fast by the brook I hear thee sing,
And studious of thy homely tale,
Amid the vespers of the grove,
Amid the chanting choir of love,
Thy sage responses hail.

II.

The time has been when I have frown'd
To hear thy voice the woods invade,
And while thy solemn accent drown'd
Some sweeter poet of the shade,
Thus thought I, thus the sons of Care
Some constant youth or gen'rous fair
With dull advice upbraid.

III.

I said, "While Philomela's song
Proclaims the passion of the grove,
"It ill beseems a Cuckow's tongue
"Her charming language to reprove."—
Alas! how much a lover's ear
Hates all the sober truth to hear,
The sober truth of love!

IV.

When hearts are in each other blest,
When nought but lofty faith can rule
The nymph's and swain's consenting breast,
How Cuckow-like, in Cupid's school,
With store of grave prudential saws
On Fortune's pow'r and Custom's laws,
Appears each friendly fool!

V.

Yet think betimes, ye gentle Train!
 Whom love, and hope, and fancy, sway, 30
 Whom ev'ry harsher care disdain,
 Who by the morning judge the day,
 Think that in April's fairest hours
 To warbling shades and painted flow'rs
 The Cuckow joins his lay. 35

ODE IV.

TO THE HON. CHARLES TOWNSHEND.

In the Country, 1750.

I. 1.

HOW oft' shall I survey
 This humble roof, the lawn, the greenwood shade,
 The vale with sheaves o'erspread,
 The glassy brook, the flocks which round thee stray?
 When will thy cheerful mind 5
 Of these have utter'd all her dear esteem?
 Or tell me, dost thou deem
 No more to join in glory's toilsome race,
 But here content embrace
 That happy leisure which thou hadst resign'd? 10

I. 2.

Alas! ye happy hours!
 When books and youthful sport the soul could share,
 Ere one ambitious care
 Of civil life had aw'd her simpler pow'rs,
 Oft' as your winged train 15
 Revisit here my friend in white array,
 Oh! fail not to display
 Each fairer scene where I perchance had part,
 That so his gen'rous heart
 Th' abode of even Friendship may remain. 20

I. 3.

For not imprudent of my loss to come,
 I saw from Contemplation's quiet cell
 His feet ascending to another home,
 Where public Praise and envy'd Greatness dwell.

But shall we therefore, O my Lyre!
 Reprove Ambition's best desire,
 Extinguish Glory's flame?
 Far other was the task enjoin'd
 When to my hand thy strings were first assign'd,
 Far other faith belongs to Friendship's honour'd name.

25

II. 1.

Thee, Townshend! not the arms
 Of slumb'ring Ease nor Pleasure's rosy chain
 Were destin'd to detain;
 No, nor bright Science, nor the Musè's charms.
 For them high Heav'n prepares
 Their proper votaries, an humbler band:
 And ne'er would Spenser's hand
 Have deign'd to strike the warbling Tuscan shell,
 Nor Harrington to tell
 What habit an immortal city wears.

31

35

40

II. 2.

Had this been born to shield
 The cause which Cromwell's impious hand betray'd,
 Or that like Vere display'd
 His Redcross banner o'er the Belgian field;
 Yet where the will divine
 Hath shut those loftiest paths, it next remains
 With reason, clad in strains
 Of harmony, selected minds t' inspire,
 And Virtue's living fire
 To feed and eternize in hearts like thine.

45

50

II. 3.

For never shall the herd whom Envy sways
 So quell my purpose, or my tongue controul,
 That I should fear illustrious worth to praise,
 Because its master's friendship mov'd my soul.
 Yet if this undissembling strain
 Should now perhaps thine ear detain
 With any pleasing sound,
 Remember thou that righteous Fame
 From hoary Age a strict account will claim [crown'd.
 Of each auspicious palm with which thy youth was

55

III. 1.

Nor obvious is the way 61
 Where Heav'n expects thee, nor the traveller leads
 Thro' flow'rs or fragrant meads,
 Or groves that hark to Philomela's lay.
 The impartial laws of Fate 65
 To nobler virtues wed severer cares.
 Is there a man who shares
 The summit next where heav'nly natures dwell?
 Ask him (for he can tell) 69
 What storms beat round that rough laborious height.

III. 2.

Ye Heroes! who of old
 Did gen'rous England Freedom's throne ordain,
 From Alfred's parent reign
 To Nassau, great deliv'rer, wise and bold!
 I know your perils hard, 75
 Your wounds, your painful marches, wintry seas,
 The night estrang'd from ease,
 The day by cowardice and falsehood vex'd,
 The head with doubt perplex'd,
 Th' indignant heart disdaining the reward 80

III. 3.

Which Envy hardly grants. But, O renown!
 O praise from judging Heav'n and virtuous men,
 If thus they purchas'd thy divinest crown,
 Say, who shall hesitate, or who complain?
 And now they sit on thrones above; 85
 And when among the gods they move
 Before the Sovran Mind,
 "Lo! these," he saith, "Lo! these are they
 "Who to the laws of mine eternal sway
 "From violence and fear asserted humankind." 90

IV. 1.

Thus honour'd while the train
 Of legislators in his presence dwell,
 If I may aught foretel,
 The statesman shall the second palm obtain.

For dreadful deeds of arms 95
 Let vulgar bards with undiscerning praise
 More glitt'ring trophies raise,
 But wisest Heav'n what deeds may chiefly move
 To favour and to love;
 What, save wide blessings or averted harms? 100

IV. 2.

Nor to th' embattled field
 Shall the achievements of the peaceful gown
 The green immortal crown
 Of valour or the songs of conquest yield.
 Not Fairfax, wildly bold, 105
 While bare of crest he hew'd his fatal way,
 Thro' Naseby's firm array,
 To heavier dangers did his breast oppose
 Than Pym's free virtue chose
 When the proud force of Strafford he controll'd. 110

IV. 3.

But what, is man at enmity with truth?
 What were the fruits of Wentworth's copious mind
 When (blighted all the promise of his youth)
 The patriot in a tyrant's league had join'd?
 Let Ireland's loud lamenting plains, 115
 Let Tyne's and Humber's trampled swains,
 Let menac'd London, tell,
 How impious Guile made Wisdom base,
 How gen'rous Zeal to cruel Rage gave place,
 And how unblest'd he liv'd, and how dishonour'd fell.

V. 1.

Thence never hath the Muse 121
 Around his tomb Pierian roses flung,
 Nor shall one poet's tongue
 His name for music's pleasing labour chuse.
 And sure when Nature kind 125
 Hath deck'd some favour'd breast above the throng,
 That man with grievous wrong
 Affronts and wounds his genius if he bends
 To Guilt's ignoble ends
 The functions of his ill-submitting mind. 130

V. 2.

For worthy of the wise
 Nothing can seem but virtue, nor earth yield
 Their fame an equal field,
 Save where impartial Freedom gives the prize:
 There Somers fix'd his name, 135
 Enroll'd the next to William; there shall Time
 To ev'ry wond'ring clime
 Point out that Somers, who, from Faction's crowd,
 The stand'rous and the loud,
 Could fair assent and modest rev'rence claim. 140

V. 3.

Nor aught did laws or social arts acquire,
 Nor this majestic weal of Albion's land
 Did aught accomplish, or to aught aspire,
 Without his guidance, his superior hand.
 And rightly shall the Muse's care 145
 Wreaths like her own for him prepare,
 Whose mind's enamour'd aim
 Could forms of civil beauty draw
 Sublime as ever sage or poet saw,
 Yet still to life's rude scene the proud ideas tame. 150

VI. 1.

Let none profane be near!
 The Muse was never foreign to his breast;
 On Pow'rs great seat confest
 Still to her voice he bent a lover's ear:
 And if the blessed know 155
 Their ancient cares, e'en now th' unfading groves
 Where haply Milton roves
 With Spenser, hear th' enchanted echoes round
 Thro' farthest heav'n resound
 With Somers! guardian of their fame below. 160

VI. 2.

He knew, the patriot knew,
 That letters and the Muses' pow'rful art
 Exalt th' ingenuous heart,
 And brighten ev'ry form of just and true:

They lend a nobler sway
 To civil Wisdom than Corruption's lure
 Could ever yet procure;
 They too from Envy's pale malignant light
 Conduct her forth to sight,
 Cloth'd in the fairest colours of the day. 165 170

VI. 3.

O Townshend! thus may Time, the judge severe,
 Instruct my happy tongue of thee to tell,
 And when I speak of one to freedom dear
 For planning wisely, and for acting well,
 Of one whom glory loves to own, 175
 Who still by lib'ral means alone
 Hath lib'ral ends pursu'd,
 Then for the guerdon of my lay,
 "This man with faithful friendship" will I say,
 "From youth to honour'd age my arts and me hath
 view'd." 180

ODE V.

ON LOVE OF PRAISE.

I.

OF all the springs within the mind
 Which prompt her steps in Fortune's maze,
 From none more pleasing aid we find
 Than from the genuine love of praise. 4

II.

Nor any partial private end
 Such reverence to the public bears,
 Nor any passion, Virtue's friend,
 So like to Virtue's self appears. 8

III.

For who in glory can delight
 Without delight in glorious deeds?
 What man a charming voice can slight,
 Who courts the echo that succeeds? 12

IV.

But not the echo on the voice
 More than on virtue praise depends,
 To which of course its real price
 The judgment of the praiser lends. 16

V.

If praise then with religious awe
 From the sole perfect Judge be sought,
 A nobler aim, a purer law,
 Nor priest, nor bard, nor sage, hath taught; 20

VI.

With which in character the same,
 Tho' in an humbler sphere it lies,
 I count that soul of human fame
 The suffrage of the good and wise. 24

ODE VI.

TO W. HALL, ESQ. WITH THE
 WORKS OF CHAULIEU.

I.

ATTEND to Chaulieu's wanton lyre,
 While, fluent as the skylark sings
 When first the morn allures its wings,
 The epicure his theme pursues,
 And tell me if among the choir 5
 Whose music charms the banks of Seine,
 So full, so free, so rich, a strain
 E'er dictated the warbling Muse.

II.

Yet, Hall! while thy judicious ear
 Admires the well dissembled art 10
 That can such harmony impart
 To the lame pace of Gallic rhymes,
 While wit, from affectation clear,
 Bright images and passions true
 Recall to thy assenting view 15
 The envy'd bards of nobler times;

III.

Say, is not oft' his doctrine wrong?
 This priest of Pleasure, who aspires
 To lead us to her sacred fires,
 Knows he the ritual of her shrine? 20
 Say, (her sweet influence to thy song
 So may the goddess still afford,)
 Doth she consent to be ador'd
 With shameless love and frantic wine?

IV.

Nor Cato nor Chrysippus here 25
 Need we in high indignant phrase
 From their Elysian quiet raise,
 But Pleasure's oracle alone
 Consult attentive, not severe.
 O Pleasure! we blaspheme not thee, 30
 Nor emulate the rigid knee
 Which bends but at the Stoic throne.

V.

We own, had Fate to man assign'd
 Nor sense nor wish but what obey
 Or Venus soft or Bacchus gay, 35
 Then might our bard's voluptuous creed
 Most aptly govern humankind,
 Unless perchance what he hath sung,
 Of tortur'd joints and nerves unstrung,
 Some wrangling heretic should plead. 40

VI.

But now with all these proud desires
 For dauntless truth and honest fame,
 With that strong master of our frame
 Th' inexorable judge within,
 What can be done? Alas! ye fires 45
 Of love! alas! ye rosy smiles!
 Ye nectar'd cups from happier soils!
 Ye have no bribe his grace to win. 48

ODE VII.

TO THOMAS EDWARDS, ESQ.

On the late Edition of Mr. Pope's Works, 1751.

I.

BELIEVE me, Edwards, to restrain

The licence of a railer's tongue,

Is what but seldom men obtain

By sense or wit, by prose or song;

A task for more Herculean pow'rs,

Nor suited to the sacred hours

Of leisure in the Muses' bow'rs.

II.

In bow'rs where laurel weds with palm

The Muse, the blameless queen, resides,

Fair Fame attends, and Wisdom calm.

Her eloquence harmonious guides;

While shut for ever from her gate,

Oft' trying, still repining, wait

Fierce Envy and calumnious Hate.

III.

Who then from her delightful bounds

Would step one moment forth to heed

What impotent and savage sounds

From their unhappy mouths proceed?

No; rather Spenser's lyre again

Prepare, and let thy pious strain

For Pope's dishonour'd shade complain.

IV.

Tell how displeas'd was ev'ry bard,

When lately in th' Elysian grove

They of his Muse's guardian heard,

His delegate to fame above,

And what with one accord they said

Of Wit in drooping age misled,

And Warburton's officious aid:

V.

How Virgil mourn'd the sordid fate
 To that melodious lyre assign'd,
 Beneath a tutor who so late
 With Midas and his rout combin'd
 By spiteful Clamour to confound
 That very lyre's enchanting sound,
 Tho' list'ning realms admir'd around : 35

VI.

How Horace own'd he thought the fire
 Of his friend Pope's satiric line
 Did farther fuel scarce require
 From such a militant divine:
 How Milton scorn'd the sophist vain
 Who durst approach his hallow'd strain
 With unwash'd hands and lips profane. 40

VII.

Then Shakespeare, debonnair and mild,
 Brought that strange Comment forth to view;
 " Conceits more deep," he said and smil'd,
 " Than his own fools or madmen knew;" 45
 But thank'd a gen'rous friend above,
 Who did with free advent'rous love
 Such pageants from his tomb remove.

VIII.

And if to Pope, in equal need,
 The same kind office thou wouldst pay,
 Then, Edwards, all the band decreed
 That future bards with frequent lay
 Should call on thy auspicious name
 From each absurd intruder's claim
 To keep inviolate their fame. 50 56

Stanza V.] During Mr. Pope's war with Theobald, Concanen, and the rest of their tribe, Mr. Warburton, the present Lord Bishop of Gloucester, did with great zeal cultivate their friendship, having been introduced forsooth at the meetings of that respectable confederacy, a favour which he afterwards spoke of in very high terms of complacency and thankfulness: at the same time, in his intercourse with them, he treated Mr. Pope in a most contemptuous manner, and as a writer without genius. Of the truth of these assertions his Lordship can have no doubt, if he recollects his own correspondence with Concanen, a part of which is still in being, and will probably be remembered as long as any of this prelate's writings.

ODE VIII.

TO THE AUTHOR OF MEMOIRS OF THE HOUSE
OF BRANDENBURGH. 1751.*

I.

THE men renown'd as chiefs of human race,
And born to lead in counsels or in arms,
Have seldom turn'd their feet from Glory's chase
To dwell with books, or court the Muse's charms:
Yet to your eyes if haply time hath brought
Some genuine transcript of their calmer thought,
There still we own the wise, the great, or good;
And Cæsar there and Xenophon are seen
As clear in spirit and sublime of mien
As on Pharfalian plains or by th' Assyrian flood.

II.

Say thou too, Fred'rick! was not this thy aim?
Thy vigil's could the student's lamp engage,
Except for this? except that future fame
Might read thy genius in the faithful page?
That if hereafter Envy shall presume
With words irrev'rent to inscribe thy tomb,
And baser weeds upon thy palms to fling,
That hence posterity may try thy reign,
Assert thy treaties, and thy wars explain,
And view in native lights the hero and the king.

* In the year 1751 appeared a very splendid edition in 4to of *Memoires pour servir a l'Histoire de la Maison de Brandebourg, a Berlin et a la Haye*, with a privilege signed Frederick, the same being engraved in imitation of handwriting. In this edition, among other extraordinary passages, are the two following, to which the third stanza of this ode more particularly refers:

Page 163.] "Il se fit une migration [the author is speaking of what happened of the revocation of the Edict of Nantz] dont on n'avoit guere vu d'exemples dans l'histoire: un peuple entier sortit du royaume par l'esprit de parti en haine du pape, et pour recevoir sous un autre ciel la communion sous les deux especes: quatre cens mille ames s'exptrièrent ainsi et abandonnerent tous leur biens pour detonner dans d'autres temples les vieux pseumes de Clement Marot."
Page 242.] "La crainte donna le jour a la credulite, et l'amour propre interessa bientot le ciel au destin des hommes."

III.

O evil foresight and pernicious care!
 Wilt thou indeed abide by this appeal?
 Shall we the lessons of thy pen compare
 With private honour or with public zeal?
 Whence then at things divine those darts of scorn? 25
 Why are the woes which virtuous men have borne
 For sacred Truth a prey to Laughter giv'n?
 What fiend, what foe of Nature, urg'd thy arm
 Th' Almighty of his sceptre to disarm,
 To push this earth adrift, and leave it loose from
 heav'n? 30

IV.

Ye godlike Shades of legislators old!
 Ye who made Rome victorious, Athens wise!
 Ye first of mortals, with the blest enroll'd!
 Say, did not horror in your bosoms rise,
 When thus, by impious Vanity impell'd, 35
 A magistrate, a monarch, ye beheld
 Affronting civil Order's holiest bands,
 Those bands which ye so labour'd to improve,
 Those hopes and fears of justice from above [mands? 40
 Which tam'd the savage world to your divine com-

ODE IX.

TO THE RIGHT REV. BENJAMIN LORD BISHOP
 OF WINCHESTER, 1754.

I. 1.

FOR toils which patriots have endur'd,
 For treason quell'd and laws secur'd,
 In ev'ry nation Time displays
 The palm of honourable praise.
 Envy may rail, and Faction fierce 3
 May strive; but what, alas! can those
 (Tho' bold, yet blind and sordid foes)
 To gratitude and love oppose,
 To faithful story and persuasive verse?

I. 2.

O Nurse of freedom, Albion! say, 10
 Thou tamer of despotic sway,
 What man among thy sons around
 Thus heir to glory hast thou found?
 What page in all thy annals bright
 Hast thou with purer joy survey'd? 15
 Than that where truth by Hoadley's aid
 Shines thro' imposture's solemn shade,
 Thro' kingly and thro' sacerdotal night?

I. 3.

To him the Teacher blest
 Who sent religion from the palmy field 20
 By Jordan like the morn to cheer the west, [ceal'd,
 And lifted up the veil which Heav'n from earth con-
 To Hoadley thus his mandate he address:
 "Go thou and rescue my dishonour'd law
 "From hands rapacious and from tongues impure; 25
 "Let not my peaceful name be made a lure
 "Fell Persecution's mortal snares to aid;
 "Let not my words be impious chains to draw
 "The freeborn soul in more than brutal awe,
 "To faith without assent, allegiance unrepaid." 30

II. 1.

No cold or unperforming hand
 Was arm'd by Heav'n with this command:
 The world soon felt it; and on high
 To William's ear with welcome joy
 Did Locke among the blest unfold 35
 The rising hope of Hoadley's name;
 Godolphin then confirm'd the same;
 And Somers, when from earth he came,
 And gen'rous Stanhope the fair sequel told.

Stanza II. 1.] Mr. Locke died in 1704, when Mr. Hoadley was beginning to distinguish himself in the cause of civil and religious liberty; Lord Godolphin in 1712, when the doctrines of the Jacobite faction were chiefly favoured by those in power; Lord Somers in 1716, amid the practices of the Non-juring clergy against the Protestant establishment; and Lord Stanhope in 1721, during the controversy with the lower House of Convocation.

II. 2.

Then drew the lawgivers around, 40
 (Sires of the Grecian name renown'd)
 And list'ning ask'd, and wond'ring knew,
 What private force could thus subdue
 The vulgar and the great combin'd,
 Could war with sacred folly wage, 45
 Could a whole nation disengage
 From the dread bonds of many an age,
 And to new habits mould the public mind.

II. 3.

For not a conqueror's sword,
 Nor the strong pow'rs to civil founders known, 50
 Were his, but truth by faithful search explor'd,
 And social sense like seed in genial plenty sown.
 Wherever it took root the soul (restor'd
 To freedom) freedom too for others sought.
 Not monkish craft, the tyrant's claim divine, 55
 Not regal zeal, the bigot's cruel shrine,
 Could longer guard from Reason's warfare sage;
 Not the wild rabble to sedition wrought,
 Nor synods by the papal Genius taught,
 Nor St. John's spirit loose, nor Atterbury's rage. 60

III. 1.

But where shall recompense be found,
 Or how such arduous merit crown'd?
 For look on life's laborious scene,
 What rugged spaces lie between
 Advent'rous Virtue's early toils 65
 And her triumphal throne! the shade
 Of death mean-time does oft' invade
 Her progress, nor to us display'd
 Wears the bright heroine her expected spoils.

III. 2.

Yet born to conquer is her pow'r: 70
 —O Hoadley! if that favourite hour
 On earth arrive, with thankful awe
 We own just Heav'n's indulgent law,

And proudly thy success behold;
 We attend thy rev'rend length of days 75
 With benediction and with praise,
 And hail thee in our public ways
 Like some great spirit fam'd in ages old.

III. 3.

While thus our vows prolong
 Thy steps on earth, and when by us resign'd 80
 Thou join'st thy seniors, that heroic throng
 Who rescu'd or preserv'd the rights of humankind,
 O! not unworthy may thy Albion's tongue
 Thee still her friend and benefactor name;
 O! never, Hoadley! in thy country's eyes 85
 May impious gold or pleasure's gaudy prize
 Make public virtue public freedom vile,
 Nor our own manners tempt us to disclaim
 That heritage, our noblest wealth and fame,
 Which thou hast kept entire from force and faction's
 guile. 90

ODE X.

I.

IF rightly tuneful bards decide,
 If it be fix'd in Love's decrees,
 That beauty ought not to be try'd
 But by its native pow'r to please,
 Then tell me, Youths and Lovers! tell
 What fair can Amoret excel? 6

II.

Behold that bright unsully'd smile,
 And Wisdom speaking in her mien,
 Yet (she so artless all the while,
 So little studious to be seen)
 We nought but instant gladness know,
 Nor think to whom the gift we owe. 12

III.

But neither music, nor the pow'rs
 Of youth, and mirth, and frolic cheer,
 Add half that sunshine to the hours,
 Or make life's prospect half so clear,

As mem'ry brings it to the eye,
From scenes where Amoret was by: 18

IV.

Yet not a satireft could there
Or fault or indiscretion find,
Nor any prouder sage declare
One virtue pictur'd in his mind,
Whose form with lovelier colours glows
Than Amoret's demeanour shows. 24

V.

This sure is beauty's happiest part,
This gives the most unbounded sway,
This shall enchant the subject heart
When rose and lily fade away,
And she be still, in spite of time,
Sweet Amoret in all her prime. 30

ODE XI.

AT STUDY.

I.

WHITHER did my fancy stray?
By what magic drawn away
Have I left my studious theme,
From his philosophic page,
From the problems of the sage,
Wand'ring thro' a pleasing dream? 6

II.

'Tis in vain, alas! I find,
Much in vain, my zealous mind
Would to learned Wisdom's throne
Dedicate each thoughtful hour;
Nature bids a softer pow'r
Claim some minutes for his own. 12

III.

Let the busy or the wise
View him with contemptuous eyes,

Love is native to the heart;
 Guide its wishes as you will,
 Without love you'll find it still
 Void in one essential part.

IV.

Me tho' no peculiar fair
 Touches with a lover's care,
 Tho' the pride of my desire
 Asks immortal Friendship's name,
 Asks the palm of honest fame,
 And the old heroic lyre ;

V.

Tho' the day have smoothly gone,
 Or to letter'd leisure known,
 Or in social duty spent,
 Yet at eve my lonely breast
 Seeks in vain for perfect rest,
 Languishes for true content.

ODE XII.

TO THE COUNTRY GENTLEMEN OF ENGLAND,
 1758.

I.

WHITHER is Europe's ancient spirit fled?
 Where are those valiant tenants of her shore,
 Who from the warrior-bow the strong dart sped,
 Or with firm hand the rapid pole-axe bore?
 Freeman and Soldier was their common name,
 Who late with reapers to the furrow came,
 Now in the front of battle charg'd the foe ;
 Who taught the steer the wintry plough t' endure,
 Now in full councils check'd encroaching pow'r,
 And gave the guardian laws their majesty to know.

II.

But who are ye? from Ebro's loit'ring sons
 To Tiber's pageants, to the sports of Seine,
 From Rhine's frail palaces to Danube's thrones,
 And cities looking on the Cimbric main,

Ye lost, ye self deserted! whose proud lords 15
 Have baffled your tame hands, and giv'n your swords
 To slavish ruffians, hir'd for their command:
 These at some greedy monk's or harlot's nod,
 See rifled nations crouch beneath their rod;
 These are the public will, the reason of the land. 20

III.

Thou, heedless Albion! what, alas! the while
 Dost thou presume? O inexpert in arms,
 Yet vain of freedom, how dost thou beguile
 With dreams of hope these near and loud alarms!
 Thy splendid home, thy plan of laws renown'd, 25
 The praise and envy of the nations round,
 What care hast thou to guard from Fortune's sway?
 Amid the storms of war how soon may all
 The lofty pile from its foundations fall,
 Of ages the proud toil, the ruin of a day! 30

IV.

No; thou art rich; thy streams and fertile vales
 Add industry's wise gifts to Nature's store,
 And ev'ry port is crowded with thy sails,
 And ev'ry wave throws treasure on thy shore.
 What boots it? If luxurious plenty charm 35
 Thy selfish heart from glory, if thy arm
 Shrink at the frowns of danger and of pain,
 Those gifts, that treasure, is no longer thine.
 Oh! rather far be poor. Thy gold will shine, 39
 Tempting the eye of Force, and deck thee to thy bane.

V.

But what hath force or war to do with thee?
 Girt by the azure tide, and thrôn'd sublime
 Amid thy floating bulwarks, thou canst see
 With scorn the fury of each hostile clime
 Dash'd ere it reach thee. Sacred from the foe 45
 Are thy fair fields. Athwart thy guardian prow
 No bold invader's foot shall tempt the strand.—
 Yet say, my Country! will the waves and wind
 Obey thee? hast thou all thy hopes resign'd 49
 To the sky's fickle faith, the pilot's wav'ring hand?

VI.

For oh! may neither fear, nor stronger love,
 (Love by thy virtuous princes nobly won)
 Thee last of many wretched nations move
 With mighty armies station'd round the throne
 To trust thy safety. Then farewell the claims 55
 Of Freedom! her proud records to the flames
 Then bear an off'ring at Ambition's shrine,
 Whate'er thy ancient patriot's dar'd demand
 From furious John's or faithless Charles's hand,
 Or what great William seal'd for his adopted line. 60

VII.

But if thy sons be worthy of their name,
 If lib'ral laws with lib'ral hearts they prize,
 Let them from conquest and from servile shame
 In war's glad school their own protectors rise.
 Ye chiefly heirs of Albion's cultur'd plains! 65
 Ye leaders of her bold and faithful swains!
 Now not unequal to your birth be found;
 The public voice bids arm your rural state,
 Paternal hamlets for your ensigns wait, [around.
 And grange and fold prepare to pour their youth

VIII.

Why are ye tardy? what inglorious care 71
 Detains you from their head, your native post?
 Who most their country's fame and fortune share,
 'Tis theirs to share her toils, her perils most.
 Each man his task in social life sustains: 75
 With partial labours, with domestic gains,
 Let others dwell: to you indulgent Heav'n,
 By counsel and by arms, the public cause
 To serve for public love, and love's applause, 79
 The first employment far, the noblest hire, hath giv'n.

IX.

Have ye not heard of Lacedæmon's fame?
 Of Attic chiefs in Freedom's war divine?
 Of Rome's dread gen'ral! the Valerian name?
 The Fabian sons? the Scipio's? matchless line!
 Your lot was theirs. The farmer and the swain 85
 Met his lov'd patron's summons from the plain;

The legions gather'd ; the bright Eagles flew ;
 Barbarian monarchs in the triumph mourn'd,
 The conq'rors to their household gods return'd,
 And fed Calabrian flocks, and steer'd the Sabine
 plough. 90

X.

Shall then this glory of the antique age,
 This pride of men, be lost among mankind?
 Shall war's heroic arts no more engage
 The unbought hand, the unsubjected mind?
 Doth valour to the race no more belong? 95
 No more with scorn of violence and wrong
 Doth forming Nature now her sons inspire,
 That, like some mystery to few reveal'd,
 The skill of arms abash'd and aw'd they yield, [tire?
 And from their own defence with hopeless hearts re-

XI.

O shame to human life, to human laws ! 101
 The loose advent'rer, hireling of a day,
 Who his fell sword without affection draws,
 Whose god, whose country, is a tyrant's pay ;
 This man the lessons of the field can learn, 105
 Can ev'ry palm which decks a warrior earn,
 And ev'ry pledge of conquest, while in vain
 To guard your altars, your paternal lands,
 Are social arms held out to your free hands ! 109
 Too arduous is the lore, too irksome were the pain.

XII.

Mean-time, by Pleasure's lying tales allur'd,
 From the bright sun and living breeze ye stray,
 And deep in London's gloomy haunts immur'd,
 Brood o'er your fortune's, freedom's, health's decay.
 O blind of choice, and to yourselves untrue ! 115
 The young grove shoots, their bloom the fields renew,
 The mansion asks its lord, the swains their friend,
 While he doth Riot's orgies haply share,
 Or tempt the gamester's dark destroying snare, 119
 Or at some courtly shrine with slavish incense bend.

XIII.

And yet full oft' your anxious tongues complain,
 That lawless tumult prompts the rustic throng,
 That the rude village inmates now disdain
 Those homely ties which rul'd their fathers long.
 Alas! your fathers did by other arts 125
 Draw those kind ties around their simple hearts,
 And led in other parts their ductile will,
 By succour, faithful counsel, courteous cheer,
 Won them the ancient manners to revere,
 To prize their country's peace, and Heav'n's due rites
 fulfil. 130

XIV.

But mark the judgment of experienc'd Time,
 Tutor of nations. Doth light discord tear
 A state, and impotent sedition's crime?
 The pow'rs of warlike prudence dwell not there,
 The pow'rs who to command, and to obey, 135
 Instruct the valiant. There would civil sway
 The rising race to manly concord tame,
 Oft' let the marshall'd field their steps unite,
 And in glad splendour bring before their sight
 One common cause, one hereditary fame. 140

XV.

Nor yet be aw'd, nor yet your task disown,
 Tho' war's proud votaries look on severe,
 Tho' secrets taught erewhile to them alone
 They deem profan'd by your intruding ear:
 Let them in vain, your martial hope to quell, 145
 Of new refinements, fiercer weapons tell,
 And mock the old simplicity in vain;
 To the time's warfare, simple or refin'd,
 The time itself adapts the warrior's mind,
 And equal prowess still shall equal palms obtain. 150

XVI.

Say then, if England's youth, in earlier days,
 On glory's field with well train'd armies vy'd,
 Why shall they now renounce that gen'rous praise?
 Why dread the foreign mercenary's pride?

Tho' Valois brav'd young Edward's gentle hand, 155
 And Albert rush'd on Henry's way-worn band,
 With Europe's chosen sons in arms renown'd,
 Yet not on Vere's bold archers long they look'd,
 Nor Audley's squires nor Mowbray's yeomen brook'd;
 They saw their standard fall, and left their monarch
 bound. 160

XVII.

Such were the laurels which your fathers won,
 Such Glory's dictates in their dauntless breast.
 —Is there no voice that speaks to ev'ry son,
 No nobler, holier call to you address?
 O! by majestic Freedom, righteous Laws, 165
 By heav'nly Truth's, by manly Reason's cause,
 Awake! attend! be indolent no more:
 By Friendship, social Peace, domestic Love, 168
 Rise! arm! your Country's living safety prove, [shore.
 And train her valiant youth, and watch around her

ODE XIII.

ON RECOVERING FROM A FIT OF SICKNESS.
In the Country, 1758.

I.

THY verdant scenes, O Goulder's Hill!
 Once more I seek, a languid guest;
 With throbbing temples, and with burden'd breast,
 Once more I climb thy steep aerial way.
 O faithful care of oft'-returning ill! 5
 Now call thy sprightly breezes round,
 Dissolve this rigid cough profound, [play.
 And bid the springs of life with gentler movement

II.

How gladly 'mid the dews of dawn
 My weary lungs thy healing gale, 10
 The balmy west or the fresh north, inhale!
 How gladly, while my musing footsteps rove
 Round the cool orchard or the sunny lawn,
 Awak'd I stop, and look to find
 What shrub perfumes the pleasant wind, 15
 Or what wild songster charms the Dryads of the grove!

III.

Now, ere the morning walk is done,
 The distant voice of Health I hear,
 Welcome as Beauty's to the lover's ear:
 "Drop not, nor doubt of my return," she cries; 20
 "Here will I, 'mid the radiant calm of noon,
 "Meet thee beneath yon' chesnut bow'r,
 "And lenient on thy bosom pour [skies."
 "That indolence divine which lulls the earth and

IV.

The goddess promis'd not in vain; 25
 I found her at my fav'rite time,
 Nor wish'd to breathe in any softer clime,
 While (half-reclin'd, half-slumb'ring, as I lay)
 She hover'd o'er me: then among her train
 Of Nymphs and Zephyrs to my view 30
 Thy gracious form appear'd anew,*
 Then first, O heavenly Muse! unseen for many a day.

V.

In that soft pomp the tuneful maid
 Shone like the golden star of Love:
 I saw her hand in careless measures move, 35
 I heard sweet preludes dancing on her lyre,
 While my whole frame the sacred sound obey'd.
 New sunshine o'er my fancy springs,
 New colours clothe external things,
 And the last glooms of pain and sickly plaint retire.

VI.

O Goulder's Hill! by thee restor'd 41
 Once more to this enliven'd hand,
 My harp, which late resounded o'er the land
 The voice of Glory solemn and severe,
 My Dorian harp, shall now with mild accord 46
 To thee her joyful tribute pay,
 And send a less ambitious lay
 Of friendship and of love to greet thy master's ear:

VII.

For when within thy shady seat
 First from the sultry Town he chose, 50
 And the tir'd senate's cares, his wish'd repose,
 Then wast thou mine ; to me a happier home
 For social leisure, where my welcome feet,
 Estrang'd from all th' intangling ways
 In which the restless vulgar strays, 55
 Thro' Nature's simple paths with ancient Faith might
 roam.

VIII.

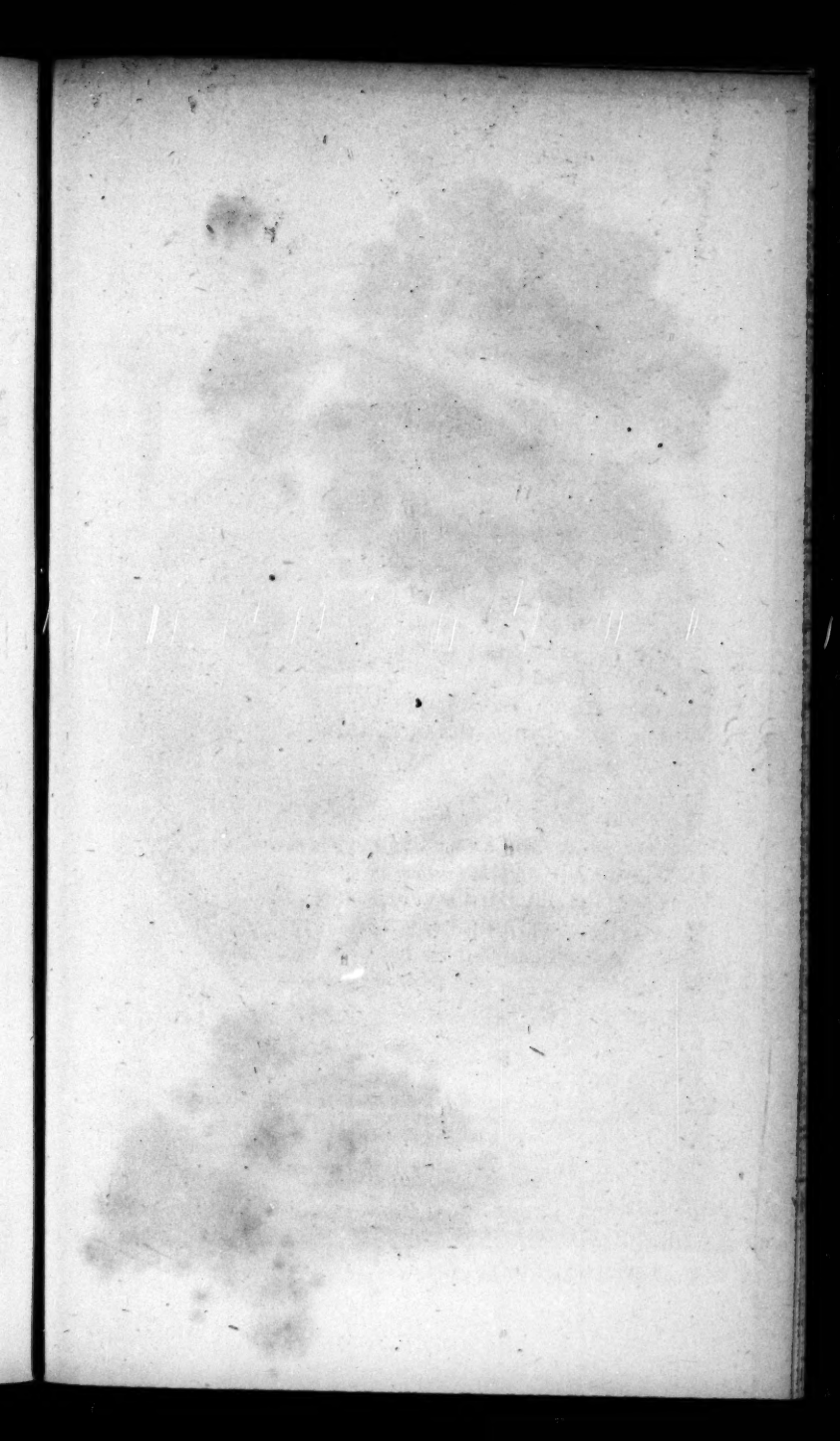
And while around his sylvan scene
 My Dyson led the white wing'd Hours,
 Oft' from th' Athenian Academic bow'rs
 Their sages came, oft' heard our ling'ring walk, 60
 The Mantuan music warbling o'er the green ;
 And oft' did Tully's rev'rend shade,
 Tho' much for liberty afraid,
 With us of letter'd ease or virtuous glory talk.

IX.

But other guests were on their way, 65
 And reach'd ere long this favour'd grove,
 E'en the celestial progeny of Jove,
 Bright Venus ! with her all-subduing son,
 Whose golden shaft most willingly obey,
 The best and wisest. As they came 70
 Glad Hymen wav'd his genial flame,
 And sang their happy gifts, and prais'd their spotless
 throne.

X.

I saw when thro' yon' festive gate
 He led along his chosen maid,
 And to my friend with smiles presenting said ; 75
 " Receive that fairest wealth which Heav'n assign'd
 " To human fortune. Did thy lonely state
 " One wish, one utmost hope, confess ?
 " Behold ! she comes t' adorn and bless : 79
 " Comes worthy of thy heart, and equal to thy mind "





ODE XIV.

THE COMPLAINT.

AWAY! away! I.
Tempt me no more, insidious Love!

Thy soothing sway

Long did my youthful bosom prove:

At length thy treason is discern'd,

At length some dear-bought caution earn'd:

Away! nor hope my riper age to move.

I know, I see II.

Her merit. Needs it now be shewn,

Alas! to me?

How often to myself unknown

The graceful, gentle, virtuous maid

Have I admir'd! how often said,

What joy to call a heart like her's one's own!

III.

But, flattering God!

O squand'rer of content and ease!

In thy abode

Will Care's rude lesson learn to please?

O say, Deceiver! hast thou won

Proud Fortune to attend thy throne,

Or plac'd thy friends above her stern decrees?

ODE XV.

ON DOMESTIC MANNERS. [UNFINISHED.]

I.

MEET Honour, female shame,

O! whither, sweetest offspring of the sky!

From Albion dost thou fly,

Of Albion's daughters once the fav'rite fame?

O Beauty's only friend!

Who giv'st her pleasing rev'rence to inspire,

Who selfish bold desire

Dost to esteem and dear affection turn,

Alas! of thee forlorn

What joy, what praise, what hope, can life pretend?

II.

Behold ! our youths in vain
 Concerning nuptial happiness enquire ;
 Our maids no more aspire
 The arts of bashful Hymen to attain,
 But with triumphant eyes, 15
 And cheeks impassive, as they move along,
 Ask homage of the throng.
 The lover swears that in a harlot's arms
 Are found the self-same charms,
 And worthless and deserted lives and dies. 20

III.

Behold ! unblest'd at home,
 The father of the cheerless household mourns ;
 The night in vain returns,
 For Love and glad Content at distance roam,
 While she in whom his mind 25
 Seeks refuge from the day's dull talk of cares,
 To meet him she prepares,
 Thro' noise, and spleen, and all the gamester's art,
 A listless harrafs'd heart,
 Were not one tender thought can welcome find. 30

IV.

'Twas thus along the shore
 Of Thames Britannia's guardian Genius heard,
 From many a tongue preferr'd,
 Of strife and grief the fond invective lore,
 At which the queen divine 35
 Indignant, with her adamantin spear,
 Like thunder sounding near,
 Smote the Redcross upon her silver shield,
 And thus her wrath reveal'd.
 (I watch'd her awful words, and made them mine.) 40

* * * * *

MISCELLANIES.

AN EPISTLE TO CURIO.*

THRIICE has the spring beheld thy faded fame,
And the fourth winter rises on thy shame,
Since I exulting grasp'd the votive shell,
In sounds of triumph all thy praise to tell;
Blest could my skill thro' ages make thee shine, 5
And proud to mix my memory with thine.
But now the cause that wak'd my song before,
With praise, with triumph, crowns the toil no more.
If to the glorious man, whose faithful cares,
Nor quell'd by malice, nor relax'd by years, 10
Had aw'd Ambition's wild audacious hate,
And dragg'd at length Corruption to her fate,
If ev'ry tongue its large applauses ow'd,
And well-earn'd laurels ev'ry Muse bestow'd,
If public justice urg'd the high reward, 15
And freedom smil'd on the devoted bard,
Say then to him whose levity or lust
Laid all a people's gen'rous hopes in dust,
Who taught Ambition firmer heights of pow'r,
And sav'd Corruption at her hopeless hour, 20
Does not each tongue its execration owe?
Shall not each Muse a wreath of shame bestow?
And public justice sanctify th' award,
And Freedom's hand protect th' impartial bard?
Yet, long reluctant, I forbore thy name, 25
Long watch'd thy virtue like a dying flame,

* Curio was a young Roman Senator of distinguished rank and parts. Being profusely extravagant, he soon dissipated a splendid fortune, to supply the want of which he entered into the designs of Cæsar against the liberties of his country, although he had formerly been a professed enemy to him. Cicero, to whose care he had been committed upon his first entrance into the Forum, exerted himself to prevent his ruin, but without effect, and he became one of the first victims in the civil war. This Epistle was first published in the year 1744, when a celebrated patriot was supposed to have deserted the cause of his country. The Author afterwards transformed it into the Ode to Curio, "a performance disgraceful only to its Author," says a celebrated writer. The Epistle, which is too curious to be omitted, we here give in its original form. The Ode is printed p. 162 of this Volume.

Hung o'er each glim'ring spark with anxious eyes,
 And wish'd and hop'd the light again would rise ;
 But since thy guilt still more entire appears,
 Since no art hides, no supposition clears, 30
 Since vengeful Slander now too sinks her blast,
 And the first rage of party-hate is past,
 Calm as the judge of Truth at length I come,
 To weigh thy merits and pronounce thy doom :
 So may my trust from all reproach be free, 35
 And Earth and Time confirm the fair decree !

There are who say they view'd without amaze
 Thy sad reverse of all thy former praise,
 That thro' the pageants of a patriot's name
 They pierc'd the foulness of thy secret aim, 40
 Or deem'd thy arm exalted but to throw
 The public thunder on a private foe :
 But I, whose soul consented to thy cause,
 Who felt thy genius stamp its own applause,
 Who saw the spirits of its glorious age 45
 Move in thy bosom, and direct thy rage,
 I scorn'd th' ungen'rous gloss of slavish minds,
 The owl-ey'd race, whom Virtue's lustre blinds :
 Spite of the learned in the ways of vice,
 And all who prove that each man has his price, 50
 I still believ'd thy end was just and free,
 And yet, e'en yet believe it—spite of thee ;
 E'en tho' thy mouth impure has dar'd disclaim,
 Urg'd by the wretched impotence of shame,
 Whatever filial cares thy zeal had paid 55
 To laws infirm, and liberty decay'd,
 Has begg'd Ambition to forgive the show,
 Has told Corruption thou wert ne'er her foe,
 Has boasted in thy country's awful ear,
 Her gross delusion when she held thee dear, 60
 How tame she follow'd thy tempestuous call,
 And heard thy pompous tales, and trusted all.
 Rise from your sad abodes ye curst of old,
 For laws subverted and for cities sold !
 Paint all the noblest trophies of your guilt, 65
 The oaths you perjur'd, and the blood you spilt ;

Yet must you one untempted vileness own;
 One dreadful palm reserv'd for him alone;
 With study'd arts his country's praise to spurn,
 To beg the infamy he did not earn, 70
 To challenge hate when honour was his due,
 And plead his crimes, were all his virtue knew!
 Do robes of state the guarded heart enclose
 From each fair feeling human nature knows?
 Can pompous titles stun th' enchanted ear 75
 To all that reason all that sense would hear?
 Else couldst thou e'er desert thy sacred post,
 In such unthankful baseness to be lost?
 Else couldst thou wed the emptiness of vice,
 And yield thy glories at an idiot's price? 80

When they who loud for liberty and laws
 In doubtful times had fought their country's cause,
 When now of conquest and dominion sure,
 They fought alone to hold their fruits secure,
 When taught by these Oppression hid the face 85
 To leave Corruption stronger in her place,
 By silent spells to work the public fate,
 And taint the vitals of the passive state,
 Till healing Wisdom should avail no more,
 And Freedom loath to tread the poison'd shore, 90
 Then like some guardian god, that flies to save
 The weary pilgrim from an instant grave,
 Whom sleeping and secure the guileful snake
 Steals near and nearer thro' the peaceful brake,
 Then Curio rose, toward the public woe 95
 To wake the heedless and incite the slow,
 Against Corruption Liberty to arm,
 And quell th' enchantress by a mightier charm.

Swift o'er the land the fair contagion flew,
 And with thy country's hopes thy honours grew : 100
 Thee patriot the Patrician roof confest,
 Thy pow'rful voice the rescu'd merchant blest;
 Of thee with awe the rural hearth resounds;
 The bowl to thee the grateful sailor crowns:
 Touch'd in the sighing shade with manlier fires, 105
 To trace thy steps the lovesick youth aspires;

The learn'd recluse, who oft' amaz'd had read
 Of Grecian heroes, Roman patriots, dead,
 With new amazement hears a living name
 Pretend to share in such forgotten fame ; 110
 And he who, scorning courts and courtly ways,
 Left the tame track of these dejected days,
 The life of nobler ages to renew,
 In virtues sacred from a monarch's view,
 Rous'd by thy labours from the bless'd retreat 115
 Where social ease and public passions meet,
 Again ascending, treads the civil scene,
 To act and be a man as thou hadst been.

Thus by degrees thy cause superior grew,
 And the great end appear'd at last in view ; 120
 We heard the people in thy hopes rejoice,
 We saw the senate bending to thy voice ;
 The friends of freedom hail'd th' approaching reign,
 Of laws for which our fathers bled in vain,
 While venal Faction, struck with new dismay, 125
 Shrunk at their frown, and self-abandon'd lay.
 Wak'd in the shock, the Public Genius rose,
 Abash'd and keener from his long repose ;
 Sublime in ancient pride he rais'd the spear
 Which slaves and tyrants long were wont to fear : 130
 The City felt his call from man to man,
 From street to street the glorious horror ran ;
 Each crowded haunt was stirr'd beneath his pow'r,
 And murmur'd challeng'd the deciding hour.

Lo! the deciding hour at last appears, 135
 The hour of ev'ry freeman's hopes and fears !
 Thou, Genius ! guardian of the Roman name,
 O ever prompt tyrannic rage to tame !
 Instruct the mighty moments as they roll,
 And guide each movement steady to the goal. 140
 Ye Spirits ! by whose providential art
 Succeeding motives turn the changeful heart,
 Keep, keep the best in view to Curio's mind,
 And watch his fancy, and his passions bind !
 Ye Shades immortal ! who, by Freedom led, 145
 Or in the field or on the scaffold bled,

Bend from your radiant seats a joyful eye,
 And view the crown of all your labours nigh;
 See Freedom mounting her eternal throne!
 The sword submitted, and the laws her own; 150
 See public Pow'r chastis'd beneath her stands,
 With eyes intent, and uncorrupted hands!
 See private life by wisest arts reclaim'd!
 See ardent youth to noblest manners fram'd!
 See us acquire whate'er was sought by you, 155
 If Curio, only Curio, will be true.

'Twas then—O shame! O trust how ill repaid!
 O Latium! oft' by faithless sons betray'd!—
 'Twas then—What frenzy on thy reason stole?
 What spells unfinew'd thy determin'd soul? 160
 Is this the man in Freedom's cause approv'd,
 The man so great, so honour'd, so belov'd,
 This patient slave, by tinsel chains allur'd,
 This wretched suitor for a boon abjur'd,
 This Curio, hated and despis'd by all, 165
 Who sell himself to work his country's fall?

O lost alike to action and repose!
 Unknown, unpity'd, in the worst of woes!
 With all that conscious, undissembled pride
 Sold to the insults of a foe defy'd! 170
 With all that habit of familiar fame
 Doom'd to exhaust the dregs of life in shame!
 The sole sad refuge of thy baffled art,
 To act a statesman's dull exploded part,
 Renounce the praise no longer in thy pow'r, 175
 Display thy virtue, tho' without a dow'r,
 Contemn the giddy crowd, the vulgar wind,
 And shut thy eyes that others may be blind.
 Forgive me, Romans! that I bear to smile
 When shameless mouths your majesty defile, 180
 Paint you a thoughtless, frantic, headlong crew,
 And cast their own impieties on you:
 For witness, Freedom! to whose sacred pow'r,
 My soul was vow'd from Reason's earliest hour,
 How have I stood exulting to survey 185
 My country's virtues op'ning in thy ray!

How with the sons of ev'ry foreign shore
 The more I match'd them honour'd her's the more !
 O Race erect ! whose native strength of soul,
 Which kings, nor priests, nor sordid laws controul, 190
 Bursts the tame round of animal affairs,
 And seeks a nobler centre for its cares,
 Intent the laws of life to comprehend,
 And fix dominion's limits by its end,
 Who, bold and equal in their love or hate, 195
 By conscious reason judging ev'ry state,
 The man forget not tho' in rags he lies,
 And know the mortal thro' a crown's disguise,
 Thence prompt alike with witty scorn to view
 Fastidious Grandeur lift his solemn brow, 200
 Or all awake at Pity's soft command,
 Bend the mild ear, and stretch the gracious hand ;
 Thence large of heart, from Envy far remov'd,
 When public toils to virtue stand approv'd,
 Not the young lover fonder to admire, 205
 Nor more indulgent the delighted fire,
 Yet high and jealous of their freeborn name,
 Fierce as the flight of Jove's destroying flame,
 Where'er Oppression works her wanton sway,
 Proud to confront, and dreadful to repay ; 210
 But if to purchase Curio's sage applause,
 My country must with him renounce her cause ;
 Quit with a slave the path a patriot trod,
 Bow the meek knee, and kiss the regal rod ;
 Then still, ye Pow'r's ! instruct his tongue to rail, 215
 Nor let his zeal nor let his subject fail,
 Else, ere he change the style, bear me away
 To where the Gracchi where the Broti * stay !
 O long rever'd, and late resign'd to shame !
 If this uncourtly page thy notice claim, 220
 When the loud cares of bus'ness are withdrawn,
 Nor well-drest beggars round thy footsteps fawn,

* The two brothers, Tiberius and Caius Gracchus, lost their lives in attempting to introduce the only regulation that could give stability and good order to the Roman republic. L. Junius Brutus founded the commonwealth, and died in its defence.

In that still thoughtful solitary hour,
When Truth exerts her unresisted pow'r,
Breaks the false optics ting'd with Fortune's glare, 225
Unlocks the breast, and lays the passions bare,
Then turn thy eyes on that important scene,
And ask thyself—if all be well within?
Where is the heartfelt worth, and weight of soul,
Which labour could not stop, nor fear controul? 230
Where the known dignity, the stamp of awe,
Which half-abash'd the proud and venal saw?
Where the calm triumphs of an honest cause?
Where the delightful taste of just applause?
Where the strong reason, the commanding tongue, 235
On which the Senate fir'd, or trembling hung?
All vanish'd, all are sold!—and in their room,
Couch'd in thy bosom's deep distracted gloom,
See the pale form of barb'rous Grandeur dwell,
Like some grim idol in a forc'er's cell. 240
To her in chains thy dignity was led,
At her polluted shrine thy honour bled;
With blasted weeds thy awful brow she crown'd,
Thy pow'rful tongue with poison'd philters bound,
That baffled Reason straight indignant flew, 245
And fair Persuasion from her seat withdrew:
For now no longer Truth supports thy cause,
No longer Glory prompts thee to applause;
No longer Virtue, breathing in thy breast,
With all her conscious majesty confess, 250
Still bright and brighter wakes th' Almighty flame,
To rouse the feeble, and the wilful tame,
And where she sees the catching glimpses roll,
Spreads the strong blaze, and all involves the soul;
But cold restraints thy conscious fancy chill, 255
And formal passions mock thy struggling will;
Or if thy Genius e'er forget his chain,
And reach impatient at a nobler strain,
Soon the sad bodings of contemptuous mirth
Shoot thro' thy breast, and stab the gen'rous birth, 260
Till, blind with smart, from truth to frenzy tost,
And all the tenour of thy reason lost,

Perhaps thy anguish drains a real tear,
 While some with pity some with laughter hear.
 Can art, alas! or genius, guide the head 265
 Where truth and freedom from the heart are fled?
 Can lesser wheels repeat their native stroke
 When the prime function of the soul is broke?
 But come, unhappy Man! thy fates impend;
 Come, quit thy friends, if yet thou hast a friend; 270
 Turn from the poor rewards of guilt like thine;
 Renounce thy titles, and thy robes resign;
 For see the hand of Destiny display'd
 To shut thee from the joys thou hast betray'd!
 See the dire fane of Infamy arise 275
 Dark as the grave, and spacious as the skies,
 Where from the first of time thy kindred train,
 The chiefs and princes of th' unjust, remain!
 Eternal barriers guard the pathless road,
 To warn the wand'rer of the curs'd abode, 280
 But, prone as whirlwinds scour the passive sky,
 The height surmounted, down the steep they fly.
 There black with frowns relentless Time awaits,
 And goads their footsteps to the guilty gates,
 And still he asks them of their unknown aims, 285
 Evolves their secrets, and their guilt proclaims;
 And still his hands despoil them on the road
 Of each vain wreath by lying bards bestow'd,
 Break their proud marbles, crush their festal cars,
 And rend the lawless trophies of their wars. 290
 At last the gates his potent voice obey;
 Fierce to their dark abode he drives his prey,
 Where, ever arm'd with adamant chains,
 The watchful demon o'er her vassals reigns,
 O'er mighty names and giant pow'rs of lust, 295
 The Great, the Sage, the happy, and August;*
 No gleam of hope their baleful mansion cheers,
 No sound of honour hails their unblest'd ears,
 But dire reproaches from the friend betray'd,
 The childless sire and violated maid, 300

* Titles which have been generally ascribed to the most pernicious of men.

But vengeful vows for guardian laws effac'd,
 From towns enslav'd and continents laid waste,
 But long Posterity's united groan,
 And the sad charge of horrors not their own,
 For ever thro' the trembling space resound, 305
 And sink each impious forehead to the ground.

Ye mighty foes of Liberty and Rest
 Give way; do homage to a mightier guest!
 Ye daring Spirits of the Roman race,
 See Curio's toil your proudest claims efface; 310
 Aw'd at the name fierce Appius † rising bends,
 And hardy Cinna from his throne attends:
 "He comes," they cry, "to whom the Fates assign'd
 "With surer arts to work what we design'd,
 "From year to year the stubborn herd to sway, 315
 "Mouth all their wrongs, and all their rage obey,
 "Till own'd their guide, and trusted with their pow'r,
 "He mock'd their hopes in one decisive hour,
 "Then tir'd and yielding led them to the chain,
 "And quench'd the spirit we provok'd in vain." 320

But thou, Supreme! by whose eternal hands
 Fair Liberty's heroic empire stands,
 Whose thunders the rebellious deep controul,
 And quell the triumphs of the traitor's soul,
 O turn this dreadful omen far away! 325
 On Freedom's foes their own attempts repay;
 Relume her sacred fire, so near suppress'd,
 And fix her shrine in ev'ry Roman breast.
 Tho' bold Corruption boast around the land,
 "Let Virtue if she can my baits withstand!" 330
 Tho' bolder now she urge th' accursed claim,
 Gay with her trophies rais'd on Curio's shame,
 Yet some there are who scorn her impious mirth,
 Who know what conscience and a heart are worth.
 O Friend and Father of the human mind, 335
 Whose art for noblest ends our frame design'd!

† Appius Claudius the Decemvir, and L. Cornelius Cinna, both attempted to establish a tyrannical dominion in Rome, and both perished by the treason.

If I, tho' fated to the studious shade,
 Which party-strife nor anxious pow'r invade,
 If I aspire in public virtue's cause,
 To guide the Muses by sublimer laws, 340
 Do thou her own authority impart,
 And give my numbers entrance to the heart :
 Perhaps the verse might rouse her smother'd flame,
 And snatch the fainting Patriot back to fame ;
 Perhaps by worthy thoughts of humankind 345
 To worthy deeds exalt the conscious mind,
 Or dash Corruption in her proud career,
 And teach her slaves that Vice was born to fear. 348

LOVE. AN ELEGY.

TOO much my heart of Beauty's pow'r hath known,
 Too long to Love hath Reason left her throne,
 Too long my Genius mourn'd his myrtle chain,
 And three rich years of youth consum'd in vain.
 My wishes, lull'd with soft inglorious dreams, 5
 Forgot the patriot's and the sage's themes ;
 Thro' each Elysian vale and Fairy grove,
 Thro' all th' enchanted paradise of Love,
 Misled by sickly Hope's deceitful flame,
 Averse to action, and renouncing fame. 10

At last the visionary scenes decay,
 My eyes exulting bless the newborn day,
 Whose faithful beams detect the dang'rous road
 In which my heedless feet securely trod,
 And strip the phantoms of their lying charms, 15
 That lur'd my soul from Wisdom's peaceful arms.

For silver streams and banks bespread with flow'rs,
 For mossy couches and harmonious bow'rs,
 Lo ! barren heaths appear and pathless woods,
 And rocks hung dreadful o'er unfathom'd floods : 20
 For openness of heart, for tender smiles,
 Looks fraught with love, and wrath-disarming wiles,
 Lo ! sullen Spite, and perjur'd Lust of Gain,
 And cruel Pride, and crueller Disdain ;

Lo! cordial Faith, to idiot airs refin'd,
 Now coolly civil, now transporting kind;
 For graceful Ease, lo! Affectation walks,
 And dull Half-sense for Wit and Wisdom talks:
 New to each hour, what low delight succeeds,
 What precious furniture of hearts and heads! 30
 By nought their prudence but by getting known,
 And all their courage in deceiving shown.

See next what plagues attend the lover's state,
 What frightful forms of Terror, Scorn, and Hate!
 See burning Fury heav'n and earth defy! 35
 See dumb Despair in icy fetters lie!
 See black Suspicion bend his gloomy brow,
 The hideous image of himself to view!
 And fond Belief, with all a lover's flame,
 Sink in those arms that points his head with shame! 40
 There wan Dejection, falt'ring as he goes,
 In shades and silence vainly seeks repose,
 Musing thro' pathless wilds consumes the day,
 Then lost in darkness weeps the hours away.
 Here the gay croud of Luxury advance; 45
 Some touch the lyre, and others urge the dance;
 On ev'ry head the rosy garland glows,
 In ev'ry hand the golden goblet flows;
 The Siren views them with exulting eyes,
 And laughs at bashful Virtue as she flies. 50
 But see behind where Scorn and Want appear,
 The grave remonstrance and the witty sneer;
 See fell Remorse, in action prompt to dart
 Her snaky poison thro' the conscious heart!
 And Sloth to cancel, with oblivious shame, 55
 The fair memorial of recording Fame!

Are these delights that one would wish to gain?
 Is this th' Elysium of a sober brain?
 To wait for happiness in female smiles,
 Bear all her scorn, be caught with all her wiles; 60
 With pray'rs, with bribes, with lies, her pity crave;
 Bless her hard bonds, and boast to be her slave;
 To feel for trifles a distracting train
 Of hopes and terrors equally in vain;

This hour to tremble, and the next to glow; 65
 Can Pride, can Sense, can Reason, stoop so low,
 When Virtue at an easier price displays
 The sacred wreaths of honourable praise,
 When Wisdom utters her divine decree,
 To laugh at pompous Folly and be free? 70

I bid adieu then to these woeful scenes,
 I bid adieu to all the sex of queens;
 Adieu to ev'ry suff'ring simple soul
 That lets a woman's will his ease controul.
 There laugh, ye Witty! and rebuke, ye Grave! 75
 For me, I scorn to boast that I'm a slave;
 I bid the whining brotherhood be gone:
 Joy to my heart! my wishes are my own.
 Farewell the female heav'n, the female hell,
 To the great god of Love a glad farewell. 80
 Is this the triumph of thy awful name?

Are these the splendid hopes that urg'd thy aim
 When first my bosom own'd thy haughty sway,
 When thus Minerva heard thee boasting say:
 "Go, martial Maid! elsewhere thy arts employ, 85
 "Nor hope to shelter that devoted boy;
 "Go teach the solemn sons of Care and Age,
 "The pensive statesmen and the midnight sage;
 "The young with me must other lessons prove;
 "Youth calls for Pleasure, Pleasure calls for Love; 90
 "Behold his heart thy grave advice disdains,
 "Behold I bind him in eternal chains?"

Alas! great Love, how idle was the boast!
 Thy chains are broken, and thy lessons lost;
 Thy wilful rage has tir'd my suff'ring heart, 95
 And passion, reason, forc'd thee to depart.

But wherefore dost thou linger on thy way,
 Why vainly search for some pretence to stay,
 When crowds of vassals court thy pleasing yoke,
 And countless victims bow them to the stroke? 100
 Lo! round thy shrine a thousand youths advance,
 Warm with the gentle ardours of romance;
 Each longs t' assert thy cause with feats of arms,
 And make the world confess Dulcinea's charms.

Ten thousand girls, with flow'ry chaplets crown'd, 105
 To groves and streams thy tender triumphs sound;
 Each bids the stream in murmurs speak her flame,
 Each calls the grove to sigh her shepherd's name:
 But if thy pride such easy honours scorn,
 If nobler trophies must thy toil adorn, 110
 Behold yon' flow'ry antiquated maid
 Bright in the bloom of threescore years display'd,
 Her shalt thou bind in thy delightful chains,
 And thrill with gentle pangs her wither'd veins,
 Her frosty cheek with crimson blushes dye, 115
 With dreams of rapture melt her maudlin eye.

Turn then thy labours to the servile crowd,
 Entice the wary and controul the proud,
 Make the sad miser his best gains forego,
 The solemn statesman sigh to be a beau, 120
 The bold coquette with fondest passion burn,
 The Bacchanalian o'er his bottle mourn,
 And that chief glory of thy pow'r maintain,
 "To poise ambition in a female brain."
 Be these thy triumphs, but no more presume 125
 That my rebellious heart will yield thee room:
 I know thy puny force, thy simple wiles,
 I break triumphant thro' thy flimsy toils:
 I see thy dying lamp's last languid glow,
 Thy arrows blunted, and unbrac'd thy bow; 130
 I feel diviner fires my breast inflame
 To active science and ingenuous fame,
 Resume the paths my earliest choice began,
 And lose with pride the lover in the man. 134

A BRITISH PHILIPPIC,

OCCASIONED BY THE INSULTS OF THE SPANIARDS,
 AND THE PRESENT PREPARATIONS
 FOR WAR, 1738.

WHENCE this unwonted transport in my breast?
 Why glow my thoughts? and whither would the
 Aspire with rapid wing? Her country's cause [Muse
 Demands her efforts: at that sacred call

She summons' all her ardour, throws aside 5
 The trembling lyre, and with the warrior's trumpet
 She means to thunder in each British ear;
 And if one spark of honour or of fame,
 Disdain of insult, dread of infamy,
 One thought of public virtue, yet survive, 10
 She means to wake it, rouse the gen'rous flame,
 With patriot zeal inspirit ev'ry breast,
 And fire each British heart with British wrongs.
 Alas, the vain attempt! What influence now
 Can the Muse boast? or what attention now 15
 Is paid to fame or virtue! Where is now
 The British spirit, gen'rous, warm, and brave,
 So frequent wont from tyranny and woe
 To free the suppliant nations? Where indeed,
 If that protection once to strangers giv'n 20
 Be now withheld from sons! Each nobler thought,
 That warm'd our fires, is lost and bury'd now
 In luxury and avarice. Baneful vice!
 How it unmans a nation! Yet I'll try;
 I'll aim to shake this vile degen'rate sloth; 25
 I'll dare to rouse Britannia's dreaming sons
 To fame, to virtue, and impart around
 A gen'rous feeling of compatriot woes.

Come then the various pow'rs of forceful Speech,
 All that can move, awaken, fire, transport! 30
 Come the bold ardour of the Theban bard,
 Th' arousing thunder of the patriot Greek,
 The soft persuasion of the Roman sage!
 Come all! and raise me to an equal height,
 A rapture worthy of my glorious cause, 35
 Lest my best efforts failing should debase
 The sacred theme; for with no common wing
 The Muse attempts to soar. Yet what need these?
 My country's fame, my freeborn British heart,
 Shall be my best inspirers, raise my flight 40
 High as the Theban's pinion, and with more
 Than Greek or Roman flame exalt my soul.
 Oh! could I give the vast ideas birth
 Expressive of the thoughts that flame within,

No more should lazy Luxury detain
 Our ardent youth, no more should Britain's sons 45
 Sit tamely passive by, and careless hear
 The pray'rs, sighs, groans, (immortal infamy!)
 Of fellow Britons, with oppression sunk,
 In bitterness of soul demanding aid, 50
 Calling on Britain, their dear native land,
 The land of Liberty, so greatly fam'd
 For just redress, the land so often dy'd
 With her best blood, for that arousing cause
 The freedom of her sons; those sons that now, 55
 Far from the manly blessings of her sway,
 Drag the vile fetters of a Spanish lord.
 And dare they, dare the vanquish'd sons of Spain,
 Enslave a Briton? Have they then forgot,
 So soon forgot, the great, th' immortal day, 60
 When rescu'd Sicily with joy beheld
 The swift-wing'd thunder of the British arm
 Disperse their navies, when their coward bands
 Fled like the raven from the bird of Jove,
 From swift impending vengeance fled in vain? 65
 Are these our lords? and can Britannia see
 Her foes oft' vanquish'd thus defy her pow'r,
 Insult her standard, and enslave her sons,
 And not arise to justice? Did our fires,
 Unaw'd by chains, by exile, or by death, 70
 Preserve inviolate her guardian rights,
 To Britons ever sacred, that their sons
 Might give them up to Spaniards?—Turn your eyes,
 Turn ye degen'rate! who with haughty boast
 Call yourselves Britons, to that dismal gloom, 75
 That dungeon dark and deep, where never thought
 Of joy and peace can enter; see the gates
 Harsh-creaking open; what an hideous void,
 Dark as the yawning grave! while still as death
 A frightful silence reigns; there on the ground 80
 Behold your brethren chain'd like beasts of prey,
 There mark your num'rous glories, there behold
 The look that speaks unutterable woe,
 The mangled limb, the faint, the deathful eye,

With famine sunk, the deep heart-bursting groan 85
 Suppress'd in silence; view the loathsome food
 Refus'd by dogs; and, oh! the stinging thought!
 View the dark Spaniard glorying in their wrongs,
 The deadly priest triumphant in their woes,
 And thund'ring worse damnation on their souls, 90
 While that pale form in all the pangs of death,
 Too faint to speak, yet eloquent of all,
 His native British spirit yet untam'd,
 Raises his head, and with indignant frowns,
 Of great defiance and superior scorn, 95
 Looks up and dies.—Oh! I'm all on fire!
 But let me spare the theme, lest future times
 Should blush to hear that either conquer'd Spain
 Durst offer Britain such outrageous wrong,
 Or Britain tamely bore it. 100
 Descend, ye guardian Heroes of the land!
 Scourges of Spain descend! behold your sons,
 See how they run the same heroic race,
 How prompt, how ardent in their country's cause,
 How greatly proud t' assert their British blood, 105
 And in their deeds reflect their fathers' fame!
 Ah! would to Heav'n ye did not rather see
 How dead to virtue in the public cause,
 How cold, how careless, how to glory deaf,
 They shame your laurels, and belie their birth! 110
 Come ye great spirits, Cav'ndish, Rawleigh, Blake!
 And ye of later name, your country's pride,
 Oh come! disperse these lazy fumes of sloth,
 Teach British hearts with British fires to glow;
 In wak'ning whispers rouse our ardent youth, 115
 Blazon the triumphs of your better days,
 Paint all the glorious scenes of rightful war
 In all its splendours; to their swelling souls
 Say how ye bow'd th' insulting Spaniard's pride,
 Say how ye thunder'd o'er their prostrate heads, 120
 Say how ye broke their lines and fir'd their ports;
 Say how not death, in all its frightful shapes,
 Could damp your souls, or shake the great resolve
 For right and Britain; then display the joys

MISCELLANIES.

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The patriot soul exalting while he views
 Transported millions hail with loud acclaim
 The guardian of their civil sacred rights;
 (How greatly welcome to the virtuous man
 Is death for others' good!) the radiant thoughts
 That beam celestial on his passing soul,
 Th' unfading crowns awaiting him above,
 The exalting plaudit of the Great Supreme,
 Who in his actions with complacence views
 His own reflected splendour; then descend
 Tho' to a lower yet a nobler scene;
 Paint the just honours to his relics paid,
 Shew grateful millions weeping o'er his grave,
 While his fair fame in each progressive age
 For ever brightens, and the wise and good
 Of ev'ry land in universal choir
 With richest incense of undying praise
 His urn encircle; to the wond'ring world
 His num'rous triumphs blazon, while with awe,
 With filial rev'rence, in his steps they tread,
 And copying ev'ry virtue, ev'ry fame,
 Transplant his glories into second life,
 And with unsparing hand make nations blest
 By his example. Vast immense rewards
 For all the turmoils which the virtuous mind
 Encounters here! Yet, Britons! are ye cold?
 Yet deaf to glory, virtue, and the call
 Of your poor injur'd countrymen? Ah! no:
 I see ye are not; ev'ry bosom glows
 With native greatness, and in all its state
 The British spirit rises. Glorious change!
 Fame, Virtue, Freedom, welcome! Oh! forgive
 The Muse, that, ardent in her sacred cause,
 Your glory question'd; she beholds with joy,
 She owns, she triumphs, in her wish'd mistake.
 See from her seaboard throne in awful march
 Britannia tow'rs! upon her laurel crest
 The plumes majestic nod! behold she heaves
 Her guardian shields, and, terrible in arms,
 For battle shakes her adamantine spear;

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Loud at her foot the British lion roars, 165
Frighting the nations: haughty Spain full soon
Shall hear and tremble. Go then, Britons! forth
Your country's daring champions; tell your foes,
Tell them in thunders o'er their prostrate land,
You were not born for slaves: let all your deeds 170
Shew that the sons of those immortal men,
The stars of shining story, are not slow
In virtue's path to emulate their fires,
T' assert their country's rights, avenge her sons,
And hurl the bolts of Justice on her foes. 175



H Y M N S.

HYMN TO THE NAIADS.

MDCCXLVI.

The Argument.

THE Nymphs who preside over springs and rivulets are addressed at day-break in honour of their several functions, and of the relations which they bear to the natural and to the moral world. Their origin is deduced from the first allegorical deities or powers of Nature, according to the doctrine of the old mythological poets concerning the generation of the gods and the rise of things. They are then successively considered as giving motion to the air, and exciting summer breezes; as nourishing and beautifying the vegetable creation; as contributing to the fulness of navigable rivers, and consequently to the maintenance of commerce, and by that means to the maritime part of military power. Next is represented their favourable influence upon health when assisted by rural exercise, which introduces their connection with the art of physic, and the happy effects of mineral medicinal springs. Lastly, they are celebrated for the friendship which the Muses bear them, and for the true inspiration which temperance only can receive, in opposition to the enthusiasm of the more licentious poets.

O'ER yonder eastern hill the Twilight pale
Walks forth from darkness, and the god of Day,
With bright Astræa seated by his side,
Waits yet to leave the ocean. Tarry, Nymphs!
Ye Nymphs! ye blue-ey'd progeny of Thames! 5
Who now the mazes of this rugged heath
Trace with your fleeting steps, who all night long
Repeat amid the cool and tranquil air
Your lonely murmurs, tarry, and receive
My offer'd lay. To pay you homage due 10
I leave the gates of Sleep; nor shall my lyre
Too far into the splendid hours of Morn
Engage your audience; my observant hand
Shall close the strain ere any sultry beam
Approach you: to your subterranean haunts 15
Ye then may timely steal, to pace with care
The humid sands, to loosen from the soil
The bubbling sources, to direct the rills
To meet in wider channels, or beneath
Some grotto's dripping arch at height of noon 20
To slumber, shelter'd from the burning heav'n.

Where shall my song begin, ye Nymphs! or end?
 Wide is your praise and copious—First of things,
 First of the lonely pow'rs, ere Time arose,
 Were Love and Chaos; Love, the fire of Fate, 25

§. 25.-----*Love---Elder than Chaos.*] Hesiod, in his Theogony, gives a different account, and makes Chaos the eldest of beings, though he assigns to Love neither father nor superior, which circumstance is particularly mentioned by Phædrus in Plato's Banquet, as being observable not only in Hesiod, but in all other writers both of verse and prose; and on the same occasion he cites a line from Parmenides, in which Love is expressly styled the eldest of all the gods. Yet Aristophanes, in The Birds, affirms, that "Chaos and Night, and Erebus and Tartarus, were first, and that Love was produced from an egg which the sable-winged Night deposited in the immense bosom of Erebus." But it must be observed, that the Love designed by this comic poet was always distinguished from the other, from that original and self-existent being the ΤΟ ΟΝ or ΑΓΑΘΟΝ of Plato, and meant only the ΔΗΜΙΟΥΡΓΟΣ or second person of the old Grecian trinity, to whom is inscribed an hymn among those which pass under the name of Orpheus, where he is called Protogonos, or the First-begotten, is said to have been born of an egg, and is represented as the principal or origin of all these external appearances of Nature. In the Fragments of Orpheus, collected by Henry Stephens, he is named Phanes, the Discoverer or Discloser, who unfolded the ideas of the Supreme Intelligence, and exposed them to the perception of inferior beings in this visible frame of the world, as Macrobius, and Proclus, and Athenagoras, all agree to interpret the several passages of Orpheus which they have preserved.

But the Love designed in our text is the one self-existent and Infinite Mind, whom, if the generality of ancient mythologists have not introduced or truly described in accounting for the production of the world and its appearances, yet to a modern poet it can be no objection, that he hath ventured to differ from them in this particular, though in other respects he professeth to imitate their manner, and conform to their opinions; for in these great points of natural theology they differ no less remarkably among themselves, and are perpetually confounding the philosophical relations of things with the traditionary circumstances of mythic history; upon which very account Callimachus, in his Hymn to Jupiter, declareth his dissent from them concerning even an article of the national creed, adding, that the ancient bards were by no means to be depended on. And yet, in the exordium of the old Argonautic poem ascribed to Orpheus, it is said, that "Love, whom mortals in later times called Phanes, was the father of the eternally begotten Night," who is generally represented by these mythological poets as being herself the parent of all things, and who, in The Indigitamenta, or Orphic Hymns, is said to be the same with Cypris, or Love itself. Moreover, in the body of this Argonautic poem, where the personated Orpheus introduceth himself singing to his lyre in reply to Chiron, he celebrateth "the obscure memory of Chaos, and the natures which it contained within itself in a state of perpetual vicissitude; how the heaven had its boundary determined; the generation of the earth, the depth of the ocean, and also the sapient Love, the most ancient, the self-sufficient, with all the beings which he produced when he separated one thing from another:" which noble passage is more directly to Aristotle's purpose, in the first book of his Metaphysics, than any of those which he has there quoted, to shew that the ancient poets and mythologists agreed with

Elder than Chaos. Born of Fate was Time,
Who many sons and many comely births

with Empedocles, Anaxagoras, and the other more sober philosophers, in that natural anticipation and common notion of mankind concerning the necessity of mind and reason, to account for the connection, motion, and good order of the world. For though neither this poem, nor the hymns which pass under the same name, are, it should seem, the work of the real Orpheus, yet, beyond all question, they are very ancient. The hymns more particularly are allowed to be older than the invasion of Greece by Xerxes, and were probably a set of public and solemn forms of devotion, as appears by a passage in one of them, which Demosthenes hath almost literally cited in his first oration against Aristogiton, as the saying of Orpheus, the founder of their most holy mysteries. On this account they are of higher authority than any other mythological work now extant, the Theogony of Hesiod himself not excepted. The poetry of them is often extremely noble; and the mysterious air which prevails in them, together with its delightful impression upon the mind, cannot be better expressed, than in that remarkable description with which they inspired the German editor Eichenbach, when he accidentally met with them at Leipzig: "Thesaurum me reperisse credidi," says he, "et profecto thesaurum reperi. Incredibile dictu quo me sacro horrore afflaverint indigitamenta ista deorum: nam et tempus ad illorum lectionem eligere cogebat, quod vel solum horrorem incutere animo potest nocturnum; cum enim totam diem consumserim in contemplando urbis splendore, et in adeundis, quibus scatet urbs illa, viris doctis; sola nox restabat, quam Orpheo consecrare potui. In abyssum quendam mysteriorum venerandæ antiquitatis descendere videbat, quotiescunque silente mundo, solis vigilantibus astris et luna, *μελανη-φάνης* istos hymnos ad manus sumsi."

Y. 25. *Chaos.*] The unformed undigested mass of Moses and Plato, which Milton calls

"The womb of Nature."

Ibid. Love, the fire of Fate.] Fate is the universal system of natural causes, the work of the Omnipotent Mind or of Love; so Minucius Felix: "Quid enim aliud est fatum, quam quod de unoquoque nostrum deus fatus est." So also Cicero, in the first Book on Divination; "Fatum autem id appello, quod Græci ΕΙΡΜΑΡΜΕΝΗΝ; id est, ordinem seriemque causarum, cum causa causæ nexa rem ex se signat---ex quo intelligitur, ut fatum sit non id quod superstitiose, sed id quod physice dicitur causa æterna rerum." To the same purpose is the doctrine of Hierocles in that excellent fragment concerning Providence and Destiny. As to the three Fates or Destinies of the poets, they represented that part of the general system of natural causes which relates to man and to other mortal beings, for so we are told in the hymn addressed to them among the Orphic Indigitamenta, where they are called the daughters of Night (or Love,) and, contrary to the vulgar notion, are distinguished by the epithets of Gentle and Tender-hearted. According to Hesiod, *Theog.* ver. 904. they were the daughters of Jupiter and Themis; but in the Orphic Hymn to Venus or Love, that goddess is directly styled the mother of Necessity, and is represented immediately after as governing the three Destinies, and conducting the whole system of natural causes.

Y. 26. *Born of Fate was Time.*] Cronos, Saturn, or Time, was, according to Apollodorus, the son of Cælum and Tellus; but the author of the Hymns gives it quite undisguised by mythological language, and calls him plainly the offspring of the Earth and the starry Heaven, that is of Fate, as explained in the preceding note.

Devour'd, relentless Father! till the child
 Of Rhea drove him from the upper sky,
 And quell'd his deadly might. Then social reign'd 30
 The kindred pow'rs Tethys and rev'rend Ops,
 And spotless Vesta, while Supreme of sway
 Remain'd the Cloudcompeller. From the couch]
 Of Tethys sprang the sedge-crowned race,
 Who from a thousand urns o'er ev'ry clime 35
 Send tribute to their parent; and from them
 Are ye, O Naiads! Arethusa fair,
 And tuneful Aganippe, that sweet name
 Bandusia, that soft family which dwelt
 With Syrian Daphne, and the honour'd tribes 40

Y. 27. *Who many sons devour'd.*] The known fable of Saturn devouring his children, was certainly meant to imply the dissolution of natural bodies, which are produced and destroyed by Time.

Y. 28. *The child---Of Rhea.*] Jupiter so called by Pindar.

Y. 29. *Drove him from the upper sky.*] That Jupiter dethroned his father Saturn is recorded by all the mythologists. Phurnutus, or Cornutus, the author of the little Greek treatise on the nature of the gods, informs us, that by Jupiter was meant the vegetable soul of the world, which restrained and prevented those uncertain alterations which Saturn or Time used formerly to cause in the mundane system.

Y. 30. *Then social reign'd, &c.*] Our mythology here supposeth that before the establishment of the vital, vegetative, plastic nature, (represented by Jupiter,) the four elements were in a variable and unsettled condition, but afterwards well disposed, and at peace among themselves. Tethys was the wife of the Ocean; Ops, or Rhea, the Earth; Vesta, the eldest daughter of Saturn, fire; and the Cloudcompeller, or Ζεὺς νεφέλη-γεγέρτης, the air; though he also represented the plastic principle of nature, as may be seen in the Orphic hymn inscribed to him.

Y. 34. *The sedge crowned race.*] The river-gods, who, according to Hesiod's Theogony, were the sons of Oceanus and Tethys.

Y. 36. *From them---Are ye, O Naiads!*] The descent of the Naiads is less certain than most points of the Greek mythology. Homer, *Odys.* xliii. Νῆραι Διός. Virgil, in the eighth book of the *Æneid*, speaks as if the Nymphs or Naiads were the parents of the rivers, but in this he contradicts the testimony of Hesiod, and evidently departs from the orthodox system, which representeth several nymphs as retaining to every single river. On the other hand, Callimachus, who was very learned in all the school-divinity of those times, in his Hymn to Delos, maketh Peneus, the great Theffalian river-god, the father of his Nymphs; and Ovid, in the fourteenth book of his *Metamorphoses*, mentions the Naiads of Latium as the immediate daughters of the neighbouring river-gods. Accordingly, the Naiads of particular rivers are occasionally, both by Ovid and Statius, called by a patronymic, from the name of the river to which they belong.

Y. 40. *Syrian Daphne.*] The grove of Daphne in Syria, near Antioch, was famous for its delightful fountains.

Ibid. *The tribes---Belov'd of Pæon.*] Mineral and medicinal springs. Pæon was the Physician of the gods.

Belov'd of Pæon. Listen to my strain,
Daughters of Tethys! listen to your praise.

You, Nymphs! the winged offspring which of old
Aurora to divine Astræus bore
Owns, and your aid beseecheth. When the might 45
Of Hyperion from his noontide throne
Unbends their languid pinions, aid from you
They ask; Favonius and the mild Southwest
From you relief implore: your falling streams
Fresh vigour to their weary wings impart; 50
Again they fly disporting from the mead
Half ripen'd, and the tender blades of corn,
To sweep the noxious mildew, or dispel
Contagious steams, which oft' the parched earth
Breathes on her fainting sons. From noon to eve, 55
Along the river and the paved brook,
Ascend the cheerful breezes, hail'd of bards
Who fast by learned Cam th' Æolian lyre
Solicit, nor unwelcome to the youth
Who on the heights of Tibur all inclin'd 60
Or rushing Anio, with a pious hand
The rev'rend scene delineates, broken fanes
Or tombs, or pillar'd aqueducts, the pomp
Of ancient Time, and haply, while he scans
The ruins with a silent tear, revolves 65
The fame and fortune of imperious Rome.

You too, O Nymphs! and your unenvious aid,
The rural pow'rs confess, and still prepare
For you their choicest treasures. Pan commands

Ÿ 43. *The winged offspring.*] The Winds, who, according to Hesiod and Apollodorus, were the sons of Astræus and Aurora.

Ÿ 46. *Hyperion.*] A son of Cœlum and Tellus, and father of the Sun, who is thence called by Pindar Hyperionides. But Hyperion is put by Homer in the same manner as here, for the Sun himself.

Ÿ 49. *Your falling streams.*] The state of the atmosphere, with respect to rest and motion, is in several ways affected by rivers and running streams, and that more especially in hot seasons: first, they destroy its equilibrium, by cooling those parts of it with which they are in contact; and, secondly, they communicate their own motion; and the air which is thus moved by them being left heated, is of consequence more elastic than other parts of the atmosphere, and therefore fitter to preserve and to propagate that motion.

Oft' as the Delian king with Sirius holds 70
 The central heav'ns, the Father of the Grove
 Commands his Dryads over your abodes
 To spread their deepest umbrage. Well the god
 Rememb'rest how indulgent ye supply'd
 Your genial dews to nurse them in their prime. 75
 Pales, the Pasture's queen, where'er ye stray,
 Pursues your steps delighted, and the path
 With living verdure clothes. Around your haunts
 The laughing Chloris with profuseth hand
 Throws wide her blooms, her odours. Still with you
 Pomona seeks to dwell; and o'er the lawns, 81
 And o'er the vale of Richmond, where with Thames
 Ye love to wander, Amalthea pours
 Well pleas'd the wealth of that Ammonian horn,
 Her dow'r, unmindful of the fragrant isles 85
 Nysæan or Atlantic. Nor canst thou,
 (Albeit oft' ungrateful thou dost mock
 The bev'rage of the sober Naiad's urn,
 O Bromius! O Lenæan!) nor canst thou

¶ 70. *Delian king.*] One of the epithets of Apollo, or the Sun, in the Orphic hymn inscribed to him.

¶ 79. *Chloris.*] The ancient Greek name of Flora.

¶ 83. *Amalthea.*] The mother of the first Bacchus, whose birth and education was written, as Diodorus Siculus informs us, in the old Pelasgic character by Thymœtes, grandson to Laomedon, and contemporary with Orpheus. Thymœtes had travelled over Lybia to the country which borders on the western ocean, there he saw the island of Nysa, and learned from the inhabitants, that "Ammon, king of Lybia, was married in former ages to Rhea, sister of Saturn and the Titans; that he afterwards fell in love with a beautiful virgin whose name was Amalthea, had by her a son, and gave her possession of a neighbouring track of land wonderfully fertile, which in shape nearly resembling the horn of an ox, was thence called the Hesperian horn, and afterwards the horn of Amalthea; that fearing the jealousy of Rhea, he concealed the young Bacchus with his mother in the island of Nysa;" the beauty of which Diodorus describes with great dignity and pomp of style. This fable is one of the noblest in all the ancient mythology, and seems to have made a particular impression on the imagination of Milton, the only modern poet (unless perhaps it be necessary to except Spenser) who, in these mysterious traditions of the poetic story, had a heart to feel and words to express the simple and solitary genius of Antiquity. To raise the idea of his Paradise he prefers it even to

——"that Nysæan isle

"Girt by the river Triton, where old Cham

"(Whom Gentiles Ammon call and Libyan Jove)

"Hid Amalthea, and her florid son,

"Young Bacchus, from his step-dame Rhea's eye."

Disown the pow'rs whose bounty, ill repaid, 90
 With nectar feeds thy tendrils. Yet from me,
 Yet, blameless Nymphs! from my delighted lyre,
 Accept the rites your bounty well may claim,
 Nor heed the scoffings of th' Edonian band.
 For better praise awaits you. Thames, your fire, 95
 As down the verdant slope your duteous rills
 Descend, the tribute stately Thames receives
 Delighted, and your piety applauds,
 And bids his copious tide roll on secure;
 For faithful are his daughters, and with words 100
 Auspicious gratulates the bark which, now
 His banks forsaking, her advent'rous wings
 Yields to the breeze, with Albion's happy gifts
 Extremeſt iſles to bleſs. And oft' at morn,
 When Hermes from Olympus, bent o'er earth 105
 To hear the words of Jove, on yonder hill
 Stoops lightly ſailing, oft' intent your ſprings
 He views, and waving o'er ſome newborn ſtream
 His bleſt pacific wand, "And yet," he cries,
 "Yet," cries the ſon of Maia, "tho' recluſe 110
 "And ſilent be your ſtores, from you, fair Nymphs!
 "Flows wealth and kind ſociety to men;
 "By you my function and my honour'd name
 "Do I poſſeſs, while o'er the Bœtic vale,
 "Or thro' the tow'rs of Memphis, or the palms 115
 "By ſacred Ganges water'd, I conduct
 "The Engliſh merchant, with the buxom fleece
 "Of fertile Ariconium, while I clothe
 "Sarmatian kings, or to the houſehold Gods
 "Of Syria from the bleak Cornubian ſhore 120
 "Diſpenſe the min'ral treaſure which of old

Ψ. 94. *Edonian band.*] The prieſteſſes and other miniſters of Bacchus, ſo called from Edonus, a mountain of Thrace, where his rites were celebrated.

Ψ. 105. *When Hermes.*] Hermes, or Mercury, was the patron of commerce, in which benevolent character he is addreſſed by the author of The Indigimenta in theſe beautiful lines;

Ἑρμηνεὺ πάντων, κερδέμπορος, λυσιμέριμος,
 Ὃς χεῖρ' ἔσθ' ἐχέεις εἰρήνης ὄπλον ἀμέμφες.

Ψ. 121. *Diſpenſe the min'ral treaſure.*] The merchants of Sidon and Tyre made frequent voyages to the coaſt of Cornwall, from whence they carried home great quantities of tin.

" Sidonian pilots fought, when this fair land
 " Was yet unconscious of those gen'rous arts
 " Which wise Phœnicia from their native clime
 " Transplanted to a more indulgent heav'n.' 125
 Such are the words of Hermes, such the praise,
 O Naiads! which from tongues celestial waits
 Your bounteous deeds. From bounty issueth pow'r;
 And those who, sedulous in prudent works,
 Relieve the wants of Nature, Jove repays 130
 With noble wealth, and his own seat on earth,
 Fit judgments to pronounce, and curb the might
 Of wicked men. Your kind unfailing urns
 Not vainly to the hospitable arts
 Of Hermes yield their store; for O, ye Nymphs! 135
 Hath he not won th' unconquerable Queen
 Of Arms to court your friendship? You she owns
 The fair associates who extend her sway
 Wide o'er the mighty deep, and grateful things
 Of you she uttereth oft, as from the shore 140
 Of Thames, or Medway's vale, or the green banks
 Of Vecta, she her thundering navy leads
 To Calpe's foaming channel or the rough
 Cantabrian surge, her auspices divine
 Imparting to the senate and the prince 145
 Of Albion to dismay barbaric kings,
 Th' Iberian or the Celt. The pride of kings
 Was ever scorn'd by Pallas; and of old
 Rejoic'd the virgin from the brazen prow
 Of Athens o'er Ægina's gloomy surge 150
 To drive her clouds and storms, o'erwhelming all
 The Persian's promis'd glory, when the realms
 Of Indus and the soft Ionian clime,
 When Lybia's torrid champain, and the rocks

y. 136. *Hath he not won.*] Mercury, the patron of commerce, being so greatly dependant on the good offices of the Naiads, in return obtains for them the friendship of Minerva, the goddess of War; for military power, at least the naval part of it, hath constantly followed the establishment of trade; which exemplifies the preceding observation, that "from bounty issueth power."

y. 143. *Calpe-Cantabrian surge.*] Gibraltar and the Bay of Biscay.

y. 150. *Ægina's gloomy surge.*] Near this island the Athenians obtained the victory of Salamis over the Persian navy.

Of cold Imaus, join'd their servile bands 155
 To sweep the sons of Liberty from earth.
 In vain! Minerva on the bounding prow
 Of Athens stood, and with the thunder's voice
 Denounc'd her terrors on their impious heads,
 And shook her burning egis. Xerxes saw; 160
 From Heracleum on the mountain's height
 Thron'd in his golden car he knew the sign
 Celestial, felt unrighteous hope forsake
 His falt'ring heart, and turn'd his face with shame.

Hail! ye who share the stern Minerva's pow'r,
 Who arm the hand of Liberty for war, 166
 And give to the renown'd Britannic name
 To awe contending monarchs, yet benign,
 Yet mild of nature, to the works of peace
 More prone, and lenient of the many ills 170
 Which wait on human life. Your gentle aid
 Hygeia well can witness, she who saves
 From pois'nous cates, and cups of pleasing bane,
 The wretch devoted to th' entangling snares
 Of Bacchus and of Comus. Him she leads 175
 To Cynthia's lonely haunts. To spread the toils,
 To beat the coverts, with the jovial horn
 At dawn of day to summon the loud hounds,
 She calls the ling'ring sluggard from his dreams,
 And where his breast may drink the mountain breeze,
 And where the fervour of the sunny vale 181
 May beat upon his brow, thro' devious paths
 Beckons his rapid courser. Nor when ease,
 Cool ease and welcome slumbers, have becalm'd
 His eager bosom, does the queen of Health 185
 Her pleasing care withhold. His decent board
 She guards presiding, and the frugal pow'rs
 With joy sedate leads in; and while the brown
 Ennæan dame with Pan presents her stores,
 While changing still, and comely in the change, 190
 Vertumnus and the Hours before him spread

✧. 160. *Xerxes saw.*] This circumstance is recorded in that passage, perhaps the most splendid among all the remains of ancient history, where Plutarch, in his *Life of Themistocles*, describes the sea-fights of Artemisium and Salamis.

The garden's banquet, you to crown his feast,
 To crown his feast, O Naiads! you the fair
 Hygeia calls; and from your shelving seats
 And groves of poplar plenteous cups ye bring 195
 To flake his veins, till soon a purer tide
 Flows down those loaded channels, washeth off
 The dregs of luxury, the lurking seeds
 Of crude disease, and thro' th' abodes of life
 Sends vigour, sends repose. Hail, Naiads! hail, 200
 Who give to Labour health, to stooping Age
 The joys which Youth had squander'd: oft' your urns
 Will I invoke, and frequent in your praise
 Abash the frantic thyrsus with my song.

For not estrang'd from your benignant arts 205
 Is he, the god to whose mysterious shrine
 My youth was sacred, and my votive cares
 Belong, the learned Pæon. Oft' when all
 His cordial treasures he hath search'd in vain,
 When herbs and potent trees, and drops of balm 210
 Rich with the genial influence of the tun,
 (To rouse dark fancy from her plaintive dreams,
 To brace the nerveless arm, with food to win
 Sick appetite, or hush the unquiet breast
 Which pines with silent passion,) he in vain 215
 Hath prov'd, to your deep mansions he descends;
 Your gates of humid rock, your dim arcades,
 He ent'reth, where impurpled veins of ore
 Gleam on the roof, where thro' the rigid mine
 Your trickling rills insinuate: there the god 220
 From your indulgent hands the streaming bowl
 Wafts to his pale-ey'd suppliants, wafts the seeds
 Metallic, and the elemental salts
 Wash from the pregnant glebe. They drink, and soon
 Flies pain, flies inauspicious care, and soon 225
 The social haunt or unfrequented shade
 Hears Io, Io Pæan! as of old

ψ. 204. *Thyrsus*.] A staff or spear wreathed round with ivy, of constant use in the Bacchanalian mysteries.

ψ. 227. *Io Pæan*.] An exclamation of victory and triumph derived from Apollo's encounter with Python.

When Python fell. And O, propitious Nymphs!
 Oft' as for hapless mortals I implore
 Your salutary springs, thro' ev'ry urn 230
 O shed your healing treasures! with the first
 And finest breath which from the genial strife
 Of min'ral fermentation springs, like light
 O'er the fresh morning's vapours, lustrate then
 The fountain, and inform the rising wave! 235
 My lyre shall pay your bounty: scorn not ye
 That humble tribute. Tho' a mortal hand
 Excite the strings to utt'rance, yet for themes
 Not unregarded of celestial pow'rs
 I frame their language, and the Muses deign 240
 To guide the pious tenour of my lay.
 The Muses (sacred by their gifts divine)
 In early days did to my wond'ring sense
 Their secrets oft' reveal; oft' my rais'd ear
 In slumber felt their music; oft' at noon, 245
 Or hour of sunset, by some lonely stream,
 In field or shady grove, they taught me words
 Of pow'r from death and envy to preserve
 The good man's name: whence yet with grateful mind,
 And off'rings unprofan'd by ruder eye, 250
 My vows I send, my homage, to the seats
 Of rocky Cirrha, where with you they dwell,
 Where you their chaste companions they admit
 Thro' all the hallow'd scene, where oft' intent,
 And leaning o'er Castalia's mossy verge, 255
 They mark the cadence of your confluent urns
 How tuneful, yielding gratefulest repose
 To their consoled measure, till again
 With emulation all the sounding choir,
 And bright Apollo, leader of the song, 260
 Their voices thro' the liquid air exalt,
 And sweep their lofty strings; those powerful strings

y. 252. *Cirrha*.] One of the summits of Parnassus, and sacred to Apollo. Near it were several fountains, said to be frequented by the Muses. Nyssa, the eminence of the same mountain, was dedicated to Bacchus.

That charm the mind of gods, that fill the courts
 Of wide Olympus with oblivion sweet
 Of evils, with immortal rest from cares, 265
 Assuage the terrors of the throne of Jove,
 And quench the formidable thunderbolt
 Of unrelenting fire. With slacken'd wings,
 While now the solemn concert breaths around
 Incumbent o'er the sceptre of his lord, 270
 Sleeps the stern eagle, by the number'd notes
 Possess'd, and satiate with the melting tone,
 Sov'reign of birds! The furious god of War,
 His darts forgetting, and the winged wheels
 That bear him vengeful o'er th' embattled plain, 275
 Relents, and sooths his own fierce heart to ease,
 Most welcome ease. The fire of gods and men,
 In that great moment of divine delight,
 Looks down on all that live; and whatsoe'er
 He loves not o'er the peopled earth, and o'er 280
 Th' interminated ocean, he beholds
 Curs'd with abhorrence by his doom severe,
 And troubled at the sound. Ye Naiads! ye
 With ravish'd ears the melody attend
 Worthy of sacred silence; but the slaves 285
 Of Bacchus with tempest'ous clamours strive
 To drown the heav'nly strains of highest Jove
 Irrev'rent, and, by mad presumption fir'd,
 Their own discordant raptures to advance
 With hostile emulation. Down they rush 290
 From Nyssa's vine impurpled cliff, the dames
 Of Thrace, the Satyrs, and th' unruly Fauns,
 With old Silenus reeling thro' the crowd,
 Which gambols round him, in convulsions wild
 Tossing their limbs, and brandishing in air 295
 The ivy-mantled thyrsus, or the torch
 Thro' black smoke flaming, to the Phrygian pipe's
 Shrill voice, and to the clashing cymbals, mix'd

Y. 263-- *-charm the mind of gods.*] This whole passage concerning the effects of sacred music among the gods, is taken from Pindar's first Pythian ode.

Y. 297. *Phrygian pipe's.*] The Phrygian music was fantastic and turbulent, and fit to excite disorderly passions.

With shrieks and frantick uproar. May the gods
 From ev'ry unpolluted ear avert
 Their orgies! If within the seats of men,
 Within the walls, the gates, where Pallas holds
 The guardian key, if haply there be found
 Who loves to mingle with the revel band,
 And hearken to their accents, who aspires
 From such instructors to inform his breast
 With verse, let him, fit votarist! implore
 Their inspiration. He perchance the gifts
 Of young Lyæus and the dread exploits
 May sing in aptest numbers; he the fate
 Of sober Pentheus, he the Paphian rites,
 And naked Mars with Cytherea chain'd,
 And strong Alcides in the spinster's robes,
 May celebrate applauded; but with you,
 O Naiads! far from that unhallow'd rout
 Must dwell the man whoe'er to praised themes
 Invokes th' immortal Muse. Th' immortal Muse
 To your calm habitations, to the cave
 Corycian, or the Delphic mount, will guide
 His footsteps, and with your unsully'd streams
 His lips will bathe, whether th' eternal lore
 Of Themis or the majesty of Jove
 To mortals he reveal, or teach his lyre
 Th' unenvy'd guerdon of the patriot's toils,
 In those unfading islands of the blest

Y. 302. *The gates, where Pallas holds---The guardian key.*] It was the office of Minerva to be the guardian of walled cities, whence she was named ΠΟΛΙΑΣ and ΠΟΔΙΟΥΧΟΣ, and had her statues placed in their gates, being supposed to keep the keys, and on that account styled ΚΑΗΔΟΥΧΟΣ.

Y. 310. *Fate---Of sober Pentheus.*] Pentheus was torn in pieces by the Bacchanalian priests and women for despising their mysteries.

Y. 318. *The cave---Corycian.*] Of this cave Pausanias in his tenth book gives the following description: "Between Delphi and the eminences of Parnassus is a road to the grotto of Corycium, which has its name from the nymph Corycia, and is by far the most remarkable which I have seen. One may walk a great way into it without a torch. It is of a considerable height, and hath several springs within it; and yet a much greater quantity of water distils from the shell and roof, so as to be continually dropping on the ground. The people round Parnassus hold it sacred to the Corycian nymphs and to Pan."

Y. 319. *Delphic mount.*] Delphi, the seat and oracle of Apollo, had a mountainous and rocky situation on the skirts of Parnassus.

Where sacred bards abide. Hail! honour'd Nymphs!
 Thrice hail! for you the Cyrenaic shell
 Behold I touch revering: to my songs
 Be present ye with favourable feet,
 And all profaner audience far remove.

330

HYMN TO SCIENCE.

"O vitæ philosophia dux! O virtutis indagatrix, expultrixque vitiorum.
 "----Tu urbes peperisti; tu inventrix legum, tu magistra morum et
 "disciplinæ fuiti: ad te confugimus, a te opem petimus."

CIC. Tusc. Quæst.

I.

SCIENCE! thou fair effusive ray,
 From the great source of mental day,
 Free, gen'rous, and refin'd,
 Descend with all thy treasures fraught,
 Illumine each bewilder'd thought,
 And bless my lab'ring mind.

6

II.

But first with thy resistless light
 Disperse those phantoms from my sight,
 Those mimic shades of thee,
 The scholiast's learning, sophist's cant,
 The visionary bigot's rant,
 The monk's philosophy.

12

III.

O let thy pow'rful charms impart
 The patient head, the candid heart,

Y. 327. *Cyrenaic.*] Cyrene was the native country of Callimachus, whose Hymns are the most remarkable example of that mythological passion which is assumed in the preceding Poem, and have always afforded particular pleasure to the author of it, by reason of the mysterious solemnity with which they affect the mind. On this account he was induced to attempt somewhat in the same manner, solely by way of exercise, the manner itself being now almost entirely abandoned in poetry: and as the mere genealogy or the personal adventures of Heathen gods could have been but little interesting to a modern reader, it was therefore thought proper to select some convenient part of the history of Nature, and to employ these ancient divinities as it is probable they were first employed, to wit, in personifying natural causes, and in representing the mutual agreement or opposition of the corporeal and moral powers of the world, which hath been accounted the very highest office of poetry.

Devoted to thy sway,
Which no weak passions e'er mislead,
Which still with dauntless steps proceed
Where Reason points the way!

18

IV.

Give me to learn each secret cause;
Let Number's, Figure's, Motion's laws
Reveal'd before me stand;
These to great Nature's scenes apply,
And round the globe and thro' the sky
Disclose her working hand.

24

V.

Next to thy nobler search resign'd,
The busy, restless, human mind
Thro' ev'ry maze pursue;
Detect perception where it lies,
Catch the ideas as they rise,
And all their changes view.

30

VI.

Say from what simple springs began
The vast ambitious thoughts of man,
Which range beyond controul,
Which seek eternity to trace,
Dive thro' th' infinity of space,
And strain to grasp the whole?

36

VII.

Her secret stores let Mem'ry tell;
Bid Fancy quit her fairy cell
In all her colours drest,
While, prompt her sallies to controul,
Reason, the judge, recalls the soul
To Truth's severest test.

42

VIII.

Then launch thro' Being's wide extent;
Let the fair scale with just ascent
And cautious steps be trod,
And from the dead corporeal mass
Thro' each progressive order pass
To Instinct, Reason, God.

48

IX.

There, Science! veil thy daring eye,
 Nor drive too deep, nor soar too high,
 In that divine abyss,
 To Faith content thy beams to lend,
 Her hopes t' assure, her steps befriend,
 And light her way to bliss.

54

X.

Then downwards take thy flight again,
 Mix with the policies of men,
 And social Nature's ties;
 The plan, the genius of each state,
 Its int'rest, and its pow'rs, relate,
 Its fortunes, and its rise.

60

XI.

Thro' private life pursue thy course,
 Trace ev'ry action to its source,
 And means and motives weigh;
 Put tempers, passions, in the scale,
 Mark what degrees in each prevail,
 And fix the doubtful sway.

66

XII.

That last best effort of thy skill,
 To form the life, and rule the will,
 Propitious Pow'r! impart;
 Teach me to cool my passion's fires,
 Make me the judge of my desires,
 The master of my heart.

72

XIII.

Raise me above the vulgar's breath,
 Pursuit of fortune, fear of death,
 And all in life that's mean:
 Still true to Reason be my plan,
 Still let my actions speak the man
 Thro' ev'ry various scene.

78

XIV.

Hail ! queen of Manners, light of Truth ;
 Hail ! charm of age, and guide of youth,
 Sweet refuge of distress ;
 In bus'ness thou exact, polite ;
 Thou giv'st retirement its delight,
 Prosperity its grace.

84

XV.

Of wealth, pow'r, freedom, thou the cause ;
 Foundress of order, cities, laws ;
 Of arts inventress, thou !
 Without thee what were humankind ?
 How vast their wants, their thoughts how blind,
 Their joys how mean, how few !

90

XVI.

Sun of the soul ! thy beams unveil ;
 Let others spread the daring sail
 On Fortune's faithless sea,
 While undeluded, happier I
 From the vain tumult timely fly,
 And sit in peace with thee.

96



INSCRIPTIONS.

I.

FOR A GROTTTO.

TO me, whom in their lays the shepherds call
Actæa, daughter of the neighb'ring stream,
This cave belongs. The fig-tree and the vine,
Which o'er the rocky entrance downward shoot,
Were plac'd by Glycon: he with cowslips pale, 5
Primrose and purple lychnis, deck'd the green
Before my threshold, and my shelving walls
With honeysuckle cover'd. Here at noon,
Lull'd by the murmur of my rising fount,
I slumber: here my clust'ring fruits I tend, 10
Or from the humid flow'rs at break of day
Fresh garlands weave, and chase from all my bounds
Each thing impure or noxious. Enter in,
O Stranger! undismay'd; nor bat nor toad
Here lurks; and if thy breast of blameless thoughts 15
Approve thee, not unwelcome shalt thou tread
My quiet mansion, chiefly if thy name
Wife Pallas and th' immortal Muses own. 18

II.

FOR A STATUE OF CHAUCER,

AT WOODSTOCK.

SUCH was old Chaucer, such the placid mien
Of him who first with harmony inform'd
The language of our fathers. Here he dwelt
For many a cheerful day. These ancient walls
Have often heard him while his legends blithe 5
He sang of love or knighthood, or the wiles
Of homely life, thro' each estate and age
The fashions and the follies of the world
With cunning hand pourtraying. Tho' perchance

From Blenheim's tow'rs, O Stranger! thou art come 10
 Glowing with Churchill's trophies, yet in vain
 Dost thou applaud them, if thy breast be cold
 To him this other hero, who, in times
 Dark and untaught, began with charming verse
 To tame the rudeness of his native land. 15

III.

WHOE'ER thou art whose path in summer lies
 Thro' yonder village, turn thee where the grove
 Of branching oaks a rural palace old
 Imbosoms; there dwells Albert, gen'rous lord 5
 Of all the harvest round! and onward thence
 A low plain chapel fronts the morning light
 Fast by a silent rivulet. Humbly walk,
 O Stranger! o'er the consecrated ground;
 And on that verdant hillock, which thou seest
 Beset with osiers, let thy pious hand 10
 Sprinkle fresh water from the brook, and strew
 Sweet-smelling flowers, for there doth Edmund rest,
 The learned shepherd, for each rural art
 Fam'd, and for songs harmonious, and the woes
 Of ill-requited love. The faithless pride 15
 Of fair Matilda sank him to the grave
 In manhood's prime; but soon did righteous Heav'n
 With tears, with sharp remorse and pining care,
 Avenge her falsehood; nor could all the gold
 And nuptial pomp which lur'd her plighted faith 20
 From Edmund to a loftier husband's home
 Relieve her breaking heart, or turn aside
 The strokes of Death. Go, Traveller! relate
 The mournful story; haply some fair maid
 May hold it in remembrance, and be taught
 That riches cannot pay for truth or love. 26

IV.

O YOUTHS and Virgins! O declining Eld!
 O pale Misfortune's slaves! O ye who dwell
 Unknown with humble Quiet! ye who wait
 In courts, or fill the golden seat of kings,
 O sons of Sport and Pleasure! O thou Wretch 5
 That weepst for jealous love, or the sore wounds
 Of conscious guilt, or Death's rapacious hand,
 Which left thee void of hope! O ye who roam
 In exile! ye who thro' the embattled field
 Seek bright renown, or who for nobler palms 10
 Contend, the leaders of a public cause!
 Approach; behold this Marble! know ye not
 The features? hath not oft' his faithful tongue
 Told you the fashion of your own estate,
 The secrets of your bosoms? Here then round 15
 His monument with rev'rence, while ye stand,
 Say to each other, "This was Shakespeare's form,
 "Who walk'd in ev'ry path of human life,
 "Felt ev'ry passion, and to all mankind
 "Doth now, will ever, that experience yield
 "Which his own genius only could acquire," 21

V.

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IV.

FOR A COLUMN AT RUNNYMEDE.

THOU who the verdant plain dost traverse here
 While Thames among his willows from thy view
 Retires, O Stranger! stay thee, and the scene
 Around contemplate well. This is the place
 Where England's ancient Barons, clad in arms, 5
 And stern with conquest, from their tyrant king
 (Then render'd tame) did challenge and secure
 The Charter of thy freedom. Pass not on
 Till thou hast bless'd their memory, and paid
 Those thanks which God appointed the reward 10
 Of public virtue. And if chance thy home
 Salute thee with a father's honour'd name,
 Go call thy sons, instruct them what a debt
 They owe their ancestors, and make them swear
 To pay it, by transmitting down entire
 Those sacred rights to which themselves were born. 16

VII.

THE WOODNYMPH.

APPROACH in silence; it is no vulgar tale
 Which I, the Dryad of this hoary oak,
 Pronounce to mortal ears. The second age
 Now hasteneth to its period since I rose
 On this fair lawn. The groves of yonder vale 5
 Are all my offspring; and each Nymph who guards
 The copses and the furrow'd fields beyond
 Obeys me. Many changes have I seen
 In human things, and many awful deeds
 Of justice, when the ruling hand of Jove 10
 Against the tyrants of the land, against
 Th' unhallow'd sons of Luxury and Guile,
 Was arm'd for retribution. Thus at length
 Expert in laws divine I know the paths
 Of Wisdom, and erroneous Folly's end 15
 Have oft' presag'd; and now well pleas'd I wait

Each ev'ning till a noble youth, who loves
 My shade, a while releas'd from public cares,
 Yon' peaceful gate shall enter, and sit down
 Beneath my branches: then his musing mind 20
 I prompt unseen, and place before his view
 Sincerest forms of good, and move his heart
 With the dread bounties of the Sire Supreme
 Of gods and men, with Freedom's gen'rous deeds,
 The lofty voice of Glory, and the faith 25
 Of sacred Friendship, Stranger! I have told
 My function: if within thy bosom dwell
 Aught which may challenge praise, thou wilt not leave
 Unhonour'd my abode, nor shall I hear
 A sparing benediction from thy tongue, 30

VIII.

YE Pow'rs unseen! to whom the bards of Greece
 Erected altars, ye who to the mind
 More lofty views unfold, and prompt the heart
 With more divine emotions, if erewhile
 Not quite unpleasing have my votive rites 5
 Of you been deem'd when oft' this lonely seat
 To you I consecrated, then vouchsafe
 Here with your instant energy to crown
 My happy solitude. It is the hour
 When most I love t' invoke you, and have felt 10
 Most frequent your glad ministry divine.
 The air is calm, the sun's unveiled orb
 Shines in the middle heav'n: the harvest round
 Stands quiet, and among the golden sheaves
 The reapers lie reclin'd; the neighb'ring groves 15
 Are mute, nor e'en a linnet's random strain
 Echoeth amid the silence. Let me feel
 Your influence, ye kind Pow'rs! Aloft in heav'n
 Abide ye? or on those transparent clouds
 Pass ye from hill to hill? or on the shades 20
 Which yonder elms cast o'er the lake below
 Do you converse retir'd? From what lov'd haunt
 Shall I expect you? Let me once more feel

INSCRIPTIONS.

263

Your influence, O ye kind inspiring Pow'rs !
 And I will guard it well ; nor shall a thought 25
 Rise in my mind, nor shall a passion move
 Across my bosom, unobserv'd, unstor'd,
 By faithful Memory : and then at some
 More active moment will I call them forth
 Anew, and join them in majestic forms, 30
 And give them utt'rance in harmonious strains,
 That all mankind shall wonder at your sway. 32

IX.

ME tho' in life's sequester'd vale
 Th' Almighty Sire ordain'd to dwell,
 Remote from Glory's toilsome ways
 And the great scenes of public praise,
 Yet let me still with grateful pride 5
 Remember how my infant frame
 He temper'd with prophetic flame,
 And early music to my tongue supply'd.

'Twas then my future fate he weigh'd,
 And this be thy concern he said, 10
 At once with Passion's keen alarms,
 And Beauty's pleasurable charms,
 And sacred Truth's eternal light,
 To move the various mind of man,
 Till under one unblemish'd plan
 His reason, fancy, and his heart, unite. 16



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